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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

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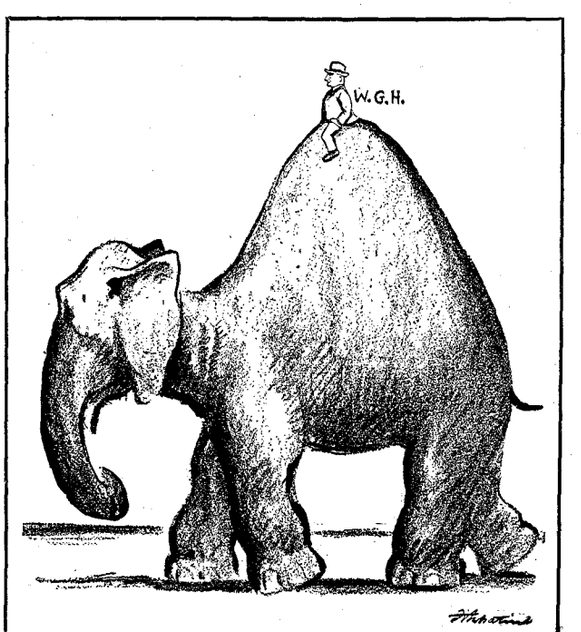
MR. HARDING'S BID FOR THE DRY VOTE

A PROHIBITION ENFORCEMENT PLANK in the next Republican platform was made virtually certain, journalistic observers agree, when President Harding came out flat-footedly in Denver last week for the Eighteenth Amendment and the strict enforcement of the Volstead Law. In a speech "as dry as the sunburned and whitened bones around a desert water-hole" he rejected the idea that the Prohibition Amendment would ever be repealed; exprest the belief that "whatever changes [in the enforcement law] may be made will represent the sincere purpose of effective enforcement, rather than moderation of the general policy"; declared that "the country and the nation will not permit the law of the land to be made a by-word"; warned the rich who enjoy the luxury of legally stocked pre-Prohibition cellars that their immunity is resented by millions of Americans; told the patrons of bootleggers that they are impairing the moral fiber of the Republic; and declared that the problem before the nation to-day is "to remove lawless drinking as a menace to the Republic itself."

Simultaneously with the publication of this speech comes word that "President Harding has become a total abstainer." David Lawrence, a correspondent with the Presidential party, telegraphs as follows to the New York *Evening World:*



THE NEW SHIP OF THE DESERT

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

"Mr. Harding, it was learned to-day, feels very deeply that as Chief Executive of the Nation he should set an example of restraint, altho there is no law against drinking liquor one has legally acquired, and Mr. Harding violated no law in taking an occasional drink in the White House.

"It has become known that in the last several months the President has refused gifts of liquor from personal friends, and has told them he meant to conform to the implications of the law as well as its specific obligations. Since the Harding Administration began, no liquor has ever been served at the table for official guests. There has been some gossip that personal friends would drop in at the White House or meet the President at the golf links and offer a drink from a flask, very much as might happen in the offices of Senators and Representatives; but while Mr. Harding has since early Marion days enjoyed a social drink, he has no regrets about practising self-denial, for he believes the greater good to be accomplished nationally by a strict observance of Prohibition more than makes up for the indulgence."

One immediate reaction to the speech was a telegram from the Denver executives and State superintendents of the Anti-Saloon League, in conference at Westerville, Ohio, embodying the official approval of the League and pledging its support to President Harding. In his Denver speech, declares United States Attorney Colonel William Hayward, the President has built a dry plank into his party's platform. "He has accepted the political challenges of the wets in his own party and the wets of the Democracy, headed by Governor Smith," remarks the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* (Ind.), which thinks that in so doing both his political morality and his political strategy are sound. "To Governor Al Smith's 'I wont' President Harding answers 'I will,'" says the Republican Los Angeles *Express*, which is convinced that by his uncompromising stand he "has more than doubled his political strength; has made his renomination, already certain, doubly desirable"; and has become "the captain of the great host of men and women who believe in the Constitution and who render obedience to the law." "He has placed the Republican party firmly and squarely on the solid ground of law enforcement as opposed to nullification," avers the Chicago *Evening Post*, which thinks that thereby "he has out-maneuvered the Democratic party, which limps between two opinions—that of Al Smith and that of W. J. Bryan." Here is the Democratic dilemma as this Republican paper sees it:

"If it follows Smith, it becomes the party of nullification. The name will stick, and no party so labeled can win. If it repudiates Smith, and follows Bryan, it becomes merely a trailer. It asks standing-room on ground which President Harding has already occupied for Republicanism."

It is significant that approval of Mr. Harding's stand is the note sounded generally in the editorial columns of the Republican press, as gathered by telegraphic inquiry. The President's utterances "may well be considered the intentions of the party," declares William Allen White's Emporia *Gazette*, which goes on to say:

"And so we may consider Prohibition and the Volstead Law good Republican doctrine. Also it is good politics. If the Democrats either deny the wisdom of Prohibition or straddle upon it, or if by nominating Al Smith or any Eastern wet Democrat they are content with silence upon the question of Prohibition, Harding's attitude will force Prohibition into the campaign next year and give the Republicans the advantage in every State west of

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the Alleghanies. For Prohibition is the settled policy of the West. Here Prohibition majorities—and by that is meant the Volstead Law or more of it—pile up higher and higher every time we have a referendum. Prohibition is here to stay and it is likely to bring with it four more years of Harding and a Republican Congress."

In this speech, says the Denver *Rocky Mountain News* (Rep.), the President "struck the keynote for next year," and as a result "the law-abiding anti-booze elements in the country are looking to him and his party to hold high the white flag of Prohibition against the Smiths and others less open who would return by a devious track to the old days and the old ways." With the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment as the big issue, declares the Buffalo *Evening News* (Rep.), "the Republican party can meet the campaign of 1924 with every assurance of success." President Harding "has raised a moral issue second only in importance to the moral issue of the abolition of slavery, for the support of which the Republican party was created," avers the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* (Rep.), which continues:

"States' rights were made the pretense for the action of the Democratic party in supporting slavery, just as States' rights have been made the issue by Governor Smith in attempting to nullify the Eighteenth Amendment. Honest enforcement of Prohibition by the States and honest observance of the law by the individual represent the only patriotic course so long as the Prohibition Amendment remains a part of the Federal Constitution and responsibility for its enforcement rests with equal force upon the National and State Governments."

HOW TO KEEP THE CAT ANT GET RID OF THE COOTIES?

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

As a result of the President's Denver address, says the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.), "the Republican party in the Convention next year will unquestionably make a flat-footed declaration for enforcement and the obligation of the people to uphold the law." The Omaha *Bee* (Rep.) applauds the President for taking issue with "those who urge that because the Prohibition laws are difficult to enforce they should be repealed." To the Spokane *Spokesman-Review* (Rep.) his words are "like a burst of sunshine, dispelling the foggy reasoning of men like Governor Smith." His stand, says the Pittsburgh *Gazette Times* (Rep.), is that of "a faithful executive and a wise politician."

Turning to the independent press, we find there also a large volume of comment favorable to the President's position. He commits his party to "unmitigated Prohibition," remarks the Providence *Journal*. He "gives voice to the overwhelming sentiment of the people of the Middle West," adds the Kansas City *Star*. He "calls attention to a serious menace," says the Seattle *Times*. He "throws a revealing light on the real issue raised by the effort of the liquor interests to have the States nullify the Eighteenth Amendment," observes the New York *Evening Mail*, which goes on to say:

"Law, not liquor, is the paramount question. It is every citizen's privilege to seek to amend any law he does not favor. It is equally his duty to obey it so long as it stands as the law. The Eighteenth Amendment is the law of the land. Disobeying it as individuals or ignoring it as States merely invites to far more serious situations in later years."

And in another independent paper, the New York *Evening Post*, we read:

"President Harding has not spoken hastily. He knows more about public sentiment in the various sections of the country than the enemies of Prohibition realize. In our opinion, the Democratic party will hesitate long before it takes a different attitude upon Prohibition from that adopted by President Harding."

No one, agrees the Republican Buffalo *Express*, will openly challenge President Harding's doctrine that the law must be enforced while it remains the law. For this reason, it argues, "it is unlikely that there will be any nation-wide political division on the subject of Prohibition at the next Presidential election." His speech may be a challenge to the Democrats to nominate Smith and to stand on a wet platform, remarks the Wichita *Eagle* (Ind.), but "the Democrats will not do either of these things." For—

"They know, as does President Harding, that New York is not the United States, and that the country as a whole would reject any promise of leniency toward liquor. William Jennings Bryan already has sounded the dry note for the Democrats. Bryan may not have as much influence in politics as he had before he toured the country on an anti-monkey platform, but he still has sufficient influence to prevent the nomination of a wet candidate at the next Democratic National Convention."

Democratic papers very generally agree with the Birmingham *Herald* (Dem.), "it is not easy to contemplate law enforcement as a political issue"; and papers of both major parties point out that one may advocate a modification of the Volstead Law without being an enemy of enforcement.

"But the Democratic party must be warned against a false step," declares the Little Rock *Arkansas Gazette* (Dem.), for—

"There will be more or less powerful Democrats who will talk of 'Liberal liquor laws' and who will see political opportunity in their party choosing a course opposed in greater or less degree to that laid down by the titular head of the Republican party. Not only must the Democratic party take the highest ground on prohibition enforcement, but it must guard the language of its Declaration to make sure that no loophole is left for equivocal interpretation. Something more than words will be needed in the prohibition planks of the 1924 platforms of the great parties. Such a declaration must breathe complete sincerity of purpose."

And in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Dem.), we read:

"Mr. Harding makes it plain that if either major party goes before the country next year on an anti-Volstead platform it will not be the Republican party. Our own firm conviction, often expressed, is that the Democratic party will not offer such a platform. If protesting wets demand the privilege of voting as they talk, they will have to turn to some third party; and, oddly enough, the most discust third-party possibility is himself a dry.

"It was shown in 1916 that the electoral vote of New York is

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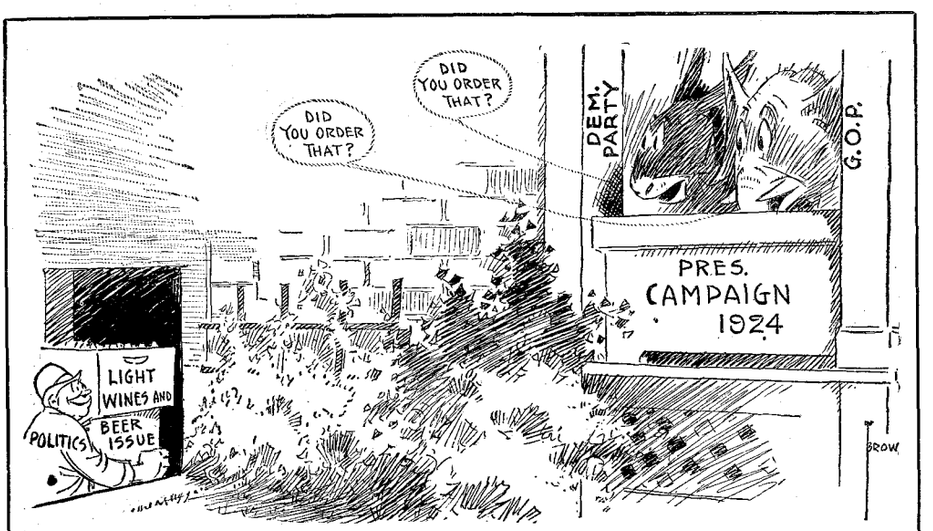
no longer necessary to win the Presidency. New York and other Eastern States are wet; Illinois and Wisconsin are, perhaps, wet. But the great West and the Mid-West and the Northwest, where Presidents are made in these days, are dry.

"It would be politically suicidal for any party which hopes to win the Presidency next year to make itself tail to the anti-Volstead kite. The country remains dry, New York and its popular Governor to the contrary notwithstanding."



THE BASEMENT DELIVERY

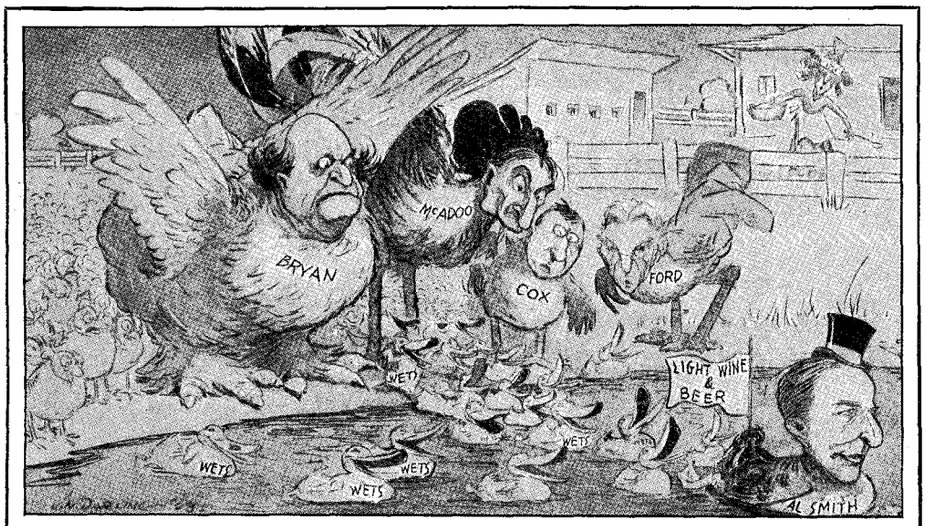
—Brown in the Chicago *Daily News.*

Turning now to those papers which would see the Volstead Law amended in some of its clauses, we find the Republican Rochester *Post Express* doubting the President's uncompromising stand will help him "with his party as a whole or with the electorate." This paper admits, however, that he has demonstrated "his eligibility for renomination on an Anti-Saloon League platform." It goes on to say:

"That fraction of our population, whatever it may be, which believes (as the President professes to) that the law enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment should be made more rigorous and enforced at any cost, is fighting on the defensive and dwindling day by day. The conviction grows and deepens that the law must be rationalized before it is respected, and this, in the judgment of many Republicans, and in our own, will be the majority sentiment of the party before convention time comes around. If this be so, the President is putting himself out of the available list."

"No law-loving citizen of this country will take issue with President Harding on the question of law enforcement," remarks the Democratic Philadelphia *Record;* nevertheless, it adds, "the question as to whether some amendments to the Volstead Law should not be immediately adopted is likely to be one of the issues of the Presidential and Congressional campaigns." As the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* (Dem.) sees it:

"Perhaps the most significant result of the President's determination to be a fighting dry will be the division of the country, irrespective of party, into two camps, one holding out for strict enforcement of the law as written, the other demanding changes in the Volstead Law in the interest of more tolerable conditions. It is patent that President Harding has made of Prohibition the most tremendous issue in the next campaign. As a result of this, former party affiliations may mean nothing to millions of voters."



WHEN THE DUCKLINGS TAKE TO WATER, THE BARNYARD FLUTTERS

—Darling in *Colliers.*

The independent Lowell *Courier-Citizen* doubts if President Harding's speech was really "good politics," because—

"Wholesale disgust with the cant and piffle of men in high places is rather likely to appreciate the stock of such outspoken free thinkers as Governor Al Smith; in spite of all the twaddle talked about his recent political suicide the people of the United States differ on many things, notably on this liquor question. But they agree pretty generally in approving the men who say right out in meeting what they really believe, and who act boldly in accordance with their actual convictions. Only as the country sees in Mr. Harding a genuine apostle of bone drouth can it make his speeches on strict inforcement a source of much political profit to him."

Under the heading, "Why Not Change the Law?" the New York *World* (Dem.) has this to say:

"It is significant that President Harding's address at Denver on law enforcement should have turned almost from the beginning into a discussion of the enforcement of the Volstead Law. That Law has taken a preeminent position among the laws of the land.

"Mr. Harding is aware that a law to be obeyed must have the respect of a large majority. On the Volstead Law the United States is divided.

"The President concludes that the violation of one law must not be allowed to break down the morale of an entire nation, and his remedy is Volstead enforcement. But the Volstead Law, being neither wise nor representative, can not be strictly enforced as it stands. If it were altered, if the definition of 'intoxicating' were revised or left to the States, the thing might be done. At present that statute corrupts the authority of all government with its ineffectiveness. If Mr. Harding wants the law enforced he should ask the Anti-Saloon League for a law that can be enforced."

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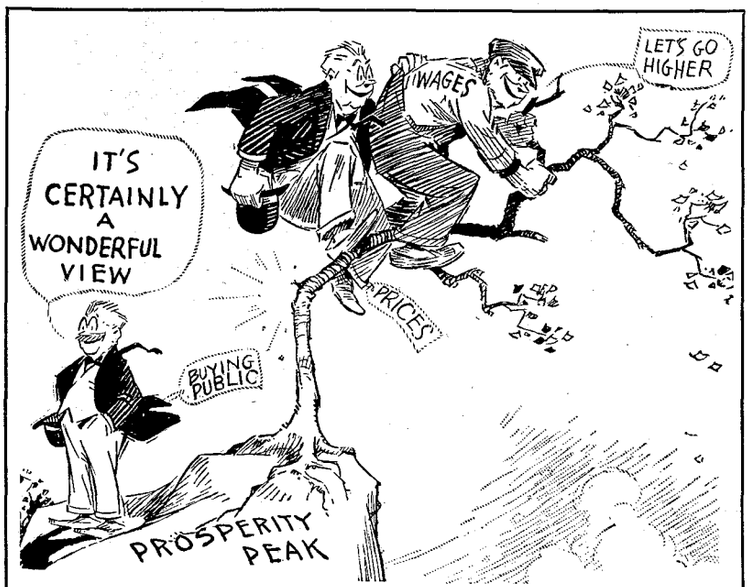
BUSINESS WITH THE BRAKES ON

THEY TOOK OFF THE EIGHTEEN-HOUR FLYERS between New York and Chicago because it was found out that maximum speed doesn't always pay. So in the business world, observes one writer for the daily press, "we have learned by experience that high speed generally results in a smash-up, and in the East, as well as in the West, the brakes are now being applied whenever the train of business seems to be moving too rapidly." The most significant fact in recent business history, it is universally acknowledged, is the lull in business activity following the high peak of the boom in March. It has been accompanied by the "buyers' strike" in building, by a notable slump on the New York Stock Exchange and the failure of certain Curb and Stock Exchange brokerage houses—altho for these special circumstances are said to have been as much responsible as general business conditions. To the pessimist this means the end of all the dreams of coming great prosperity which were published abroad so freely at the opening of the year; to the optimist it is simply a timely setting of the brakes which will avert disaster, or to take a more homely figure, a chance for rest like that afforded by one of those "thank-you-ma'ams" which in the old horse-and-buggy days made uphill travel possible. Which view is correct? To enable our readers to answer the question intelligently for themselves, we are here putting together a few representative selections from the mass of interpretations of the present business situation vouchsafed by bankers, financial writers, and the daily and weekly press.



SOME PEOPLE ARE NEVER SATISFIED

—Brown in the Chicago *Daily News*.

We had become so accustomed to take our business boom for granted that it came as quite a shock, we read in *The Magazine of Wall Street*, "to find that all is not as well as pictured and that there are reasons for believing that the boom may not last as long as expected." As we are reminded:

"One of the first signals that the situation was changing, was the announcement by a number of important companies and institutions that they had decided to suspend building operations on account of the soaring cost of construction. This was followed shortly by a virtual boycott of sugar by American housewives, who in that simple and striking way gave notice that they did not intend to follow the sugar market in its mad rush upward. At about the same time, the bottom practically fell out of the cotton market, the copper market fell into a slough of despond, there was an unmerciful thrashing of the oil interests, who were thus painfully reminded of the inherent difficulty of dragging oil prices upward on top of an enormous overproduction, bonds became dreadfully sick, sterling descended with monotonous regularity, the mark went down to nothing or thereabouts again, and to top it off, the stock market went to pieces in one of the worst smashes of the past two years."

The change "was more than a seasonal let-up," writes William O. Scroggs in the New York *Evening Post*, and it "came with surprizing suddenness." "Materials and wages have gone up, so it will be necessary to raise prices on most things"; and, remarks James H. Collins in *The Saturday Evening Post*, "business is wondering if the public will be ugly about it and react in another consumer's strike." The shut-downs and curtailments in cotton and other mills show that the rapid pace set since the beginning of the year can not be maintained in view of lessened demand, we read in the market columns of the New York *Times*. That is:

"A distinct halt has come to the raising of price levels because of the general belief that prices must be readjusted before long. In such an event, business casualties will be the greater the bigger the drop. No one in the line, from producer to retailer, is willing to be caught with large amounts of goods on hand if and when commodities in general reach lower levels. There is a general disposition to hold back as long as possible and to delay purchases until customers are available."

Business sentiment has "received a shock from which it may not recover," we read in the market letter of a leading Stock Exchange firm, which thinks that "business improvement has already gone as far as it is likely to go," and looks "for a tapering off of business in the next few months and for a depression next year." After examining figures on production and consumption, the editor of the Cleveland Trust Company's *Business Bulletin* is forced to the conclusion that our factories and mines have pretty well made up accumulated shortages and "are now producing goods at a rate that can not be indefinitely maintained." And so, "the weight of evidence seems to indicate that the old rule that short prosperities follow big depressions will again hold good in the present instance, and that no long-extended continuance of such conditions as have been maintained in the spring of 1923 is to be expected, despite our great gold surplus and our ample credit resources."

A serious view is likewise taken by the New York *Journal of Commerce*. It challenges the idea that the spring lull in business has helped to conserve prosperity. For, it argues, if costs and prices have reached levels which make it impossible for goods to move freely, then a mere halt in the rise will not make "prosperity" permanent. And in the second place, the probability of declining prices certainly does not tend toward continued activity in business. Next year being election year, says this daily, the present Administration "has sedulously encouraged prosperity of a sort by sundry artificial stimulants and can be counted on to make every effort to keep the patient in a buoyant frame of mind until after the election, regardless of the real state of its health." But "true well-being" can not thus be fostered—"sooner or later we must get on a better basis of cost and prices or cease to flourish." "One thing is beyond dispute," we are told—

"Costs and prices generally can not be permitted to go higher than they have already done. Inflation has, of course, reached greater extremes in some branches of business than in others, but in few is it likely that they can go materially further without bringing trouble of the most serious sort. In some cases it is a very grave question whether business can continue even under existing conditions. The building trades afford the most striking example of this condition. The textiles are another. Raw

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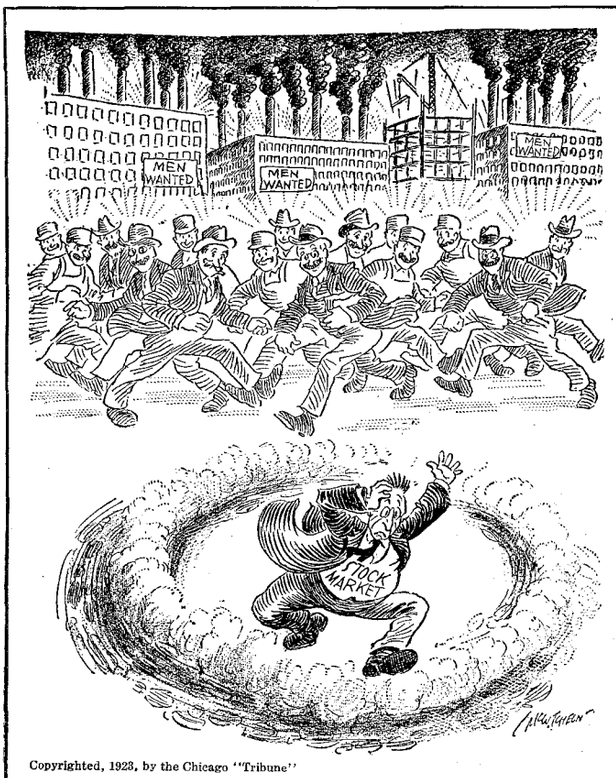
materials have been forced up by tariffs, shortages and other influences to the danger point, to say the least, and, in addition, labor costs have risen by 15 or 20 per cent. within the past few months. In less degree only has essentially the same state of affairs arisen in numerous other lines of activity.

"Pause to consider what this means. It indicates first of all that labor must cease all its demands for higher wages and must in addition see to it that there is no further let-down in efficiency of the workers. Can the unions gain their own consent to such a policy? That they must do in the near future, or the hope of continued good times must be abandoned.

"It will be necessary for capitalists to be willing to continue to produce and distribute goods on the narrowest margin of profit, unless, indeed, it proves possible for them to reduce their costs, a possibility unfortunately only too remote. It is practically the unanimous opinion of all well-informed observers that should retail prices in the early autumn reflect anything in the nature of large profits taken either by the manufacturer or the distributer, consumers are more than likely to resist to an extent that would place the entire situation in serious jeopardy.

"It is thus seen that much care, no little self-control and considerable wisdom are essential in the management of our affairs if the hopes of continued prosperity are, in fact, to be realized. Shall we be able to meet these requirements?"

This is the darker side of the picture. The brighter side is sketched by B. C. Forbes in his column of business comment in the New York *American*. He points out that consumption has not fallen off greatly, that the country is not overstocked with goods, that there are no signs of any considerable unemployment or wage recessions, that bank savings are increasing rapidly, that agricultural buying is well maintained and new crop money will soon be in the hands of the farmers, that our railroads are enjoying almost unprecedented purchasing power, that only very moderate price recessions accompanied the lull in business, that the housing shortage still exists, and that hydro-electric construction is going forward on a large scale. The "housecleaning" in Wall Street, marked by several failures of Curb and Stock Exchange houses, will have most wholesome effects, in this observer's opinion. Finally, because warnings against inflation were heeded, the result is "that we have to-day a sound banking position; we have few, if any, awkward accumulations of goods; we have a fairly equitable wage level; and the lull in ordering, combined with the prospect of increased immigration after this month, is tending to prevent disaster-breeding labor scarcity."



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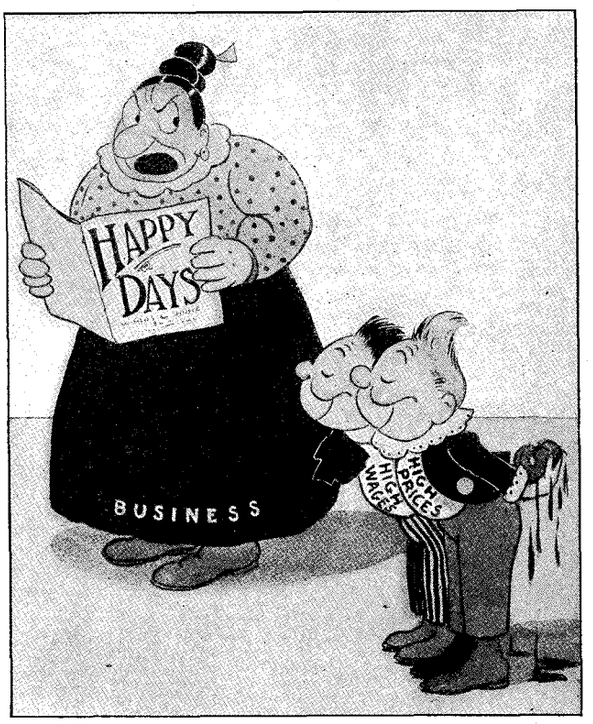
THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANY REASON WHY HE SHOULD BE SO PESSIMISTIC

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune*.



THOSE KATZENJAMMER KIDS

BUSINESS: "Something tells me dose kids will spoil mine solo."

—Marcus in *Forbes*.

Facts like those noted by Mr. Forbes are also emphasized by such authorities as the Mechanics and Metals National Bank of New York, the Continental and Commercial Banks of Chicago, the Federal Reserve Banks of Boston and Cleveland; by President Wheeler of the Union Trust Company of Chicago; by W. S. Cousins, who regularly reviews business conditions; by *The Dry Goods Economist;* by the Harvard Economic Service; by several financial writers in the New York *World;* by *The Editor and Publisher*, which bases its opinions largely on the volume of newspaper advertising; by President Julius H. Barnes of the United States Chamber of Commerce; by Frank A. Vanderlip, and finally, by the Advisory Council of the Federal Reserve Board. According to *The Wall Street Journal*, business men and financiers generally consider the recent lull in business as a "well-timed breathing-spell." *Financial America* argues that when we know about the crops, "the mid-West will move ahead on a sound business way and the so-called pessimism of the East will disappear with it." Some writers are completely out of patience with the warnings against inflation, which they consider overdone and harmful. For instance, *The Manufacturers' Record* (Baltimore) thunders against the croakers and the faint-hearted who are trying to enthrone pessimism:

"What a pitiable spectacle! With more work ahead of us than can be accomplished in a hundred years; with resources so great that the mind is staggered as we attempt to contemplate the limitless opportunities for expansion; with building activities, even those of the National Government, as testified by Secretary Mellon, ten years behind; with highways to be built not only by the tens, but by the hundreds of thousands of miles; with river and harbor improvements pressing for immediate attention in order to lessen the strain upon the railroads; with our railroad transportation so inadequate that we need to spend at least $12,000,000,000 to $15,000,000,000 to provide facilities equal to the actual requirements of the country's trade, the pessimists wanted us to go over into a corner and sulk and suck our thumb, and croak and worship Pessimism."

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WAR-TIME PRISONERS LET OUT OF JAIL

PRESIDENT HARDING will be pretty generally commended, believes the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, for his commutation of the sentences of twenty-seven of the fifty-one war-time offenders who were serving terms for violation of Federal laws in interfering with the conduct of the World War by the United States. And a survey of editorial opinion proves *The Inquirer's* conjecture to be correct in the main. "The law has been vindicated," thinks the New York *Tribune;* "the lesson to the community has been taught." All of the so-called political prisoners whose sentences have been commuted by the President to take effect immediately already had served at least five years of terms ranging up to 20-year sentences. And the commutation of sentence is granted upon the condition that the erstwhile prisoners are to be law-abiding and loyal to the Government; if not, they are to be returned to the penitentiary. No one of the twenty-seven is to receive a pardon or have his rights as a citizen restored, and two who were not citizens of the United States are freed on the condition that they be deported from this country.

In commuting the sentences of these prisoners, President Harding followed the policy he has so consistently enunciated, observes the Pittsburgh *Chronicle-Telegraph:* "to order no wholesale release of this class of offenders, but to judge each case strictly according to its circumstances." In this paper's opinion:

"The persistent propaganda in behalf of these public enemies has had no effect on President Harding. He has refused to issue a general amnesty proclamation.

"The 'political prisoner' propaganda should now cease. President Harding has shown that where he believes an offender has been sufficiently punished he is willing to exercise clemency and that he gives careful consideration to every case of alleged injustice brought to his attention. But he is not going to be stampeded into ordering the release of all war-time prisoners on any plea of persecution. The United States Government is not persecuting anybody."

Forty-eight of the fifty-one war-time offenders mentioned were members of the Industrial Workers of the World. According to a Department of Justice announcement:

"Twenty-two of the prisoners were sentenced after the trial at Chicago, four were sentenced after the Wichita, Kans., trial, and twenty-two were sentenced after the Sacramento trial.

"Those sentenced at Chicago were guilty of conspiring to cause insubordination, disloyalty and refusal of duty in the military and naval forces of the United States when at war. The sentences of all of these men were commuted to the term already served, upon the condition that they be law-abiding and loyal to the Government of the United States, and upon the further condition that if any of such persons violate the foregoing conditions such commutation will be immediately revoked and the prisoner returned to the penitentiary where he is now confined.

"Those sentenced at Wichita, Kans., were guilty of conspiring to urge and incite others to disobedience of law, and disloyalty.

"Those sentenced at Sacramento were guilty of conspiring to oppose by force the authority of the United States by intimidating and oppressing citizens of the United States in the exercise of their rights and to prevent them from furnishing munitions, ships and supplies to the Government for war purposes. Two of these prisoners are released upon condition that they be deported to the countries from which they came.

"As to the remaining twenty prisoners convicted at Sacramento, the facts offered in evidence during the trial showed that they were vicious in the extreme. They were not convicted for mere expressions of opinion. They assisted in the destruction of property necessary to be conserved for the welfare of the people and the protection of the Government. They actively urged, solicited and incited others to acts of violence, disloyalty and disobedience, for the express purpose of hampering the Government in the prosecution of the war, and created and promoted disloyalty and insubordination in the military and naval forces. As to them executive clemency is denied."

Of the Sacramento offenders the Philadelphia *Inquirer* says:

"The kind-hearted persons belonging to organizations opposing any kind of punishment for political offenses have been particularly zealous on behalf of twenty prisoners who were convicted in Sacramento during the war. Many will wonder why they were excepted from the clemency of the President. He has good reasons. The evidence at their trial proved that they had assisted in the destruction of Government property. If it be a crime to destroy private property, it should not be any less a crime to destroy the property which belongs to all of the people. In other words, there is a great difference between mere expressions of opinion and what are called overt acts in hampering the Government in its prosecution of the war."

But the New York *Evening Post* maintains that "the men now released might have been released just as well a year ago." And two other conservative dailies, the New York *World* and the Springfield *Republican*, feel, in the words of *The World*, that President Harding is "under a strong obligation to complete his work of clemency." "All the other governments have released their war offenders," recalls the Socialist New York *Call*, "but Mr. Harding has carried governmental policy in this matter back to the fashion maintained by the Russian Czars, who never made any distinction between the political offender and ordinary criminals." Referring again to the *Evening Post* editorial, we find that—

"All of the cases were examined by the Attorney-General's office together. No new evidence is cited in explanation of the present action. A few months from now a few more of the prisoners will be freed, and so the process will be strung out for no apparent reason except that of reluctance to act at all. This procedure is the opposite of that which has been adopted by countries much closer to the war zone than we were. England and France released their prisoners soon after the Armistice in recognition of the fact that the war was over.

"Attorney-General Daugherty pictures the activities of the I. W. W. prisoners as criminal in the extreme, but his statement will be heavily discounted by those who recall Senator Pepper's conclusion reached after an independent investigation of the trial of the defendants in the I. W. W. case at Chicago. 'I am satisfied,' said Senator Pepper, 'that in not one of the twenty-eight cases I looked into did the evidence justify a continuance of restraint.' Mr. Pepper went so far as to recommend both to Attorney-General Daugherty and to President Harding that unconditional amnesty be granted to these men. If Senator Pepper has ever been accused of sympathy for radicalism, we have never heard of it. His recommendation, weighty as it must be considered by any impartial person who knows the standing of Mr. Pepper as a lawyer, failed to alter the grudging course of the Administration.

"It is too late for use to do what we ought to have done with reference to our political prisoners. Nearly five years have passed since the Armistice. We can not undo the record. But it is not too late to finish the process by a stroke. If Senator Pepper is correct, we are depriving men of their liberty because of their mere opinions with reference to a state of affairs that no longer exists. It is an anomalous position for the United States to occupy. President Harding can end it by a word. It is his duty to say that word."

Assuming that the President eventually will commute the sentences of the remaining twenty-four, what of their future? In the opinion of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*—

"To the day of their death they will be marked men. Always the world that fought and worked in the days of danger will walk a little way around them. Fingers will point them out. Whispers will follow and run before them. They are of those who failed the Nation in the day of its need.

"These twenty-seven men whose sentences were commuted did not take up arms against the United States. They did not commit acts of violence or so-called overt acts. They took no lives. It is not certain that they destroyed property or incited strikes.

"Their tongues were their weapons. They were of the war's soap-boxers. They did what they could with words, in a dangerous hour, to weaken the American will to make war. Their activities were far, far back of the fighting lines and behind the backs of the men who carried rifles. As other men came forward offering their lives they skulked and mouthed fine words and made phrases. . . . They now have their freedom, but the respect of millions of their brethren they will not and can not have."

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THE TERRORS OF ELLIS ISLAND

KEEPING BRITISH VISITORS IN A CAGE with people of all nationalities and colors is one of the charges recently brought against our administration of immigrants at Ellis Island. The charge came up recently when an independent member of the House of Commons, in the words of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "badgered the Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs with a recital of the indignities inflicted by American officials upon British immigrants." The Under Secretary at once stated, according to the same paper, "that in his opinion the American Government would do all it could to alleviate the conditions complained of, but that there were extraordinary difficulties in dealing with the matter." Other questions asked on the same day, according to the New York *Times*, were:

"How many Englishmen and women are 'incarcerated' there because the British quota of immigrants is filled? Does the Under Secretary know that as many as 150 women and children of all races and colors are huddled together in one room to sleep? Why are not industrial centers, like Glasgow, duly informed that the quota is full, to prevent futile voyages to New York and unpleasant experiences at Ellis Island?"

A study of the American newspapers commenting on this incident shows practical unanimity as to certain of the "extraordinary difficulties" which are summarized in the New York *Times* as follows:

"A lack of cooperation between the United States Government and the steamship lines; inadequate facilities at Ellis Island, which accounts for crowding and unwelcome personal contacts; niggardly appropriations by Congress; red tape and delay in disposing of doubtful cases; interference by politicians with the Commissioner; conflict of authority between the local board of review and the Washington board; not enough officials and subordinates to do the day's work—the staff is about the same in numbers as it was in 1914; arbitrary use of authority and failure to exercise discrimination in the case of persons classed as immigrants under a liberal interpretation of the law."

The retiring Commissioner, Robert E. Tod, according to the same paper, "a man of means, who took the office to render public service, worked twelve hours a day, gave himself no vacations, has never been indifferent to the humanities, but has acted on the principle that it was his duty to enforce the law literally," is quoted as saying that "the politicians and attorneys are making a mockery of the immigration laws," and is said to be leaving because "he couldn't endure the torments any longer." In answer to the British criticisms, the New York *Herald* reports him as saying:

"Not many Britons have experienced any considerable delay on Ellis Island, even with the quota of that country exhausted. I believe the number is far less than 100, and the majority of these have only remained here twelve or twenty-four hours to clearly establish their claims to exemption. These are kept in the best quarters when they are cabin passengers, and while it is true that 150 women may sometimes be herded together, it is impracticable for us to segregate the English women as a class."

As it happens, a few days before this issue was raised by the British, the same paper published an article in connection with widely reported pathetic cases of various barred aliens, in which recommendations were made for meeting the objections. All but the first and last recommendations are reported on the authority of Commissioner Tod, as follows:

(1). Require of all steamship companies certificates of fitness, medical and otherwise, to be filed with each application for a *visa* or O. K. on a passport, and make the issue of such *visas* discretionary with our consuls, instead of, as at present, obligatory in the case of any person of "good repute" who demands one.

(2). Impose a fine of $1,500 on any steamship company bringing in a known ineligible.

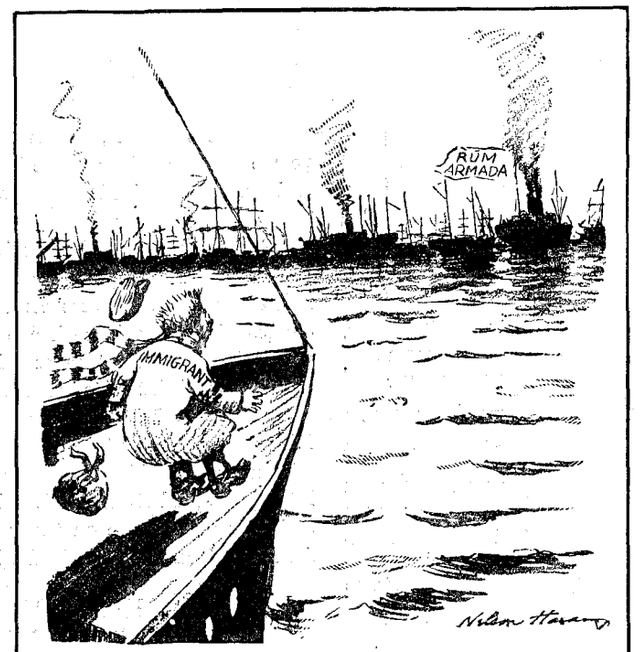
(3). Let the nationality of the head of the family determine the eligibility for admission of all its members accompanying him, and prevent the present breaking up of families.

(4). Give the port officials wider discretion in admitting immigrants in special cases; do not require that so many appeals be forwarded automatically to Washington, and thus eliminate political pressure in these cases on the Federal Government.

(5). Increase the number of immigrants, but select them more carefully by basing the quota on the census of 1890 as indicated in the last column:

	Quota 1922-23	*5% Census 1890*
Belgium	1,563	1,274
Italy	42,057	9,779
Poland	21,076	12,888
Roumania	7,419	1,597
United Kingdom	77,342	156,146
Turkey	2,388	363
Czecho-Slovakia	*14,357	5,076
Germany	*67,607	128,067
Norway	*12,202	16,133
Russia	*21,613	4,978
Sweden	*20,045	23,902
Denmark	5,619	6,961

*Quotas were not filled.



FIRST IMPRESSION OF AMERICA
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

A very great deal of sympathy with the average immigrant is exprest by a majority of the press, commenting on the situation, as, for instance, the New York *Daily News:*

"What our immigration laws and administration need is more humanizing. And it is a reproach to the United States that such needs have to be pointed out."

Says the Buffalo *Express:*

"If means really can not be devised to regulate properly the flow of immigration, unfortunate victims of the embargo can be treated with reasonable courtesy and consideration. America owes that much, if not to the excluded foreigner, at least to her own repute."

This is the way it looks to the Springfield *Republican:*

"Evidently Ellis Island is too crowded, and there are not enough of the right kind of attendants there. Something short of a 'gigantic building' would go far toward meeting one of the troubles. The way to meet the other is obvious. Fundamentally the trouble is that the Government has never sufficiently realized the importance of Ellis Island in the scheme of things."

With regard to the specific British complaints, however, this paper adds:

"The frequent official and unofficial criticisms of Ellis Island by Englishmen and the infrequency or absence of criticism by other governments seem to reflect a difference in conception of the rights of aliens in a foreign port. In a word, there is evidence of a strong feeling in England that Englishmen are for some reason entitled to special favors. As Commissioner Tod says, however, 'we are compelled by law to treat all nationalities alike.'"

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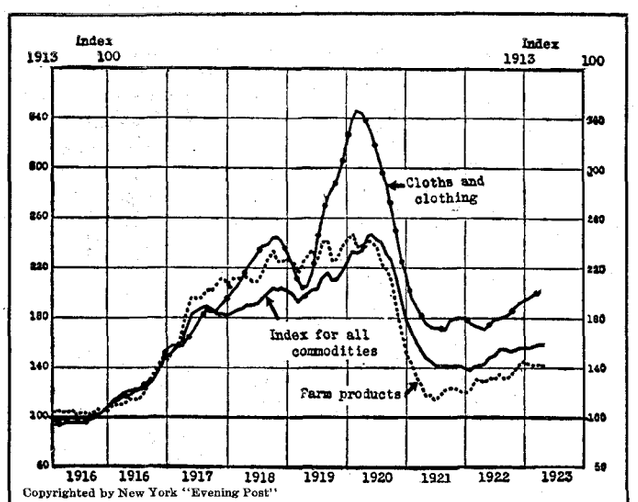
An English point of view on the question is interestingly put by the London *Standard*, with the remark:

"If American women were held up here and sent to the Isle of Dogs while the Home Office considered their case, we should never hear the last of it."

The sort of thing to which the British are really objecting seems to be exprest fairly well by Harold Spender, a special writer of the


Index 1913 100
Index 1913 100
Cloths and clothing
Index for all commodities
Farm products
1916 1916 1917 1918 1919 1920 1921 1922 1923
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SHOWING HOW PRICES OF THINGS THE FARMER SELLS LAG BEHIND PRICES OF THINGS HE BUYS.

London *Daily Chronicle*, who cites the following instance of several such cases which came under his close personal observation:

"The man came from Nottingham and was a highly skilled lace-maker. He had received his visa, and had been so far encouraged to emigrate that he had sold his house and taken with him his wife and children. He wished to join his brother who was already a naturalized citizen of the United States.

"He had gone out a whole man, so the ship's doctor informed me, and he was returning to England a physical wreck. On arriving in New York he had been debarred from landing at the pier and had been taken straight to Ellis Island.

"There he and his family had been kept for six weeks, and had been finally sent back on the same ship as that on which they arrived, so that the officers had full cognizance of the case.

"During his stay on Ellis Island the lace-maker had been, according to his own assertion, lanced for specimens of his blood so often that he came back suffering seriously—the doctor told me he had many boils on his body—and, altho they did not specify any disease on his papers, they had sent back the whole family with the papers marked 'Likely to become a public charge.' During the leisure of my ocean voyage I took particular trouble to investigate this case very carefully. At first it appeared to me incredible, but gradually I realized that the man was speaking the absolute truth.

"He and his family were being sent back, wrecked in health, at the expense of the steamship company. They had been treated as criminals for no other offense than an untimely belief in the freedom of the United States. They were returning to England confirmed enemies of America and all its ways."

As we go to press comes an Associated Press dispatch, carrying the answer of Ronald McNeill, the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, to a later question in the House of Commons about the "unnamed English mercantile captain who was placed in a wire cage with thirty foreigners and forced to strip for examination, altho his passport was in perfect order." Andrew W. Mellon, the American Secretary of the Treasury, said he will probably be consulted immediately upon his arrival in London by "officials who are investigating alleged indignities to British subjects landing in America."

In view of such comments, the New York *Times* concludes:

"Instead of railing at British critics of Ellis Island methods, it would become us to occupy ourselves in reforming them and in revising the immigration laws to insure just and courteous treatment for new arrivals under the shadow of the Statue of Liberty."

THE WHEAT-GROWER TOO SUCCESSFUL

THE PROBLEM OF THE WHEAT FARMER in our post-war economy has never been solved, or nearly solved. This flat statement is made by the New York *Journal of Commerce*, and it is echoed by a dozen other widely read newspapers from Philadelphia to Portland, Oregon. Moreover, maintains the Omaha *Bee*, "things can never be right in America until agriculture is restored on a sound basis. There will be no sound prosperity in America until a bushel of grain will bring in exchange as much as it brought before the war." With a bumper crop of wheat in immediate prospect, the farmers the country over face the problem of finding a market for it at a price that will yield a profit. A market must also be found for more than a hundred million bushels that were left over from last year's crop. "Wheat has been produced this year at a net loss," declares the Wichita *Eagle*, and the Chicago *Daily News* admits that "the crisis in wheat is real."

Our wheat farmers, we are told, now produce more than our people consume. They have been too successful in their efforts and are being ruined by the overplus of their own product. For this a foreign market must be found. But right here is the rub, for we have competitors in Australia, Argentina and Canada. Later we shall have Russia as a competitor. Land values are much less in all of these countries, and labor costs, too, are comparatively low in each one except Canada. Another fact that militates against success in marketing wheat abroad is that "wheat is harvested somewhere every month of the year," according to a Chicago correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, and while it is true that the wheat raised in foreign countries, as we are told by the Kansas City *Journal*, "is not coming into the United States, it is going into the European market, and it is going there on terms which can not be met by the American farmer." As the St. Paul *Dispatch* points out:

"The price is made in the world market and is governed by world conditions. Whether the United States exports much or

THE FARMER'S DOLLAR

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

little wheat affects the price only as it relates to the total amount of wheat offered from all producing sources. As long as we have an exportable surplus, whether it is 10,000,000 bushels or our average of 250,000,000 bushels, that surplus will carry the world price and that price will govern the domestic market."

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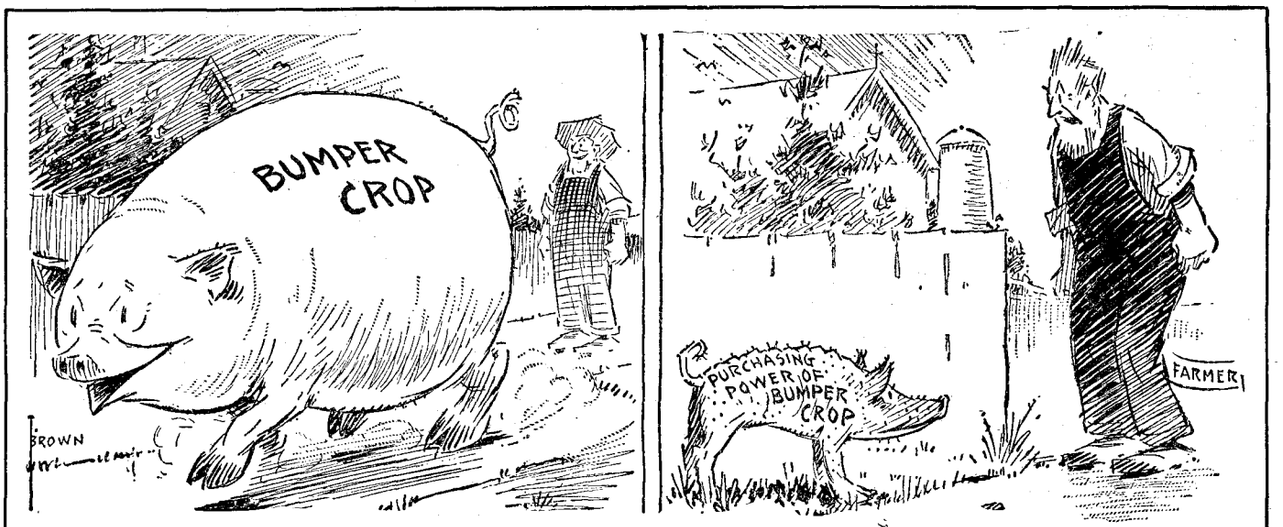

THIS BIG PIG WENT TO MARKET THIS LITTLE PIG CAME HOME!

PUZZLE—FIND THE LOSER —Brown in the Chicago *Daily News*.

In an editorial dated June 20, the Lincoln *State Journal*, published in the heart of the wheat belt, thus sets forth the wheat-growers' plight:

"As matters look now, the farmers of the trans-Missouri wheat belt will get not over 90 cents for their wheat at threshing time. It is produced with wages, machinery and other costs of production at a pitch exceeded only by the peak of war-time. Yet the price bids fair to be lower than at any time in nine years. The average farmer will get about $13 worth of wheat per acre. His taxes will take about ten per cent. of this income. His seed represents another ten per cent. His harvest and threshing bill will take a still larger slice. If his farm is mortgaged, the interest may take as much as $3 or $4 an acre more. One needs go no farther to see that 90-cent wheat is not profitable farming. The price is probably 40 per cent. below the profit level."

What has brought this anomalous condition about? According to Senator Capper's Topeka *Capital:*

"The war induced a large increase in the wheat acreage and millions of acres in the aggregate were added that are not normally adapted to wheat-growing. The whole industry suffers because of the excessive acreage, even tho the latter produces a light yield per acre."

Fundamentally, the problem of the farmer and wheat-grower is how to restore the prices of wheat and other farm products to the level of other commodities, declares the Omaha *Bee* in another editorial. Farm prices "are at pre-war levels, but the things which the farmer requires are selling at a big advance over pre-war prices." *The Bee* then shows another result as told in a Nebraska College of Agriculture bulletin:

"The farmer must necessarily restrict his purchases when the prices of his products fall more rapidly than the price of manufactured goods. This naturally decreases the volume of goods which the manufacturer can sell, and as a result he must decrease production."

Realizing that the farmers of the country are confronted by a concrete problem, the Governors of seven wheat-raising States recently called a conference in Chicago to discuss the troubles of the American wheat-grower, and the effect of these troubles upon general business. The champions of the farmer have long contended that the marketing problem is the most difficult one facing the farmer. It was natural, then, that the subject of cooperative marketing should come up at the conference, altho other suggestions for the stabilization of wheat-farming were made. The suggestion which has attracted most attention came from Bernard M. Baruch, a New York financier. What he proposes is a short-cut to cooperative marketing of enough American grain to have influence in a world market. The farmers, he contends, should own and operate their own selling agency, preferably one that is well established, such as the Armour Grain Company. As the New York *Times* explains:

"Mr. Baruch's plan contemplates the purchase by the wheat-growers of a solidly established selling concern. To be effective, he explains, at least 35 per cent. of the country's acreage would have to be party to the cooperative scheme. The personnel of the selling concern would remain unchanged, thus bringing into the service of the farmers the intelligence and experience of men, such as Mr. Armour and his associates, who have made a fortune through such salesmanship. By degrees, as the farmers developed men who could take over the direction of such an enterprise, the farmers would obtain more and more control, until finally the organization would be owned and dominated completely by the wheat-growers themselves."

"This is the biggest experiment of the kind," writes a Chicago correspondent of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. "It is designed to take from the speculator in grain and the middleman their profits, and give them to the men who actually produce the grain." "It seems to be a chance in every way worth taking," in the opinion of the New York *Tribune*, and the New York *World*, *The Herald*, and the Richmond (Va.) *News-Leader* are a few other papers who are enthusiastic about the Baruch cooperative plan. *The World* thus puts the situation:

"As things stand, the farmer buys in a seller's market and sells in a buyer's market, with the result that he loses on every transaction. No other great business in the country allows its prices to be fixt, as are the farmer's prices, by outsiders. When a farmer threshes his wheat in the fall he dumps it on the market, not because he doesn't know that the price is likely to increase but because he has no storage facilities and needs ready money to pay the banker, the storekeeper and whoever else has carried him through the year.

"A cooperative association, if it can be made to work, should end this state of affairs very simply. The farmers pool their product, store it, borrow money on it to carry them while waiting for a more favorable moment to sell, and pay a selling organization to market the goods.

"In the past, the storage of food for distribution and future consumption has been in the hands of dealers. In the future, it now looks as if it will be in the hands of the producers."

The New York *Evening Post*, Portland *Oregonian*, Chicago *Daily News*, Birmingham *Age-Herald*, Wichita *Eagle*, Topeka *Capital*, Socialist New York *Call*, Minneapolis *Tribune*, and Milwaukee *Sentinel*—papers from the North, South, East, West, and Middle West—agree that the American wheat farmer, to solve his problem, "needs to employ cooperative business methods, such as he already is doing through his farm organizations," in the words of the Alabama paper. But these farm

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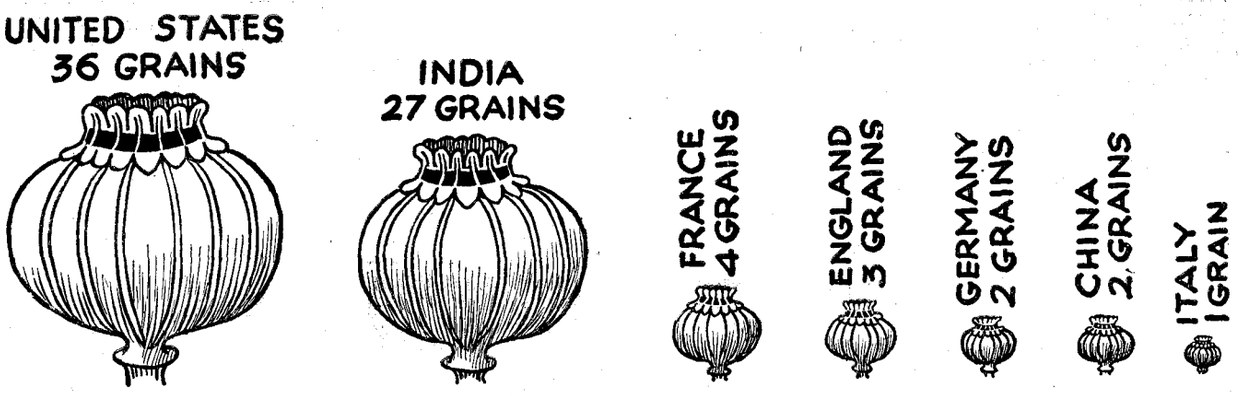

THE UNITED STATES LEADS IN PER CAPITA CONSUMPTION OF OPIUM DERIVATIVES

These poppy seed capsules, from which opium is made, are drawn to represent by their relative sizes the amount of opium per capita per annum consumed by seven leading nations. The figures are from a speech before the Washington Anti-Narcotic Conference by Frederick A. Wallis, Commissioner of Correction of New York.

organizations, as represented by two of the most powerful, the U. S. Grain Growers, Inc., and the American Farm Bureau Federation, appear not to favor the Baruch plan. "The farmers are determined to set up their own agencies," says the secretary of the first named agency, while the Federation believes that "it would be dangerous to the farmers' cooperative program to take over any privately-owned grainselling and speculative company." Moreover, says the New York *Journal of Commerce*, in discussing the Baruch plan:

"It is certainly not a fact that all speculators in grain make money, as almost any of them will sadly admit. The farmer, then, if he succeeds in putting the speculator out of business, must bear these losses, while if he merely takes his place as a speculator among speculators he must win or lose, according as his judgment is better or poorer than that of others."

OPIUM INTERESTS BLOCKING REFORM

NOTHING COULD GO FARTHER toward discrediting the League of Nations in America, believes the Minnesota *Star* (Minneapolis), than the recent failure of the opium committee of the League "to approve in full the 'American plan' for restricting the production of opium throughout the world to the amount needed for medicinal and scientific purposes." And while other editors do not blame the League as a whole for a single committee's act—or failure to act—the majority are of the opinion that the American delegation to the Geneva opium conference did not win a victory, as the first cabled reports led us to believe. But they were able to place their program before the League committee. However, points out the Boston *Herald*, "the American delegates were under a disadvantage; they could not participate in any discussion as members, but could only present their recommendations." The three chief recommendations of the American delegation are given by the Geneva correspondent of the New York *Times*, as follows:

"If the purpose of the Hague opium convention is to be achieved according to its spirit and true intent, it must be recognized that the use of opium products for other than medicinal and scientific purposes is an abuse, and not legitimate.

"In order to prevent abuse of these products it is necessary to exercise control over the production of raw opium in such a manner that there will be no surplus available for non-medicinal and non-scientific purposes.

"All nations are urged to prohibit exportation of narcotic drugs, including opium, in whatever form, and coca leaves and derivatives of these drugs to those countries which are not parties to the Hague opium convention and which do not have domestic systems of control, including import and export certificates."

After a week of debate the League's opium committee accepted these proposals—in principle, and with three "reservations." Certain States, it seems, made reservations to the following effect:

"First, that the use of opium according to established usage in India is legitimate under the Hague convention. Second, that the use of prepared opium is legitimate so long as used, subject to and in accord with Chapter II, of the Hague convention. Third, that the production and export of opium is legitimate, provided it is produced and exported as provided for under the Hague convention."

The American delegation had gone to Geneva with the idea of stopping the supply of opium from India, Persia and Turkey, but the opium-producing States in attendance as members of the League had different ideas about a lucrative industry, we are told. The "reservations," therefore, come with little or no surprize to the Washington *Post*. For, maintains this paper:

"No one really anticipated that a body packed with representatives of nations financially interested in the production and sale of opium and cocaine would, at the outset at least, accept in their entirety the propositions brought forward by the American delegates.

"The reservations, like the play within the play in 'Hamlet,' are the thing. By the first, unlimited opium eating in India is authorized; by the second, opium smoking is legal in Siam, India, Portuguese Macao, Dutch East Indies, French Indo China, Japan and all British possessions; by the third, India is permitted to continue to produce 1,500,000 pounds of raw opium annually, or at least twelve times more than would be sufficient for legitimate scientific and medical uses in the whole world."

Further information comes from Representative Stephen G. Porter, of Pennsylvania, chairman of the American delegation to the Geneva Conference:

"Under Article XXIII of the Treaty of Versailles, the execution of the treaty of the Hague (opium treaty), was delegated to the League of Nations, the Council of which appointed an opium advisory committee of nine, representing certain nations, and three advisers or assessors, who were appointed by the Council irrespective of nationality.

"At the meeting held in June, 1921, upon motion of Mr. Wellington Koo, the Chinese representative on the opium advisory committee, a resolution was adopted recommending the reduction and restriction of the cultivation of the poppy and the production of opium therefrom to strictly medicinal and scientific purposes.

"The Koo resolution was ratified by the Council of the League of Nations, which recommended its adoption by the Assembly of the League. The Assembly is composed of a representative from each nation which is a member of the League of Nations.

"At a meeting of the Assembly of the League held on October 19, 1921, the Assembly recommended that the words 'strictly

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medicinal and scientific' be stricken out and the word 'legitimate' be substituted in lieu thereof. . . .

"It is perfectly obvious that the striking out of the specific words, 'strictly medicinal and scientific' and the substitution in lieu thereof of the general word 'legitimate' was intended to legitimatize and thereby continue to encourage the sale of large quantities of this drug without restrictions on its use in the Oriental possessions of many European countries, and thereby preserve the enormous and immoral revenues which the opium-producing countries derive from its production and sale."

As we are told by the Newark *News:*

"The understanding was that this state of affairs should be permitted to continue until another international opium conference can be called to act upon the American 'principle' without reservation. It will be the function of the League to call such a conference, but it remains to be seen whether that will be done. It will require unanimous consent on the part of the Council and the Assembly of the League to authorize such a call, and a single objector could prevent the gathering."

"The United States," declares the New York *Tribune*, "is more vitally interested in restricting traffic in narcotics than any other country, but it can do nothing directly to restrict the world's supply, and has to content itself with fighting opium smuggling." At the recent National Anti-Narcotic Conference one of the speakers declared that "if we could limit the production and sale of opium to legitimate medical and scientific purposes, we would have no dope problem." But that America has such a problem, and that drug addiction is on the increase, was made plain by other speakers. "Altho America is on a higher intellectual plane than any other country," said one, "forty times as much drugs are consumed here per capita as in any other of the white nations." Still another authority pointed out that the use of drugs in the United States has trebled in the past two years, and now Americans are using seventeen times as much per capita as the Chinese. Furthermore, we are informed by the Seattle *Times:*

"The danger of narcotics to young persons is revealed by statistics compiled from the 50,000 known addicts in New York State, showing their average age is 23 years.

"Almost 500 times more narcotics, in the form of opium and its derivatives, are produced than are legitimately needed. Fifteen hundred tons are marketed throughout the world annually. Only three and one-half tons, by the most liberal calculation, are required for medicinal purposes. The poppy plant, from which is manufactured opium, is grown in British India, China, Persia and Turkey. Most of the poppies are cultivated in British India and sold in open markets in Bombay, Calcutta, and other cities. By taxes on the sales of the crops, the Imperial Indian Government obtains one-fifth of its revenue.

"The countries that are engaged the most extensively in the manufacture of opium and its derivatives are Japan, Germany, Switzerland and Holland. Japan and Holland are more earnest than the others in supporting British India in opposing restriction of production."

But Taraknath Das, writing in *The Nation* (New York), avers that "the British Government's opium policy is to a large extent responsible for drugging other nations." Says this writer:

"The British Government is a signatory to the Hague conference on opium. Yet in India the British Government advances money without interest to the poor farmers of India to induce them to cultivate the poppy, and then the Government has the monopoly of the opium trade.

"China, through the efforts of the Chinese reformers and others, made an agreement with the British Government to stop importation of all opium from India so that she would be able to save her people from the menace of opium. China did stop poppy cultivation most effectively, and the selling, using, or smuggling of opium was prohibited by law. But morphine has taken the place of opium in China. Morphia is manufactured from opium and is ten times more dangerous. It is not only devitalizing China, but it has secured a grip over the American people, particularly of the younger generation. . . .

"As long as Great Britain, a Christian nation, refuses to stop the opium monopoly for profit, what can America say to Turkey and Persia?"

Mr. Frederick A. Wallis, Commissioner of Correction of New York City, offers further facts. "These are appalling; almost unbelievable," says Mr. Wallis. According to the Commissioner—

"The amount of opium used by the leading nations of the world, according to latest available scientific statistics, is as follows: The annual per capita consumption in Italy is one grain; in Germany, two grains; in England, three grains; in France, four grains; the United States, which does not grow one commercial poppy plant, used the enormous amount of thirty-six grains per capita per annum. Why, even in India, with all of its opium antecedents, only twenty-seven grains is

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WORDS AND ACTIONS

—McCay in the New York *American.*

used. Furthermore, our consumption of opium is steadily on the increase, and this in spite of the Harrison narcotic act, passed in 1914, which is conceded to be the most restrictive and punitive measure ever passed by any nation in the world.

"In order that we may the more fully appreciate what thirty-six grains of opium per capita means in this nation, let us visualize, if we can, the result. If the morphine which is derived from these thirty-six grains of opium were dispensed in the usual doses of one-eighth of a grain each, it would be sufficient to keep every person in the United States—man, woman and child—under the influence of an opiate for twenty-nine consecutive days. It means the entire nation paralyzed and practically out of existence for a whole month out of each year."

In view of all these facts—and "reservations"—what is to be done to check the narcotic evil? "Settlement of this world-wide problem can not be made without the full cooperation of every civilized nation in whose territory the growth of the opium poppy is carried on," asserts *Drug and Chemical Markets*, a New York Trade organ. Continues this drug journal:

"For Great Britain and France to interject a series of 'ifs and buts' in the consideration of the American opium plan recently presented before the League of Nations opium committee at Geneva means only one thing. In their own minds the delegates of these nations are against any drastic restrictions in opium production, and also opposed to cutting off the supply of non-medical opium from the natives of their colonies. To solve a combined moral and political problem of the opium type is impossible if insincerity lurks behind the high-sounding phrases of the delegates of great nations.

"The only method which can effectively stamp out drug addiction all over the world is to reduce opium production to the exact needs for scientific and medicinal purposes. Laws piled upon laws without this control at the source have been and will continue to be ineffective."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

WHERE "moonshine" comes from is a secret still.—*Tampa Tribune.*

TRUTH lies at the bottom of oil-wells. Promoters lie at the top.—*Tampa Tribune.*

FREEDOM of speech is for those who know the speech of freedom.—*Washington Post.*

THE Democrats regard the rift in the Republican ranks as a breach of promise.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

ONE swimming instructor down on the Long Island coast, for some reason, advertises that he will guarantee to teach all men pupils to swim three miles.—*New York American.*

"NEW YORK has grown up," says a British visitor, after fifteen years' absence. That's the only way it can grow, old egg.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

PRIVATE radio messages have been made possible. Now if something could be done to make the phonograph more private.—*Chicago American Lumberman.*

IF it strains the neck of an ordinary man to gaze at the top of a fifteen-story building, wonder how the neck of a German mark feels as it looks up at the American dollar.—*Des Moines Register.*

FROM the recent crop of baccalaureate sermons we gather that the world is in such a terrible condition that nothing can save it except the class of '23.—*New York Tribune.*

THE English apply the epithet of "ghouls" to the Americans who are hunting for the bones of Pocahontas. But it's all right to dig up Tut-ankh-Amen, you know.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

NOW'S THE TIME TO ORDER YOUR NEXT WINTER'S COAL
—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

THE indemnity Germany is willing to pay, in round numbers, is 00,000,000,000 marks.—*New York American.*

AUTOMOBILES will keep this country from ever going back to whiskers as one of its staple crops.—*Toledo Blade.*

ONE German institution that doesn't go on strike when the French invade Germany is the stork.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

ALL this advertisement of religion by the controversialists may make it more popular with the masses.—*Dallas Journal.*

ONCE we kicked against taxation without representation. Now we get too much of each.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

ALL candidates have two hats in their wardrobes; one to toss into the ring and another to talk through.—*North Adams Herald.*

A CHICAGO business man died in a taxicab. If you have a weak heart, it doesn't do to watch the meter.—*American Lumberman.*

THE Russian people are said to be inordinately fond of moving pictures. Now we know what is the matter with them.—*New York Tribune.*

TO "catch 'em comin' and goin,'" the Democrats might make the ticket Bryan and Smith or Smith and Bryan.—*Muncie Evening Press.*

EVERYBODY says this country has too many laws, and yet every man thinks he knows of a law that ought to be passed.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SOME so-called open minds should be closed for repairs.—*Asheville (N. C.) Times.*

THE accent in the fresh proposals of Germany is on the "fresh."—*Asheville Times.*

EVEN if we make Mars an outlaw he may act just like an in-law.—*Cleveland Times and Commercial.*

"AMERICAN currency hoarded in Europe." That's more than we can do with it here.—*Washington Post.*

IT must be comforting to the monkey to learn from the anti-evolutionists that he is now absolved of all responsibility for the human race.—*Asheville Times.*

THE European nations have not yet learned that the dogs of war will not chase the wolf from the door.—*Asheville Times.*

AN Englishman says that Americans know very little geography. That's because the Europeans are always changing it.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

IT is announced that the country has a surplus of $200,000,000. Unfortunate that the news can not be concealed from Congress.—*St. Joseph News-Press.*

WE may yet learn that it was a mistake to liberate the prisoners of those Chinese bandits without exacting a pledge that none of them would go on the lecture platform.—*Cleveland Times and Commercial.*

"WHAT will become of our young people?" wails an Ohio editor. We suppose they'll grow old and worry about the young people, too.—*Florence Herald*

BERLIN is beginning to realize that any shooting in Europe is pretty liable to hit the mark.—*Manila Daily Bulletin.*

THAT shop where they are making artificial lightning must be an aggregation of bolts and nuts.—*New York Tribune.*

WE presume President Harding soon will be writing back, "What is so rare as a day in Juneau?"—*Arkansas Gazette.*

SCIENTIST says the next war will be fought by radio. Way our radio sounds, it's going on now.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

THE committee of 48 has indorsed Senator Borah for President. That makes 49 in favor of his nomination.—*Cleveland Times.*

ONE of the best ways to keep a permanent wave permanent is to get it permanented about eight times a year.—*Charleston Gazette.*

IT is not surprizing that Russia distrusts America. We sent her Trotzky, Emma Goldman and Big Bill Haywood.—*New York Tribune.*

EUROPEAN countries are inviting American tourists to visit them, but the invitation is not so pressing as it was in 1917.—*New York Tribune.*

DIPLOMACY failed to prevent the war and now it is unable to arrange the peace. Apart from that it is all right.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

STOCKBROKERS in "Wall" Street are not so gleeful these days over the kind of "clean-up" toward which they are headed.—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

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FOREIGN - COMMENT

A LITTLE DRAMA OF REAL LIFE IN THE RUHR THAT REFLECTS THE ENTIRE FRANCO-GERMAN SITUATION

IS GERMANY TOO POOR TO PAY?—YES AND NO

THE RUIN OF EUROPE or its salvation, according to doctors who disagree, will result from French pressure upon Germany for payment of reparations, and the vital question is not, "Ought Germany to pay?" but, "Can Germany pay?" As reflected in the press, the German answer is in effect: "See the awful state of our currency, the reduced production of our agriculture and manufacturing, and the condition of our export trade. It is absurd to think of making us pay. We are too poor." Some interesting presentations of the German angle appear in the Berlin *Wiederaufbau*, said to be published by a prominent publicist who writes under the name of "Parvus:

"All endeavors of Germany to raise the payments for reparations have only led to a deterioration of its finances and a violent depreciation of its solvency. Upon the advice of the Allies, Germany repeatedly raised its taxes and tariffs, but the results were only a rapid rise in prices and a depreciation of the mark, with the consequence that the revenues of the Reich, in gold, not only did not increase, but diminished even more. Germany's reparations obligations are the main cause of the general distrust in the German currency. As a consequence the credit of the state has become completely undermined, while the importation of raw materials and kindred stuffs for industry and agriculture is a matter of the greatest difficulty, and commercial calculations regarding probable profits and losses are almost impossible."

"Parvus" then calls attention to the Armies of Occupation:

"Germany's obligations consist, besides the properly classified reparations debt, of the payments for the maintenance of the Armies of Occupation which are collected beforehand and lessen considerably the ability to pay the regular reparations. In view of the complete disarmament of Germany, these armies of occupancy are (as the United States long ago found) useless. But if the Allies are bent upon occupying German territory they themselves should pay the costs of maintenance, and further, if they insist upon payment by Germany, the amounts should be held evident and added to the cost of reparations.

"So it lies within the power of Germany's creditors to prevent any improvement in Germany's economic position by claims of payment, to dislocate the German budget and plunge our finances into chaos. Payments such as Germany is forced to make can not be rendered regularly without international credit. If to any one credit is to be granted, the first question is: What other interests or debts are you called upon to pay annually? If the same question should be put to Germany, it would only be able to reply: I don't know. One year's debts and interests amount to two and a half billion gold marks, the next perhaps to three or four, then maybe only to one and a half or two, after a few years to five and six, then still more and higher sums, until the grand total of 132 billions plus accumulated interest on unpaid balances shall have been paid up. Germany has issued blank bills for a number of years, but nobody will lend anything on these bills."

This writer then plunges into the question of the German National Debt, which as he states is partly in gold and partly in paper marks, and is, as he admits, "an unknown quantity," yet is "enormous" and is "a constant danger to every increase in the exchange rate and every improvement of the German finances, as, like the shifting of the desert, it is capable of smothering and choking all life struggling for existence in its vicinity."

Professor M. J. Bonn, a well-known economist who is in constant touch with the German Government, tells us in the same periodical that the German railway, postal, and other public services already show huge deficits which "grow automatically with every further collapse of German currency, and prove that even the greatest economy will not suffice to wipe out the deficit of the German budget." He continues:

"Inflation by the further issue of paper money, as long as the gold requirements for reparations are not reduced, can not be avoided by internal economy. Several countries with depreciated currency have balanced their budgets by temporarily reducing the amount of payments in gold due to foreign countries either by reducing the rate of interest or by loans, while the internal equilibrium was established not only by taxation and internal loans but generally with the help of a foreign loan as well. Germany will have to adopt similar methods if it desires to attempt a stabilization of the mark. The principal creditor of Germany, France, requires immediate payments of money. Germany can not effect these if a further fall of the mark is to be prevented. It

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can continue the payments under the clearing system and the other payments to the amount of perhaps half a billion gold marks, and in addition thereto it can, perhaps, make deliveries in kind to the amount of another half-billion. During the next few years Germany will hardly be able to pay more than one billion a year, unless economic conditions change substantially. In order again to be able to make substantial deliveries even upon reparations accounts it requires a longer moratorium. This moratorium should be extended over five to seven years. During this time the payments to France to the extent of one billion gold marks per annum must be provided for by a loan, which should amount from five to fifteen billion gold marks. Whether this loan should be granted in one sum or in instalments, the future has to show. . . . This will give rise to the hope that the mark will actually depreciate no further, in consequence of

AS GERMANY SEES GERMANY AS FRANCE SEES GERMANY

—Montreal *Star*.

which foreign countries will be able to base their calculations upon a stable Germany."

Ex-Minister Bernhard Dernburg, who lectured extensively in this country in the early days of the war, explains that the loss of the German export trade renders payment of the reparations impossible. He writes:

"Opponents and neutrals surround themselves by unheard-of trade obstructions. Thus anti-dumping duties in England, stringent customs measures in other countries, import prohibitions, form links of the vicious circle drawn around the economic world. The consequence is decline in production and exports everywhere, diminished purchasing power everywhere and emigration of entire industries to other countries."

The German official journal *Wirtschaft und Statistik* informs us that before the war imports exceeded exports by 10 to 15 per cent. Now this excess has risen to 30 per cent. Exports of pig-iron in 1922 were one-third the pre-war figure. Exports of chemicals showed a similar drop, while exports of dyes were less than one-half. Exports of fertilizer slumped to a negligible figure, and the same was true of sugar, formerly a large article of export. "German agriculture on account of its decline is unable to export anything."

That this situation can be very well changed and that Germany will be able to pay, "Parvus" admits in a very comprehensive statement about "The Reconstruction of the German State Finances." He surprizes us with the confession that "Germany is safe for fifty billion gold marks," let alone the smaller sum at present under discussion.

"The reconstruction of German industry depends upon overcoming the world crisis. That will happen in a few years' time and then it will be seen that Germany will be able to pay the three billions interest on the reduced reparations debt of fifty billion gold marks. But with respect to the intervening period it is safe to say that Germany will be able to pay one to two billion gold marks yearly in the near future. For this reason Germany also would give desired guaranties to insure payment. The gold value hidden in the securities will become evident once again the stabilization of the mark permits of gold mortgages being offered and taken up. Besides the natural resources of Germany are worth considering. The only condition is that these securities must be calculated at a fixt, stabilized value."

So much for the German side. The French view of the situation is altogether different, as will be seen by the following official French statement:

"As M. Theunis pointed out during the discussion of the Belgian budget, at the end of 1922, Germany has no foreign debt and on account of the collapse in the value of the mark she is free, in fact, of all internal debt.

"An American economist, Mr. Moody, clearly emphasized that situation: Germany's bankruptcy is an accomplished fact; the Germans who own government bonds own a thing of no value. If Germany decided upon starting on a new basis, with a well-guaranteed monetary system, it would take her only a short time to reach an economic situation without peer in Europe. Such a situation would be strengthened by the fact that the German Government has continuously enriched the individual while ruining the treasury. The consequences are that the taxable assets of Germany have not ceased to increase since the war; not only have the taxes been paid with delay or not at all, but sums used for the improvement of industry and agriculture were exempt from taxes. The owners of real estate property have thus been able to buy off at ridiculously low prices the mortgages on their properties.

"As has been remarked by the English writer, Mr. Ellis Barker, the real value of the chief resources which create Germany's wealth is greater than before. The owners of mines, manufactures, etc., have increased to a supreme degree the value of their properties. Such establishments have been increased and modernized throughout Germany; surpluses and savings have been invested in the safest and most profitable way, owing to those improvements.

"The same Mr. Barker concludes that the German population has not suffered from the monetary crisis which seems to weigh in such a terrible manner on the country. Not only does the mortality rate decrease in Germany but the excess of births over deaths is constantly increasing; this excess has passed from 282,120 in 1919 to 666,358 in 1920 and 686,655 in 1921. The population has been increased by one million immigrants, while emigration is very low, contrary to the case before the war.

"A Government which has neither an exterior nor an interior debt, which enjoys full economic prosperity, which has neither a war budget nor a navy budget, can, without any doubt, rapidly reconstitute its financial situation. The theoretical sum to be demanded from Germany according to the award of the Reparations Commission, was to be 132 billion marks. It does not seem that it will be actually exacted; but if it were, it would not load Germany, having no other debt, with a heavier burden than that carried by England, whose debt amounts to 7,500,000,000 pounds sterling, equivalent to 135 billion gold marks.

"The French Government knows perfectly well that German destructions, deliberate in a very large measure, have been so enormous that complete compensation for the losses incurred may prove impossible: to that extent, tho vanquished, Germany may triumph and rejoice, having inflicted wounds which she will, perhaps, not be called upon to heal.

"France, who has granted successive diminutions, is certainly not at all bent, in spite of all that has been said, on exacting more than Germany can actually pay. But unable to trust any more mere promises, she will demand guaranties, to be relinquished, in the same way as the Germans acted in 1871, by degrees and in proportion to the payments made.

"To what extent the Germans can pay has been made as doubtful as possible by themselves. The chief profits made by

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their industrialists and traders are left abroad so as to avoid taxation. In an article published by the *Review of Reviews*, Mr. Charles R. Hook, Vice-President and General Manager of the American Rolling Mill Company, of Middletown, Ohio, writes: 'In Italy we had opportunity to secure startling facts, and by reading letters from German manufacturers to Italian consumers we discovered that, without exception, quotation was made in dollars, and it was provided that payment was to be made by deposit of dollars in a bank designated by the German manufacturers—a bank located not in Germany, but where the goods were sold.'

"The wealth of those manufacturers is being still increased by the way in which they pay their workmen. The same Mr. Hook found that his chief German competitor paid common labor the equivalent of one dollar per week and skilled labor the equivalent of two dollars.

"Sources of revenue seem to have been studiously discarded, and causes of expense welcomed. In an article in *The North American Review* for March last, Mr. Lawrence Adler writes: 'According to authoritative reports, Germany has been spending more money recently on internal improvements than any other European Power, and there seems to be conclusive evidence that this policy has been adopted deliberately to inflate the already inflated currency and make it apparently impossible to pay the reparation bill. Munich is to have one of the largest railway stations in the world, Koenigsberg is building a costly new municipal opera house.' (Page 339.) In the same article is quoted a report by Mr. Thewall, commercial attaché to the British Embassy at Berlin, who says: 'There has been speculation and enormous investment on the part of the wealthy German industrialists and business men in foreign holdings. The same class consistently avoids paying its taxes.' (Page 340.)

"Such statements by Americans of standing and other non-French experts are numerous. The most recent are due to Mr. Garet Garrett and have appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post* of April 21st and 28th. According to this writer, just returned to the United States, German poverty, German famine, German incapacity to make good for their destructions are so many 'hoaxes.'

"This judgment is confirmed by information from different and quite reliable sources. René Pinon, a French economist, honorably known, calculates that by the end of 1922 German manufacturers had in various banks in England, the United States, Holland, etc., at least 500 million pounds sterling, that is, 13 billion gold francs. The deposits in Switzerland amount to 5 billion gold francs. There are some in Denmark of unprecedented importance. The Hamburg-Amerika line announced the other day a dividend of 30%, which does not give the idea of an overtaxed company.

"If it is difficult, owing to so much concealment and lack of good-will, to reach absolute certitude as to the amount the Germans could, if so disposed, devote to reparations, a comparison can, however, be instituted with another country, France, whose figures are public and certain, and which would cast light on the problem.

"In the French budget of 1922, the receipts amount to 24 billion, 691 million francs. This is exclusive of all borrowing.

"In the same budget, expenditures are calculated as follows: Public debt, 13 billion, 191 million; military expenditures, 4 billion, 910 million; civil services expenditures, 7 billion, 35 million; a total of 25 billion, 136 million.

"The expenditures exceed the receipts by about 445 million.

"To the expenditures should be added the amount of recoverable expenses which ought to be paid by Germany, but are not. They amount to 23 billion, 84 million, and are covered by the proceeds of loans.

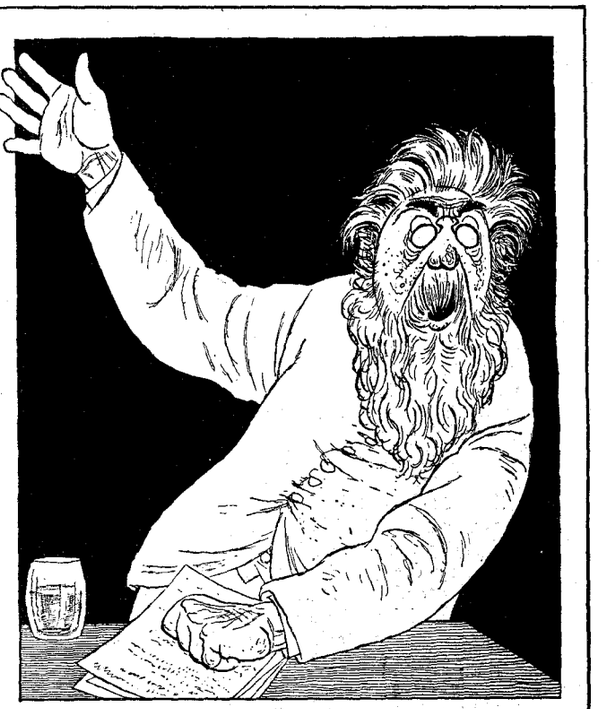
"If France had no devastated regions to rehabilitate, no interest to pay on her debt, and no military expenses, all her other expenditures, including the cost of a police force, would not exceed 8 billion francs, *i. e.*, one-third of her normal income. She would then have a surplus of 16 billion francs a year, equivalent to more than 4 billion gold marks.

"Germany, through the depreciation of her money, has no longer any public debt, she has no military expenses, properly so-called, she has no devastated districts to reconstruct. While the productive power of ten of the French Departments is very much reduced, and in some parts inexistent, Germany's industrial plants and productive strength are intact. She has a population of 65 million, while France's population is less than 40.

"Therefore, if Germany was administered as France is, if the German paid taxes equal to the taxes paid by the French, she could dispose, yearly, for payments of reparations, of a minimum amount of 6 billion and a half gold marks."

RUSSIAN PAPERS—RED, BUT NOT READ

"WE HAVE NO PRESS," say the Bolshevists in Russia, "all we have is an elaborate machinery for spoiling paper," and the correspondent who quotes this confession adds that most of the Soviet journals are "printed on paper which even the Russian worker's modest taste does not allow him to use for rolling up his cigarets." It was easy to exterminate the non-Communist press, we are told. Even tho the Petrograd *Day* "changed its name consecutively to *Midday, Evening, Midnight*, and *Night*," it "finally succumbed" to the "unequal game of hide and seek." All private publications were finally suppressed. But it has been impossible, so far, to replace them with interesting, readable, and influential Soviet papers. In the *New Statesman* (London) the correspondent observes,



ANY ORATOR CAN SHOUT

"Down with militarism! Up with the Red Army!" But editing a newspaper takes brains, and Russia has found it out.

—*Nebelspalter* (Zurich).

"Large sums of money were assigned for the upkeep of these papers, but the difficulties became manifest from the outset. The intelligentsia, with few exceptions, stubbornly refused to lend itself to the work of writing for the new papers, and so the press was not only reduced to a mere mouthpiece of a small despotic group, but came to be produced by men who had neither the aptitude nor the necessary training for their task. Had brightness and talent not forsaken the new press, the reading public, failing anything else, might still have found some interest in it.

"It should be borne in mind that the Russian people have never known an entirely free press. The history of the Russian press is, after all, to a great extent, the history of its censorship. But the dulness and crudeness of the Soviet press were so palpable that the people turned away from it in disgust. If the papers of Petrograd and Moscow are of a higher standard, it is because they are in the hands of Bolsheviks, who in exile abroad or in secret in Russia had trained their pen to some degree of proficiency. But such men are rare, and the provincial press is left to men of low intelligence and inferior education. The Moscow *Pravda* itself gave a not untrue description of its contemporaries: 'The provincial papers,' it said, are as like as two drops of water. Their very appearance, uniform and gray, inspires one with a sense of dulness. On opening such a paper

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one finds in it some 'high politics,' a few foreign wireless messages and a couple of articles. The articles are regularly written by the same one or two writers, and the same stereotyped phrases and the same ideas are repeated *ad nauseam*."

"Beneath criticism" is the phrase applied to "an overwhelming majority of the provincial papers" by a circular in which the Russian Communist party urges that "energetic measures be taken to raise the status of the press." Russia's New Economic Policy, the compromise between Communism and Capitalism, has not had that effect, for—

"Like many other State industries, on the advent of the New Economic Policy, the press had to be thrown on its own resources. Its fate was in the hands of the reading public, and the consequences did not take long to tell, for it still remained what it had always been—a colorless instrument of distasteful propaganda. It was not, however, totally forsaken by the Soviet Government. In many districts compulsory subscriptions were forced from small traders and Communist party members; but evasions were wholesale, and the futility of the order soon became apparent. A measure which allowed the insertion of advertisements, altho slightly more efficacious for a time, proved after a while equally useless. The losses of the papers began to increase at a tremendous rate. This decline was rapid and general; papers closed down one after another, not merely in outlying districts but in the large centers.

"At a meeting last autumn of the Central Bureau of Press Workers, a report was read showing the position of the Soviet press. On January 1, 1922, it was stated, there had been 803 newspapers; in a space of seven months this number had been reduced to 299. The daily number of papers printed had been 2,661,000 in January; in August it was 993,000.

"A slight revival was brought about in the winter months by the allocation of further subsidies. The total circulation of the Soviet press was raised to 1,300,000. What this expresses can be best judged by the fact that the circulation of one paper in pre-revolutionary days, the Moscow *Ruskoije Slovo*, exceeded 1,200,000. New endeavors were made to interest the provincial and industrial workers and the Communists. Factory hands, for instance, were asked to send character sketches of their directors, the best sketch to receive a money prize. The same principle was applied in the villages where Communists were to write of the doings of the peasants. But this practise had to be abandoned; for the murders of these factory and village correspondents became a regular occurrence, and the outrages extended to other Soviet journalists, two of the *Pravda's* prominent correspondents losing their lives."

Many bombastic speeches enlivened last February's congress of Soviet journalists in the Moscow Kremlin, yet, as the *New Statesman's* correspondent affirms, "the deepest pessimism prevailed." The congress "clearly realized that, whatever resolutions were passed, they could not gain the ear of the Russian people." Meanwhile—

"It is interesting to note that, parallel with the decline of the Government press, tentative efforts were made to produce non-Communist papers, taking advantage of the New Economic Policy: and despite the always increasing cost of production, this enterprise has begun to show signs of fruitful development. In the Government of Saratoff, of the total number of twenty Soviet newspapers only two or three had survived the autumn months, but the *Voljanine* at Khvalinsk, the *Lutch* at Volsk, and several others published on a cooperative basis, began to assert themselves. These papers devote their pages almost exclusively to local matters of economic or social import and are eagerly read by the people.

"Difficulties are constantly being put in the way of such papers, yet those which avoid a conflict by refraining from dealing with political subjects are surviving. The extremists are urging the Government to put an end to the New Economic Policy and to sweep away the new independent press, which they maintain is a dangerous weapon secretly directed against the dictatorship of the Communist party. The Government, reluctant to throw over the New Economic Policy, has not satisfied the extremists' demands with regard to the press. Unable to instil a new lease of life into its dying press it has so far contented itself with inflicting pin-pricks on the distasteful, if unaggressive, rival."

SPAIN DISCARDING BULL-FIGHTS

THE BULL-FIGHT is fast losing its popularity in Spain, observe the Spanish magazines, and thus we find fulfilled the prediction of a Spanish writer whose remarks on bull-fighting were reproduced in these pages several years ago. The sport was declining then. It has since declined more rapidly. As the Madrid *Blanco y Negro* tells us—

"In 1915 there were 685 first-class bull-fights during the season; three years later, the number had fallen to 421; last year it was only 257, and the time is fast approaching when bull-fighting will be only a memory."

To account for this, *Blanco y Negro* recalls the moralizing campaign waged by Spanish writers, and adds that the high cost of living has helped the campaign. "Since the matadors came to demand exorbitant salaries, their popularity has dwindled." Then, too, commercialism has killed romance.

"A few decades ago, a *torero* was almost a national hero; admiring crowds followed him and the glory attached to his name was more important than money. Nowadays, the bull-fight is a business proposition, and retired bull-fighters have made short-lived reappearances for the sake of a little money, banking on the fame acquired during their youth, but the public has become aware of this practise and the number of corridas is constantly decreasing."

Moreover, Alfonso has an English queen and shows a great liking for English ways. "Yachting, polo and horse-racing have been his chief delights, and this has had a good deal to do with the decline of bull-fighting, as the aristocracy always follows the fashions decreed by the sovereign." The King's popularity does not seem to have suffered from the change, inasmuch as he endeavored to transform the fashionable resort of San Sebastian into a world-known place by fostering horseracing and instituting a purse of one million pesetas, the highest prize race in the world, to be disputed yearly in August.

Shorn of its heroic aspects, bull-fighting is being exported, according to the *Nuevo Mundo* of Madrid, and a New York paper informs us that in Vienna a large arena is under construction, while "in Rome a few weeks ago a crowd of several thousand persons clamored for the death of the bulls in a fight in which it was said that the bulls 'almost had a good time,' the Humane Society having taken a hand in the affair." As regards the situation in Spain, the *Nuevo Mundo* observes:

"From a drama, bull-fight is falling to vaudeville. But as the Spanish people can not stand it and prefer to do without it rather than to see their fallen idols made ridiculous, bull-fight parodies are being staged everywhere, in Italy, France, Cuba, South America, and even in the United States. Pantomime imitators of Charlie Chaplin have supplanted real *toreros*, the bulls have their horns carefully covered so as to do no harm, and not a drop of blood is allowed to wound the spectators' sensibilities."

A new fad seems to be gaining ground—baseball. From ancient times, Spaniards have been enthusiastic players of *jayalai*, a ball game played between two teams, requiring great strength and dexterity, but the game requires elaborate arrangements, such as two great walls, against which one of the teams throws the ball that the other must catch; baseball appeals to the popular sentiment because anybody can play it with little expense, and the *Nuevo Mundo* remarks:

"We can not foresee the influence that baseball will have on Spanish character. We even doubt that it will survive very long, but it can be noted as one of the many consequences of American participation in the World War. While opposed in principle to the sanguinary sport of bull-fighting, we mourn the passing of a popular manifestation of Spain's fighting spirit, thinking of the times when instead of mastering wild beasts the Conquistadores mastered a New World."

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WHAT ANGORA IS DOING TO BRITAIN

REVOLUTIONARY NATIONALISM CHALLENGES the ascendency of the British Empire throughout the East, we read, and very striking is the change five years have brought. In 1918 "it seemed as tho practically the entire Middle-Eastern world would be absorbed in the British system." Britain's quiet rival, Russia, had "disappeared from the scene." There were British troops in the "Russian Zone" of Persia. Also in Trans-Caspia. Also in Trans-Caucasia. British power had supplanted Turkish power in Iraq, Palestine, and Arabia, and even in Constantinople and Anatolia it seemed that the Turks "would reconcile themselves to a British ascendency." What has changed all this? Dr. Arnold J. Toynbee thinks Angora has. "Angora is much more than the capital of the new Turkish national state," he tells us in the *Contemporary Review;* "it is a focus from which revolutionary nationalism has been spreading." So this is what has come of Britain's failure to control Turkey. Says Dr. Toynbee:

"Had we succeeded in establishing a moral hold over the last independent Moslem State, our ascendency would hardly have been disputed elsewhere; and the whole Islamic world, from Bengal to Constantinople, and from the African lakes to the Caucasus, might have been drawn into the wake of the British Empire, except for a few French and Italian dependencies scattered here and there as enclaves. Looking back on this position to-day, the Turks, Egyptians, Afghans, and Indians whom an English visitor meets at Angora have a way of smiling and professing ironical gratitude to Mr. Lloyd George. 'It was your late Prime Minister,' they explain, 'who saved Turkey from herself. Had he given her one touch of kindness, one friendly stroke or gentle word, she would have licked his hand and we might all have lost our independence forever. Fortunately, he preferred to kick her till she showed her teeth and summoned up her last energies to fight for her existence; and, as it turned out, we have gained far more by defiance than we could ever have gained by conciliation.'"

DANGER

"The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all the League had fled!"

—Racey in the Montreal *Star.*

AN AWKWARD CUSTOMER TO CONFER WITH

The Terrible Turk is a mild enough individual at Lausanne, but behind him is, as one correspondent describes it, "a somewhat turbulent and victory-drunk Soviet at Angora."

—Glasgow *Bulletin.*

Conciliation is now impossible, thinks Dr. Toynbee. "The psychological moment has passed," and "it is no longer conceivable that the Oriental peoples will consent to work out their destinies within the framework of the British Empire." For—

"They have been alienated by unhappy experiences—the Turks by the deportations to Malta and by the interallied régime in Constantinople, the Egyptians and Indians by events which are too painfully familiar to require mention—and they are convinced that our system stands, as far as the East is concerned, for a Western ascendency, both in political and in personal relationships. Therefore they will have none of it, for equality of status with the West lies at the back of all their demands, and is the ultimate stimulus of their action in every sphere. They are willing to trade with us, as they have always done, and they intend to master our economic methods, but not at the sacrifice of personal equality and political independence; and we shall not change their sentiments by substituting the word 'Commonwealth' for 'Empire' or by giving them progressive instalments of representative institutions."

Their ideal, Dr. Toynbee believes, will not be "the well-tried British Commonwealth," but "the newfangled Government of the Great National Assembly" at Angora, and he remarks, "One comes away from Angora wondering whether the two contrasted systems can long coexist in the Oriental world." Accordingly—

"The success of Angora is, in fact, a portent which ought to make the British nation take stock of its relation to its Oriental dependencies. We originally went to the East for trade; in pursuit of trade we acquired an empire; are we now prepared to preserve our trade by liquidating our empire, supposing that we have to choose between them, or has our political ascendency become our paramount concern? And if it has, do we intend to maintain it by force over peoples whose soul revolts against it? The chief danger of our position is that we do not yet know our own minds, while men's minds in the East are traveling so fast that we have little time left for making our decisions."

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SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

TRAINING THE EAR TO BE SHARPER

ALL OF US ARE FAMILIAR with the stories told of the acute hearing possest by savages, by woodsmen and by many animals, all of whom are able to detect sounds in nature which would entirely escape the duller ears of ordinary citizens. In primitive life this ability is often a matter of life and death to men as well as to animals, since the rustle of a fallen leaf may betray the step of an enemy or the movement of a reptile. But it has remained for a German schoolmaster to prove that this keenness of hearing may be acquired by children and may be the means of unfolding new pleasures to them in their rambles through forest and countryside. The teacher in question, Herr Cornel Schmitt, gives an interesting account of his experiments along this line in a late number of *Kosmos* (Stuttgart). He began the work by asking the children to note down on the tablets of paper, which they carried with them on their nature-study walks, the sounds made by various birds, expressing these as closely as possible in terms of the alphabet. He then asked them to try to discover a possible approximation between the sound uttered by the bird and its popular name. This was easy in some cases and more difficult in others, but naturally formed an amusing game for the children. Among the more obvious instances are those of the cuckoo (*Kuckuck*) the owl (*Uhu*), and the turtle-dove (*Turteltaube*), the sound uttered by the latter being "Turr, turr." Sometimes the sound is commemorated in the zoological name instead of the popular one, as in the case of the rail bird (*crex crex*). From this simple beginning, Mr. Schmitt tells us, an extensive system of exercises was evolved:

"These observations led us to examine under the microscope those sound imitations embodied in our mother tongue. . . . I remember, for example, a trip taken just at the time the spring snows were melting, when we wandered along the banks of a little brook running through the valley, all ears for its sounds.

"It was a novel experience. Here, the water 'gurgled' as it reached a whirlpool and was drawn into its depths. There, it found a stone in its path over which it sprang 'hissing' and 'spattering' (*zischend und spritzend*), yonder it ran rushing (*rauschend*) through a small channel and then murmured (*Murmeln*) over a broader bed.

"Always we found a striking similarity between the sound and the word—sound painting! We began to have . . . a gradually increasing respect for the powers of the human ear."

As will be seen, the German words given here as having an onomatopœic origin are closely paralleled in English, which is by no means surprizing since so many primitive words in both languages derive from the same Teutonic root. Many other instances could be given of words not only in German and in English, but in other languages, which represent the human attempt to imitate a sound heard in nature. This, of course, is a well-known fact; the novelty and value of Mr. Schmitt's work lies in his making use of these every-day sounds to train the ears of children to greater sensitiveness and precision of perception.

The schoolmaster next asked his class to make an effort to imitate the sounds heard, and the pupils gained from these exercises a still better idea of the exceedingly great delicacy of perception of which the human ear is capable. They desired to have an examination given them which would show just how sharply attuned their ears were to very faint sounds. Mr. Schmitt, therefore, devised a dozen ways of testing this. He stood behind the group, who were put on their honor not to turn their heads so as to see what he was doing, and they then wrote down upon a piece of paper a statement of the supposed act which caused the noise in question. These acts were as follows:

1. A five-pfennig piece rolls from the table on to the floor.
2. A metal lead-pencil cap rolls across the bench.
3. An oval rubber eraser strikes first on its edge and then on its flat surface.
4. A pocket-knife falls and remains standing with blade sticking in the floor.
5. The cork is taken with a twisting motion from a medicine bottle.
6. A moist finger is rubbed back and forth across the window-pane.
7. A glass is filled with water.
8. A few drops of water fall to the floor.
9. An empty match-box is slowly opened and shut.
10. A package of tobacco made of rustling paper is opened and shut.
11. A round pill-box holding a few peas is shaken; both open and closed.
12. A metal match-box cover falls to the floor.

The results were truly surprizing:

"Only a few mistakes were made. One guess with respect to the twelfth experiment was as follows: 'A hollow four-cornered metal object, whose parts are not tightly joined.'

"As a matter of fact this cover carried a card loosely inserted in the frame. As a general rule, not only the object itself was recognized, but the substance of which it was made as well as its form and its size, and, likewise, the nature of the material upon which it fell or over which it moved. A final test was brilliantly met. A pupil placed himself in the corner and one of his fellow pupils, at a sign from the teacher, whispered the word 'once.' There was not a single failure to answer correctly, no matter how unmusical the pupil undergoing the test!"

Still other tests were devised by Herr Schmitt for outdoor exercise. Some of these were: Can one tell the size of a tree-trunk being sawed in two by an invisible sawyer in the woods? Whether the man is holding his ax-blade at right angles or obliquely? Whether the woodcutter is severing a thick block or a board? What a passing wagon is loaded with? What sort of draft-animals are hitched to it, and how many? How the road is made? etc. The pupils were also required to harken to the drops of water falling on the surface of a vessel of water, to the individual notes yielded by wine-glasses, to the height of the tone uttered by factory-sirens, auto-horns, locomotive-whistles, etc. These exercises were followed by a practical study of overtones, using piano-strings and organ-pipes, and this idea once grasped the pupils readily understood why they had found difficulty in determining the exact pitch of the sound uttered by a near-by church-bell. Other experiments with birds and insects offered entertaining proof to the class that in spite of the delicacy which the human ear can attain, there are certain sounds to which it is quite deaf, tho these can be heard plainly by creatures with a more sensitive auditory apparatus. Sometimes, however, the creatures with such sensitive ears are apparently tone-deaf to different sorts of sound; thus a tree-frog responded not only to one of his green companions but to an imitation sound meant to deceive him, whereas he paid no attention to a pistol shot.

Along a somewhat similar line a great deal of interest is being aroused among men of science and especially among physicists by the recent experiments as to the propagation of sound recently made in Holland. We read in the *Bibliothèque Universelle* (Lausanne):

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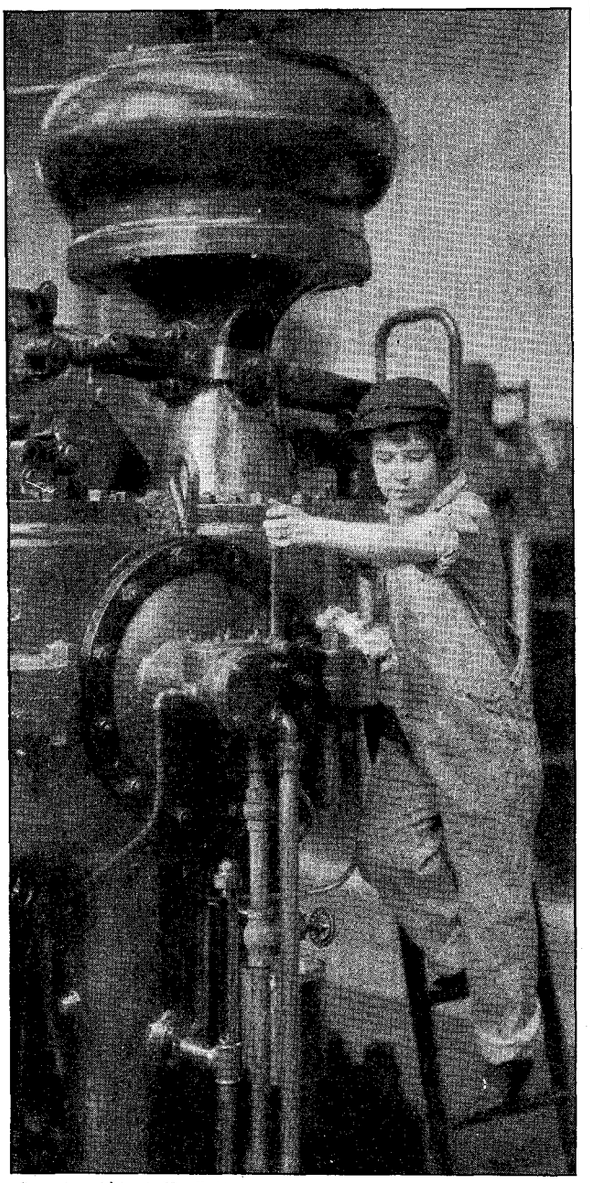
"On November 4, 1922. a large quantity of war munitions was exploded at Oldebroek. Previous to touching them off information was sent to various places with regard to the projected experiment, so that listeners at the various points were prepared to note the exact moment when the sound produced reached their ears. The sound was audible at different distances in different directions, at 350 miles toward the south, 400 miles toward the northwest and at 500 miles toward the eastsoutheast. On the other hand within the zone situated at an average distance of 90 miles, in that part of it extending between 60 miles and 120 miles, the noise of the explosion was heard only once, which confirms the observations made previously by Japanese scientists and M. de Quervain, that there exists a zone of silence.

"In England 140 reports were sent in by listeners, but nearly a third of these reported that they had heard nothing. Singularly enough the explosion was not heard in the Midland counties of England, but was heard beyond these in Cornwall. A general fact observed was that in most cases the sound waves took more time than was expected to traverse the distance concerned, the expectation, of course, being based upon the normal rate of propagation through the lower atmosphere. M. van Everdingen, the Dutch scientist in charge of the experiment, believes from a careful study of the reports sent in, which clearly demonstrate the existence of the silent zone, that the upper atmosphere cooperates in the matter of propagation."

LOCATING TELEPHONE TROUBLE BY RADIO—Radio communication is destined to play a vitally important part in maintenance of continuity of service on high-tension power transmission lines in the future, in the opinion of operating officials of the Northern States Power Company. It seems that this new method of communication has been used most successfully by this power company in quickly locating "trouble" on its lines, and, according to all reports, it has proved greatly superior to the wire telephone method which had always been used previously. The story, as gathered from officials of the company, is briefly told by *The Electrical World* (New York) as follows:

"When the two St. Croix transmission lines tript out at 1:55 P.M. on January 30, both telephone lines to St. Croix were put out of commission. F. J. Gerlich, superintendent of the service department, lost no time in getting to the radio set, and upon tuning in immediately heard the wireless operator at St. Croix calling Minneapolis. By means of radiotelephone communication the trouble on the transmission lines was quckly cleared up, and both lines were back in service by 2:05 P.M. (within ten minutes). Wire telephone communication was not reestablished until half an hour later."



By courtesy of "Aera" (New York)

SHE "USES WASTE AS DEFTLY AS A POWDER PUFF"

Showing Miss Clare Nicolet perfectly at home among the big turbines of the Kansas City Railway Company's power plant.

A GIRL ENGINEER IN KANSAS CITY

A YOUNG WOMAN who has not only graduated from an engineering school, but holds down an engineer's job, is described in *Aera* (New York). The impossible has again been brought to light, says this publication—an essentially feminine woman with the added ability of thinking in terms of the huge machinery necessary to generate power for the Kansas City Railways Company. It continues:

"Miss Clare Nicolet, who has been employed at the Missouri River Power Plant since last August, is certainly a featherweight, tipping the scales at about ninety-five pounds. Her four and a half years of mechanical training in Illinois University seem to have developed the mechanical side and to have left the native feminine qualities undisturbed in their development.

"When questioned as to her reason for choosing a mechanical engineering course, she said she had always wanted it, and after taking one year of liberal arts and sciences, she secured special permission to change to the mechanical department. She did all of the work that was required in the course, refusing the proffered assistance of her classmates.

"In the class with Miss Nicolet was one other young lady, who, after a year, was unable to go on with the work. Miss Nicolet is, we believe, the first woman thus far west to take a mechanical course in our universities.

"Altho Urbana is her home town and the university atmosphere a part of her very being, it was not an altogether easy thing to surmount the difficulties of obtaining a college education. In addition to the strenuous course, she did other work to help defray expenses. One summer she worked as draftsman; during school she was in charge of the architectural library, and part of the time worked in the mechanical library.

"Miss Nicolet is perfectly at home among the big turbines and uses waste as deftly as a powder puff. When she applied for work, she asked for a position as actual mechanic, and gave assurance that she was not afraid to do anything that was to be done around the power house—even preferring that to the work on the efficiency squad, which she is now doing.

"Her plans for the future have set a high mark for her attainment—efficiency engineering. She admits that it is a high goal and that considerable lies between her and its attainment, but that is the ideal she is keeping in mind. She also says that engineering is in a way lacking in the human element, and for this reason she is hoping to supply that lack through some kind of social work with girls and young women. On the other hand, she feels that engineering is a constructive work and by its means you can reach many people. Aside from that, however, is the fact that her father has always followed mechanical lines, and perhaps she inherited a sort of congeniality with oils, powerful machinery, and figures."

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STEAM AT TERRIFIC PRESSURE

IN THE NEVER-ENDING PURSUIT of fuel economy, boiler pressures in steam-power plants are being increased by leaps and bounds. While 550 pounds per square inch is the highest steam-pressure in strictly commercial use in the United States, two large boilers for 1,200 pounds' pressure are now being erected at Chicago and at Weymouth, Massachusetts. Sweden is trying out a 1,500-pound boiler, and now an article in *Power* (New York) gives the details of a new British plant of 1,500 horse-power in which steam will be generated at the hitherto unheard of pressure of 3,200 pounds per square inch! The experiment with steam generation at this extremely high pressure is not made entirely on considerations of efficiency. In fact, the pressure will be reduced by throttling to 1,500 pounds before the steam is delivered to the high-pressure turbine. The explanation given is that, while the turbine will exhibit its best economy at 1,500 pounds, it is actually easier and safer to generate the steam initially at more than double that pressure, because at 3,200 pounds' pressure water has a "critical point," and will slip quietly into steam without bubbling or boiling. In further elucidation of this point, the writer states:

"The chief difficulty at these pressures [800 pounds and up] has been in the generation of the steam rather than in its use in steam turbines. Special precautions must be taken to guard against 'priming,' or the passing over of water in gulps, on account of the violent boiling under high pressure. It is principally due to the seriousness of this factor that pressures above 800 pounds have been attempted in only a few cases. The likelihood of priming increases with rising pressure as long as steam is generated by methods that require the addition of latent heat of evaporation with consequent ebullition.

"The development of steam generators above this pressure has been retarded, tho to a less extent, by metallurgical difficulties. The extensive experiments carried out during the war, however, enabled a tremendous advance to be made in the production of steel and steel alloys of high tensile strength.

"The field has, therefore, been prepared for the introduction of a super-pressure plant using steam generated under 'critical' conditions, that is, with a pressure of 3,200 pounds per square inch and a temperature of 706 degrees Fahrenheit. The tremendous jump from 1,500 pounds to 3,200 is due entirely to the fact that, at any pressure below 3,200 pounds, latent heat must be added with consequent troubles from boiling and priming. At the critical point there is no latent heat and no boiling, and this has enabled the designers to construct a generator with heating elements of very small section and without steam drums or chambers.

"The experimental plant now nearing completion, and soon to be erected in the works of the English Electric Company at Rugby, England, is equivalent to a 1,500 horse-power commercial plant. Steam will be generated at 3,200 pounds per square inch, then throttled to 1,500 pounds and, after being superheated to 768 degrees Fahrenheit, will be passed through a high-pressure turbine exhausting at 200 pounds. The exhaust of the high-pressure turbine is to be reheated to 662 degrees and then expanded in a standard normal-pressure turbine to a condenser maintaining a 97 per cent. vacuum."

The tubes of the steam generator and superheater have an internal diameter of only 0.8 inch, and are arranged in continuous coils heated by an oil-fired furnace. On account of the great density of the high-pressure steam a 1¼-inch pipe is sufficiently large to conduct the entire steam supply of the 1,500-horse-power plant to the high-pressure turbine. This, in turn, has but a single wheel of very small diameter which will rotate at from 20,000 to 25,000 revolutions per minute. It should be noted that the exhaust pressure (200 pounds) of this high-pressure turbine is as high as the initial pressure employed in many modern plants. As to the results expected from tests to be made within a few months, the article says:

"The builders of the plant predict not only that it will consume about 28 per cent. less fuel than a normal-pressure, high-grade plant of the same capacity, but that it will also be cheaper to build and maintain. As a matter of fact, the actual test generator, complete with feed pump and fan, has cost less than a normal water-tube boiler for a plant of the same capacity, even tho every part has been special. Further sets should, of course, cost even less."

DO BUYERS TURN TO THE RIGHT?

HAVE OUR TRAFFIC REGULATIONS, which require us to turn to the right, become so ingrained in our habits that we unconsciously do so on many other occasions also? Harry Botsford, who writes on the subject in *Electrical Merchandising* (New York), believes that they have, and that it is possible to utilize this fact commercially. Mr. Botsford thinks that the right side of a store, as you face it, is worth much more than the left, and he adduces facts to prove it. If he is correct in deriving our alleged right-turning habits from our traffic regulations, then in Britain it should be the left side of the store that is the better. Further experiment in England and other left-handed-traffic countries would seem to be in order. Writes Mr. Botsford:

"I had always believed that both sides of a store were equally valuable from the standpoint of sales value—all things being equal. But there is a big difference, I find. This holds true, of course, only when a store has one entrance. So if your store has one entrance, you are going to be interested in this little article and it may even mean considerable profit to you.

"An electrical merchandise dealer in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, brought the matter to my attention. I consider him as one of the very best retailers I have ever known.

"'The right-hand side of my store is easily worth four times the other side,' he told me a month ago. 'This is a fact and not a mere theory. I've been in business for over ten years and I'm considered a fair business man, yet several months ago I discovered that something has been happening in this store every day, and I have never noticed it. And what I discovered has a direct bearing on sales, too!

"'As you know, I am strong for service to customers. Originally, I had one telephone pay-station in the rear of the store. I managed to convince the telephone company it would be good business to install two telephones there. Each telephone was placed on a small table, fitted with a chair, at opposite sides of the store. Each was equally convenient and there was no reason in the world why one should be used more than the other. Yet at the end of the first month, the telephone on the right had taken in just four times the number of nickels the other had. I gave the matter scant consideration. The next month the same thing happened. That gave me the theory on which I subsequently worked.

"'I decided on several experiments to prove whether or not people naturally had a habit of turning to the right when they enter a store. I had had for two weeks a very good-looking display of hair-driers and curling-irons in my front-center show-case. The sales on these items were very low for that period—only three had been sold, to be exact. I moved the display over to the right-hand side of the store. The very first day it was there we sold more than we had sold before in two weeks.

"'That almost convinced me; but I made other experiments. A display of electric flashlights and renewal batteries which had been selling very well on the right side of the store were moved to an equally well-lighted show-case on the left side of the store, and the sales dropt just an even 95 per cent. I have tried plan after plan of shifting and the net of my results is that I sell about four times the goods on the right as I do on the left. Right now I am concentrating on new and novelty goods on the right and I have shifted my stock so that most of my staple units are on the left. Believe me, it is boosting my turnover in a most pleasing way.'

"Why do people turn to the right naturally? It's more or less a national habit, I believe, due to our usual traffic regulations which shout an imperative 'Turn to the right!' It's a habit we have fallen into unconsciously. It may be that the fact that most people are right-handed has something to do with it.

"In any event, it's a national habit—common to all. The important thing is to put that habit to work on speeding up turnover!"

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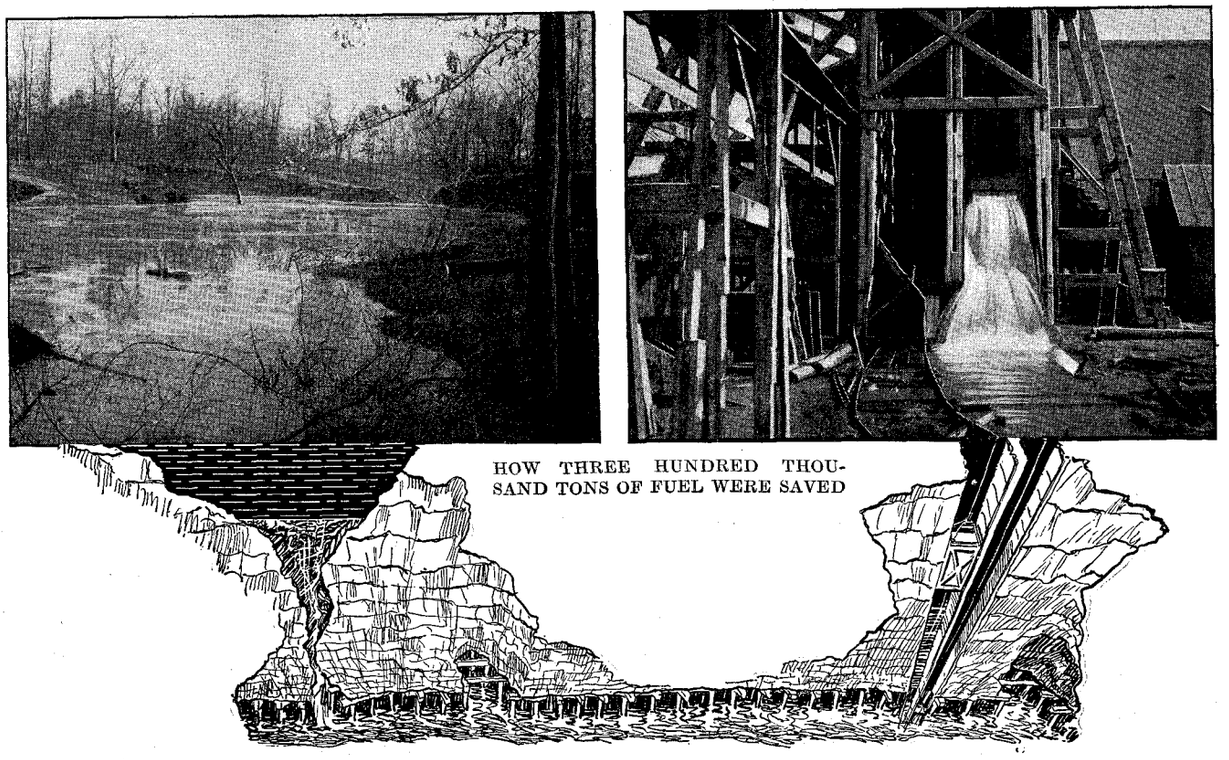

HOW THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND TONS OF FUEL WERE SAVED

By courtesy of "Popular Science Monthly" (New York)

WHAT GOES DOWN MUST COME UP

First, observe the lake in the photograph at the left above. It covers almost an acre and was formed when the flood-waters of the Big Muddy River broke through the slate roof of a coal-mine at Murphysboro, Ill., flooding the workings. Below it the diagram shows the water from the river pouring down into the mine. But the water did not stay there, and the mine was not abandoned. Somebody thought of using water-boxes instead of cages in the regular mine-shaft and pumping the water up as shown in the right-hand part of the diagram. Above this part of the diagram is a picture of a water-box at the top, pouring out its share of the three million gallons a day taken out of the mine.

PUMPING A RIVER OUT OF A MINE

WHEN FLOOD-WATERS of the Big Muddy River suddenly roared through a break in the roof of a coal-mine at Murphysboro, southern Illinois, a few months ago, engineers said the mine was doomed. The workings were flooded with a billion gallons of water. A lake, covering about an acre, rested above the underground chambers at the point where the break occurred. A writer in *Popular Science Monthly* (New York) tells what happened then. He says:

"It looked as if 300,000 tons of high-grade Murphysboro coal and $50,000 worth of mine machinery and trackage were lost.

"But nobody had reckoned on the ingenuity of W. J. Jenkins, general manager, and C. L. Moorman, chief engineer, of the Consolidated Coal Co., of St. Louis, owners of the mine. While engineers smiled at their nerve, they set out to hoist and pump the river out of their mine! With ingeniously devised hoist-boxes, each holding 700 gallons, and with electric centrifugal pumps, they dipt and pumped that billion gallons out, at the rate of about 5,000,000 gallons every 24 hours.

"Previously, with layers of brush, timber, mattresses and earth, they had plugged the deep hole in the mine roof formed by inrushing waters. With timbers, earth and hay, they also solidly blocked the underground passages leading from the hole in the roof, making the mine practically water-tight, even while the small lake remained at the surface above.

"The ingenious apparatus used in dipping the river out consisted of two 700-gallon water-boxes, each equipped with a bottom flap valve, and a hinged end-gate that opened inwardly by a double-crank mechanism. These boxes were hung in the hoist shaft and lowered alternately into the flooded workings. The filling and discharge of the boxes were automatic.

"For two months the boxes were in operation 24 hours a day, making an average of three hoists a minute and discharging about 3,000,000 gallons a day. In addition, an electric centrifugal pump mounted on a platform in the airshaft ejected about 2,000,000 gallons a day in a steady stream."

CAMELS, COWS AND TOBACCO

IN MOROCCO, when the natives are training wild camels, they make them docile by inducing them to smoke tobacco —a cigar, loosely rolled, and placed in the end of a three-cornered piece of wood through which a hole has been drilled, says *The Irish Tobacco Trade Journal*: "As soon as the camel begins to draw he becomes docile and quickly grasps the art of inhaling the smoke and emitting it through his nostrils." But, it adds rather regretfully: "One defect of the training is that Mr. Camel is apt ever after to insist on smoking at work." This elicits the following comment from *Good Health* (Battle Creek, Mich.):

"Tobacco makes camels docile, it debases and emasculates them. It does the same to men.

"Tobacco destroys the natural spirit of the camel and makes him an obedient slave to a cruel master. It does the same to men; it enslaves them to a drug and makes them the easy dupes of the tobacco mongers who delude them into the notion that tobacco is a friend and a solace, whereas it is, in fact, an enemy and a curse.

"The California Department of Agriculture sent out a statement to the effect that a drove of cattle, stopping for the night near San Ardo, got into a near-by tobacco field, apparently enjoying the weed, which they proceeded to 'chew' and swallow. Four of the cows died before morning, and within a few days twenty-one had died from chewing the weed.

"About the same time this was published, appeared a notice of a child picking up and swallowing a piece of cigar, causing his death.

"Of course the cows died, as well as the baby. Tobacco is well-known to be one of the most deadly of all plants. There is nothing surprizing about this. The wonder is that the twenty-five or thirty million smokers in the United States are so blind that they can not see that a drug that will tame camels and kill cows and babies is not the sort of thing likely to make men virile, manly and efficient."

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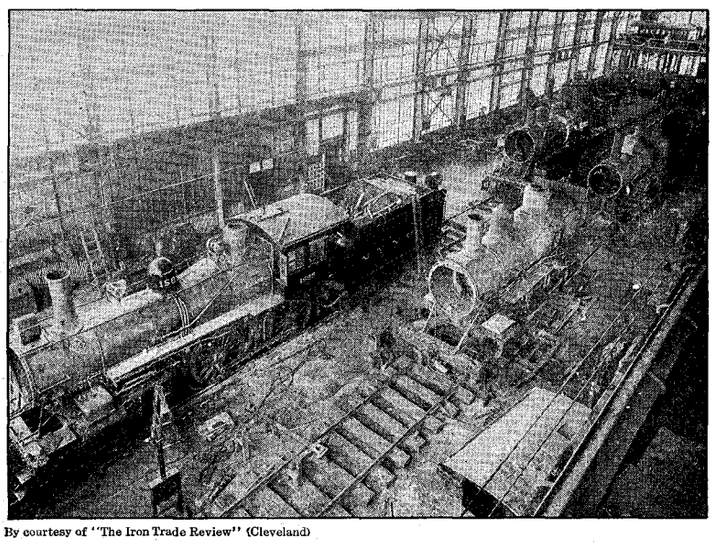
MENDING LOCOMOTIVES IN A SHIPYARD

ADAPTABILITY is said to be an American virtue, and it extends to our industrial plants. When the Volstead Act closed the breweries, they opened again as manufactories of ice-cream and breakfast foods. When the armistice threatened to shut down the big shipbuilding plants, some of them started to take in other work. Herbert R. Simonds tells us in *The Iron Trade Review* (Cleveland), how the repair of locomotives has been one of the by-products of these concerns. A shipyard of 1830 certainly could not have mended a clock, much less a steam-engine, but a modern ship is a mass of steel machinery, not so very different in principle from the iron horses that draw our limited expresses.



By courtesy of "The Iron Trade Review" (Cleveland)

MADE OVER FOR LOCOMOTIVES

Tracks laid on the concrete floor transform a shipyard machine shop into a locomotive repair shop. This method of laying the track is said to have proved most satisfactory.

Mr. Simonds tells us that the shipbuilding plant can be used for rebuilding locomotives with a minimum of adjustment. We read:

"Disarmament pledges dealt a severe blow to large shipbuilding plants which have specialized in Navy work. Cancellation of government contracts and the loss of government new business were responsible. With a large modern plant and an excellent personnel, officials felt it highly desirable to keep the unit intact. To do this and to provide for the large overhead, more work had to be secured. What, then, was to be done? To a greater or less degree nearly all large shipyards have been faced with this problem. Two lines of work are immediately suggested—the repair and construction of locomotives and other railroad equipment, and the fabrication of steel for building-construction. This latter field offers an excellent means of taking care of ship-riveters, and possibly some boilermakers, but these groups form a comparatively small proportion of the normal ship-plant personnel. The repair of locomotives, on the other hand, utilizes nearly all of the regular shipyard trades and requires comparatively little change in shop equipment. Moreover, there is something similar in the general product. Both ships and locomotives are used in transportation, and this furnishes a link of no mean importance between the industry of shipbuilding and that of locomotive construction. The country is in urgent need of locomotive repairs and of new transportation equipment generally. In fact, as one shipbuilder has pointed out, the demand for railroad equipment far more than offsets the reduction in demand for ocean vessel tonnage. Considering these points the repair of locomotives seems to be one of the big fields which must be turned to at the present time to save the country's large shipbuilding plants. The Fore River yard was one of the first plants to start this line of work, and at present it is probably engaged in more extensive locomotive repair work than any of the other yards.

"It is surprizing to find upon investigation how many of the jobs in connection with overhauling and repairing locomotives fall directly in line with the customary work of a shipbuilding plant. Checking over the list of shipyard crafts and marking off those which are used for the repair of locomotives leaves few unmarked. Machinists are used in repairing the valve gears, truing up bearings, and in general work at nearly all points of the reconstruction. The ship boilermakers are transferred with little difficulty to the repair of locomotive boilers. Ship painters quickly learn to paint locomotives and tenders. The electrical department of a shipbuilding plant comes in handy in repairing locomotive generators and in taking care of the wiring which in modern construction is extensive. The pipe and copper shops of a shipyard are used for general locomotive piping. Tinsmith shops take care of the lagging. Joiners build cab-decks and other light wood construction. Ship carpenters build bumpers and tender decking, and ship-fitters woodwork on tenders. Ship-riveters repair steel-plate work on tenders. The blacksmith shop and the foundry furnish important service in the repair of tie rods, smokestacks, boiler supports, and many heavy pieces in connection with both the locomotive and the tender.

"A large machine-shop of a shipbuilding plant requires almost no change to enable it to take care of a moderate amount of locomotive repair work."

Locomotive repairs, Mr. Simonds tells us, are given different classifications according to the amount of work to be done. When a locomotive is received it is first stript of all piping. This often is done in the yard. Next, the locomotives are taken to the main machine-shop, where the cab is removed and transferred to a cab-repair section which occupies a balcony at one end of the building. He goes on:

"Next in the repair sequence the complete body of the locomotive is taken off the wheels and placed on temporary trucks, which are used for transportation as the work progresses.

"Early in the process of overhauling all tubes are taken out of the locomotive boiler and the boiler is scaled and cleaned throughout. Usually a new fire-box is necessary, and in any case some repair must be made.

"Electric welding occupies an important place in locomotive repairing, but this is a decidedly familiar operation in the construction of large steel vessels, and, therefore, no special adaptation is necessary.

"Work, of course, must conform to Interstate Commerce Commission requirements, and this governs many of the points in connection with repairs.

"Auxiliary pieces, such as air compressor, injector, generator, etc., usually are taken off and sent to specialized departments for repair. Practically every generator which comes into the shop must be overhauled, and this is done without difficulty by the ship's electrical department. The air compressor is a somewhat more specialized piece of apparatus, and wherever repairs are extensive the whole compressor is sent to the compressor department of the railroad shops. New tanks, however, are made up in the tinsmith shops; castings in the foundry; and braces, hand-rails and handles in the blacksmith shop. Painting is necessary on all work. This is done mostly by comprest air spray.

"Many parts, such as grates, fire-box doors and bells, are either bought from the railroad or else supplied in accordance with the terms of the contract. This necessity of buying new parts which are stocked by a railroad and which, of course, are not carried by a shipbuilding plant causes some complication in the adjustment of contract price.

"At the time the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation decided to go into locomotive repair work, the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad was in urgent need of outside assistance, owing to the fact that its railroad repair-shops had been out on a strike for some months. The Fore River yard, being in a peculiarly advantageous position, secured a contract for the repair of fifty locomotives. Of this number over twenty-five have been delivered to date. The progress on the repairs to these locomotives has been unusually good, and the workmanship has been entirely satisfactory to the railroad. At the present time there are approximately 500 men employed on this work at the Fore River plant."

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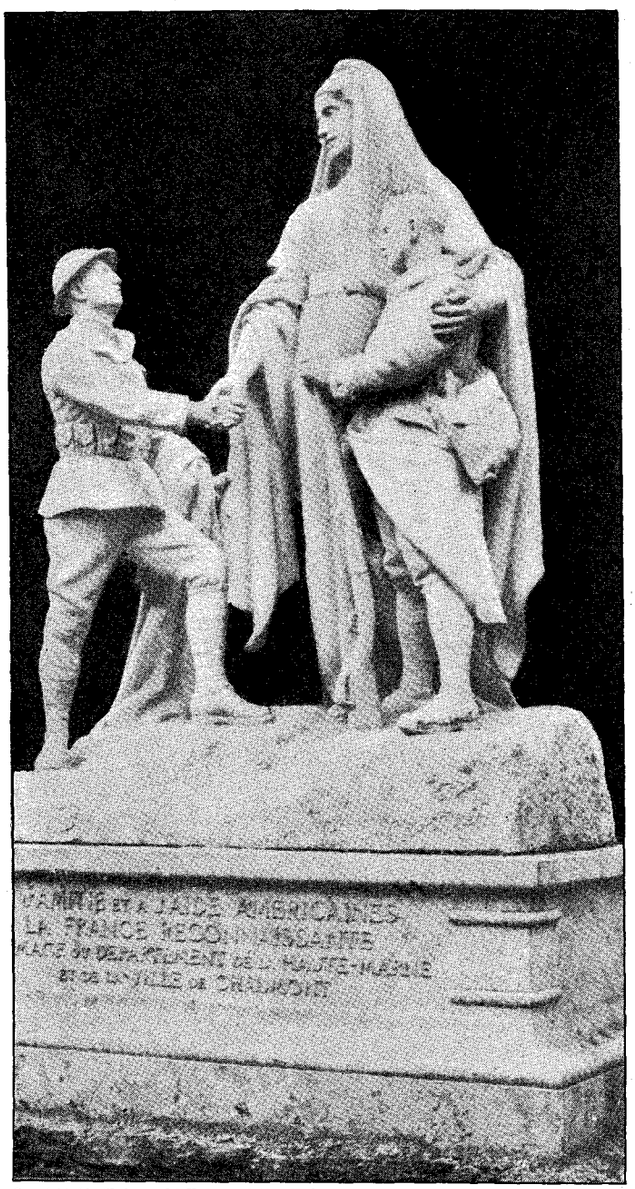
AMERICA AT CHAUMONT

IT WAS FRANCE EXPECTANT that we saw typified in the monument being raised at Pointe de Grave, where the first American troops landed on European soil for the World War. Our issue for June 16 contains reproductions of this notable work. But it is not alone here that America is memorialized. Another monument was dedicated on June 3 by the President of the French Republic—"a marble figure of France holding a battered poilu to her bosom while with outstretched hand she welcomes an American soldier as her eyes seem to follow the Marne, twisting its way down the battle-fields of the World War drenched with the blood of many brave men." In this phrase Mr. Edwin L. James reports to the New York *Times* the character of the work that now stands at Chaumont, the site of the General Headquarters of the American Army. Then he reports the remarkable speech of Premier Poincaré, not omitting to refer to the still unfulfilled promise earlier made by President Wilson to secure the permanent safety of France, "that because the hands of the Allied statesmen" were clasped across the peace table, therefore they "would never loose their grasp." "They have loosed it," said the Premier, "but that is the choice America has the right to make." The Premier reviews the entry of America into the war; the coming of General Pershing with a handful of officers; his establishment at Chaumont. He said in part:



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RECEIVING THE DOUGHBOY

The monument at Chaumont, American Headquarters in France, typifying "a spirit of everlasting fraternity beyond the power of the living to destroy."

"Scarcely arrived, those young Americans, burning with enthusiasm, which recalled the days of the Crusades, hurled themselves into the fight with a defiance of danger which our soldiers, experienced in a pitiless war, tried vainly to urge them to avoid."

Summarized by Mr. James, he told how one day at Chaumont General Pershing had led him to a map and shown him how he would drive the Germans out of the St. Mihiel salient, and then he recalled how, the day after the German retreat, by the side of General Pershing, he had explored the ruins of his native village, Champigny. He painted a glorious picture of the American effort in the Argonne, which so largely contributed to Ludendorff's defeat. In fact:

"When the Americans saw France invaded and ravaged, her very existence threatened, they came to defend the country which had bent tenderly over their cradle. They felt that in the shell-torn fields France fought not for herself alone, and that if in the eighteenth century the cause of America was, as Franklin said, the cause of humanity, that our cause was the cause of all civilized nations."

Then he turns to that aspect of our relations to France, which impresses with puzzled amazement most thinking Frenchmen, that a nation spurred by its idealism should sacrifice so much for an end and leave that purpose half completed:

"Despite the exaltation of our common victory, some of us had a presentiment that the peace was going to be harder to win than the war; that Germany, then stunned by our blows, would try to escape our hold; that the diversity of our national interests would soon embarrass the unity of our action, and that even tho united by the same sentiments, there would come a day when each of the Allied and Associated Powers would resume in association and in alliances its own conceptions and its particular initiatives. The fourteenth of December, 1918, the day President Wilson, acclaimed of all, reached Paris, I said to him: 'Like you, France to-day hopes for a peace of justice and security.' And I added, 'For the miseries and sadness of yesterday peace must give reparation; against the perils of to-morrow must give guaranties.'

"The negotiations began among government chiefs, and on June 27, 1919, at the moment when the Treaty was about to be signed in the same city where in 1783 the sovereignty of the young America was acclaimed, I said to President Wilson: 'The delegates of the victorious countries have not worked for long

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months and have not called to Versailles the delegates of conquered Germany to have in their hands only a scrap of paper. Like you, we wish that peace be not a vain word, not a floating hope, not just a ray of light for a Europe covered with blood. We have already too many indications; the future calls for watchful control. Ships sunk by their crews; French flags burned by soldiers; the strange clashing of arms along the frontiers of Poland—they are not signs of repentance. Real peace can come only from continuing machinery.'

"I exprest the hope that this continuing creation would be the collective work of the Allied and Associated peoples, and I concluded: 'That which is going to be signed will be worth little if not constantly vivified by the spirit of concord which dictated its framing,' and President Wilson answered me: 'We have finished the drafting of the peace, but we have only begun to plan the cooperation which I believe will be enlarged and consolidated in years to come, so that the hands which we shake now shall never part.'

"The hands have parted, and to our great regret the cooperation has not continued as we hoped. America, which was not bound by the compact of 1914, and which had the right to conclude a separate peace, did not ratify the Treaty of Versailles.

"She judged that after throwing her sword into the European balance and having swung it on the right side, she could not in an intimate manner mix any longer in the agitated politics of the Old World, whose uncertain movements she could not follow closely. And she went back home, but without taking back her old and faithful friendship. But in this voluntary isolation she is not indifferent to the efforts of France and her European allies, particularly those most directly threatened by the Germanic peril, to assure the peaceful realization of the Treaty of Versailles."

From this point he turns to the great question of the present, upon which not all our people see eye to eye with him. Thus:

"America has not allowed her sympathies to be turned by the bitter propaganda which Germany has resumed since the War, and those American delegates who attended the Pasteur celebration at Strassburg Thursday saw for themselves how absurd and audacious were the two principal German lies. To pretend, as agents of Germany in the United States do every day, that the question of Alsace-Lorraine remains open, that it has not been settled by the Treaty and by the elections which followed it; to pretend that its people are not attached to France with all their soul, that they are disturbed by some secret misery—these charges they have seen to be lies. And when the American doctors on Thursday heard the multitude singing the 'Marseillaise,' perhaps they noticed that among the soldiers were many black men who bore themselves well. If they had asked the Mayor of Strassburg he would have told them that these native soldiers were honest people, well trained, good-natured and liked by the residents.

"But, anyhow, America herself has repulsed these poisonous lies, and when we entered the Ruhr she did not believe for one moment, in spite of German insistence, that we and our Belgian friends were stricken with the folly of conquest. With that admirable common sense which characterizes her, she said, on the contrary, that we were right to count, first of all, on ourselves for the execution of the Treaty, and that when a nation knew what it wanted and acted in accordance with that knowledge, it gave the best guaranty of success and the surest claim to the esteem of other peoples. If we had had any need of proof we should only have had to turn to the United States, which has always been bound to a strong love for humanity, to a very attentive consciousness of its national dignity, and which has never consulted anybody but itself about the defense of its essential interests. Surely, Americans would never think that France, not having obtained all the cooperation she had the right to expect, should hesitate to take within the limits of the Treaty the measures necessary to oblige Germany to keep her promises. Americans would not have understood if France left the population of the devastated regions in distress, without demanding of Germany, whose cities were all intact, the reparations she had promised.

"It was not to consecrate any such mockery of justice that 50,000 sons of America fell on our battle-fields and sleep to-day in the folds of the soil of France. Many of their mothers and wives have not had the sad consolation of coming to weep upon their tombs, but they know their loved ones rest here beside their French companions. Surely they do not wish that in the country which they so bravely defended the sleep of their loved ones shall be some day disturbed by new invasions."

The New York *Tribune* and *The World* are two representatives of diverse views on this question. First, *The Tribune:*

"France has gone into the Ruhr on a righteous mission—to make collections from a defaulting debtor. The United States would do the same thing under similar conditions. We are strongly committed to an honest settlement of all the war debts. It is natural, therefore, that American sentiment should strongly sustain France and that our friendly interest in her undertaking in the Ruhr should be accentuated by the emotions stirred at the unveiling of France's tribute to the heroism and sacrifices of the A. E. F."

But *The World* thinks President Poincaré is "perverting the facts and misleading the French people":

"For the fact is that the American Government protested officially through its Secretary of State against the invasion of the Ruhr. The fact is that the President of the United States was opposed to the invasion of the Ruhr. The fact is that financial opinion, organized labor and most of American industrial leadership deem the Ruhr policy unwise and destructive.

"Responsible opinion in this country differs as to the degree in which the Ruhr adventure should be condemned. There is much sympathy for France and a disposition to make allowances. There is a disposition to apologize and explain and wish France well. But among people whose judgment is based on information, only a handful could be found to say that the French policy is wise, constructive, and effective.

"If M. Poincaré does not know this, his agents here are not keeping him correctly informed. They are telling him what he would like to hear, not what he needs to hear. They are reporting the kindly sentiments toward France, which almost everybody entertains, and neglecting the critical judgment which in matters of State policy counts most in the end."

FRANCE WORRIED OVER STAGE LAXITY

NUDITY ON THE FRENCH STAGE has reached such a point that Monsieur Andre Antoine, founder of the Theatre Libre, and recently director of the Odeon, raised his voice in protest. He was quickly followed by many of the leading Paris papers, and for a time it looked as tho Paris would be having something akin to our "clean book" campaign on its hands. "What more could be done than is done to-day," says Pierre Brisson in the *Temps*, "such as showing under glaring lights, and multi-colored projectors, the unclad?" But, he complains, "the public itself is not yet sated and keeps demanding more audacity, and in order to satisfy this taste each producer keeps on bidding higher than his neighbor." In the *Revue de France*, the famous novelist and Academician, Marcel Prevost, discusses the question of regulation, and declares that between the extremes of all or nothing in the matter of exposure, governments and municipalities reach only uncertainty and confusion when they attempt to determine the amount of clothing to be worn on the stage. He cites in this connection the diametrically opposed opinions on this subject of *Father de Ravignan* and of *Monsieur le Legat* in Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris." Who is right, he asks, "*Monsieur le Legat*, who would not be terrified one bit at being entertained by three mermaids . . . or the young *Xavier*, who was upset because the bodice was slightly below the collar-bone of the young lady who was wearing it?" Then he essays an answer:

"For my part, I would see no objection to having these limits so strict as to appease the modesty even of a *Ravignan*.

"It was not the appearance of the mermaids that proved to be especially novel and attractive to me at some of the music-hall spectacles which I attended recently. A poor girl of 1923 can attempt nothing more difficult than to pose pleasantly as a mermaid: I can understand the resolution adopted by the charming 'Sentimental Vagabond' of t'Serstevens—to seek mermaids exclusively in his dreams and in his imagination. . . . Moreover, the difference between reality and the imagination in the matter of mermaids is accentuated in the modern spectacles—by the sumptuousness, or let us say, the beauty of the decorations. Some of the mermaid revues (?) are really marvelously staged.

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Scenery, costumes, the play of the lights, all enchant the gaze. Would they lose anything if the mermaids, clothed as if for the reception of *Monsieur le Legat*, were to plunge suddenly and definitively to the bottom?

"I am not so sure of it.

"It is perfectly natural that the human figure should play a part in decorative spectacles which might be described 'of living objects,' just as it is obtrusive in inanimate decoration. Only, it should not be tolerated in living spectacles unless it attains at least the plastic perfection of a respectable work of art. It also should not be tolerated if it is apparent that its participation has as its objective the transforming of a decorative scene into a boudoir exhibition. The first of these two conditions is very nearly to be seen in the superior type of music-halls. Little by little the success of this fashion is beginning to reassemble genuine troupes of select actresses (?) some of whom are commencing to rival the fame of the moving-picture stars. When accused of indecency the manager lays stress on the beauty of his employees and exclaims: 'Woman's beauty is never indecent.'

"Unfortunately, this is not true!

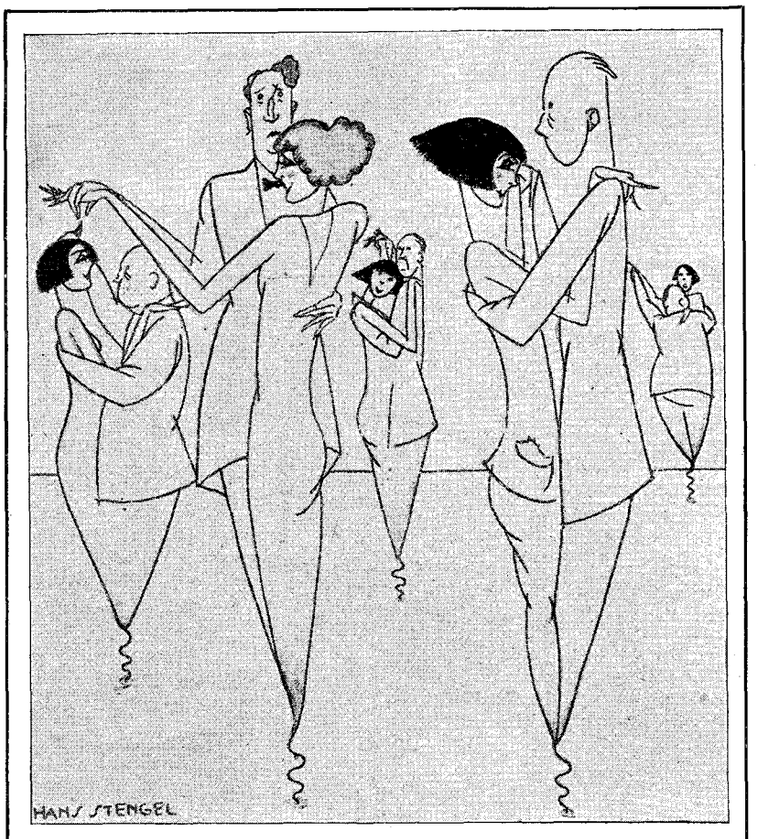
"It is no truer than if this same judgment were to be applied to inanimate works of art, or to books. There exist indecent plastic works of art. There are some salacious masterpieces in literature. They shock the virtuous less this way than if they were also without any artistic value. But they do shock just the same, and art does not prevent them from exercising a demoralizing effect.

"Theoretically, a living statue of a woman—possessing perfect beauty—does not offend morals, especially if her beauty is characterized (as it always is on the stage) by certain precautions which make it appear more like a real statue. A high court of artists would feel only admiration in front of it. But here is the point! It is not shown to a public composed of artists. It is shown to an average crowd accustomed to see drest women, who only take off their garments in private. Before awakening their sense of art this statue will violently startle them. The fact that it is nude will impress them far more than the fact that it is beautiful. And their surprize will cause ideas to shape themselves which naturally are associated with this fact—in a non-artistic brain. This is what stage-managers of great spectacles can not ignore.

"True, they will counter . . . 'I will admit the surprize and its consequences. But how quickly this surprize vanishes! To-day the public is as well trained as the artists. As in the times of *Quasimodo* and of *Monsieur le Legat*, the matter has become part of custom. Let us not yield to false modesty. Many are shocked by pictures and statues! Must one on this account begin by depleting the museums, commencing with the Vatican?'"

This objection of the manager plays not with words, but with ideas, says Monsieur Prevost, and he rejoins:

"A greater difference exists between the nude in marble and a living nude than between a draped statue and a nude one. Life enters into it. There is the reciprocation of sentiments between a living being who knows that she is being gazed upon and living persons who gaze upon her for their pleasure."



TURNING STEADILY AS GIMLETS

—Stengel in the New York *Times*.

AMERICAN DANCING IN RUSSIAN EYES

THE LATEST "CHIEL amang us takin' notes" has been Nikita Balieff the head of the "Chauve Souris." Over a year this Russian talked his pidgin English from the stage to delighted audiences to whom he introduced his mummers; and now he is gone, the New York *Times* has got him to tell what he thinks of us. It is unlikely, probably, that his remarks will be censured by Mr. Hirshfield, for Russia is not an American "menace" at present. We give Mr. Balieff's picture of American dancing both for the novelty of his diction and the quaintness of his observation. He admits he had not yet mastered the language and begs pardon for "grammatical mishaps." He writes this among other things:

"Terpsichore is the most favored goddess of America. The whole nation dances — dances in its own individualistic style, a truly American style. You look upon the dance just as you do upon your business undertakings. Not upon dances, but simply upon the dance. For nowhere is anything danced by anybody except the fox-trot.

"The Americans dance without temperamentality, without playfulness, without noise, without coquetry. Whirling and whirling around, a hundred couples keep steadily at it, just as if each couple were trying their utmost to bore a hole in a surface forty to fifty inches square. All this emulation of the carpenter proceeds to the wild sounds of a jazz band. This jazz band ceases not to play for a single moment, since if it did cease for a single moment all the dancers would start to strike their hands against each other for all they were worth, no matter how much it hurt, until the sounds of the jazz band were heard again. It seems to me that in this continuous dance the hitherto unsolved problem of perpetual motion has now been mastered, and that this endless whirling, if applied by skill, could afford a boundless service to science.

"At all hours of the day and night Americans dance—before meals, during meals, after meals. Many even dance before breakfast on an empty stomach. And I must not forget those who while dancing the fox-trot absolutely forget the pangs of hunger or multitude of hours.

"In America the dance has not one thing in the least to do with age or social standing. The dance is the possession of the wealthy. It is the possession of the poor. The dance is—national. The jazz band to which the fox-trot is danced was purposely invented for the resurrection of the dead. In olden times people supposed that the sound of the Archangel's trumpet would announce the Day of Judgment. Now, progress and civilization will replace the trumpet with the saxaphone.

"The music belonging to every nation on the globe is twisted into a jazz. The fox-trot can be danced equally well to Chopin's 'Funeral March,' as also to Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March.' There are millions of dance tunes specially designated for the fox-trot.

"In an atmosphere thickened with tobacco smoke, intoxicated officially with White Rock and ginger ale and unofficially with whisky, these endless couples whirl and whirl around, everlastingly bumping into each other. It is a gruesome picture, full of weird fantasy, an illustration for the stories of Edgar Allan Poe."

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HISTORY AND FICTION AS INTERNATIONAL TROUBLE-MAKERS

"PRO-BRITISH" AND "UN-AMERICAN," so far as these phrases represent the supposed predilections of history makers, probably contain equal ingredients of offense. Mr. David Hirshfield, Commissioner of Accounts in the City of New York, has recommended a ban on eight text-books on American history now in use in the schools on the ground of their pro-British propaganda. Mr. Hirshfield has spent a year and a half examining these books after being ordered to do so by Mayor Hylan, who received complaints against them. These books are charged with carrying a post-war tone of friendliness toward Great Britain, and with suppressing the old "consecrated maxims" such as "taxation without representation is tyranny." "An American History," by David Muzzey of Barnard College, stirs Mr. Hirshfield deeply. Muzzey, who is known as of old New England stock, is charged with pro-British propaganda. Mr. Hirshfield's proofs are such as these which we select from the New York *Times*' abstract of the report:

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GUARDING AMERICANISM

Commissioner of Accounts, David Hirshfield, appointed by Mayor Hylan to censor school histories.

"'This great event (the American Revolution) has too often been represented as the unanimous uprising of a downtrodden people to repel the deliberate unprovoked attack of a tyrant upon their liberties; but when thousands of people in the colonies could agree with a noted lawyer of Massachusetts that the Revolution was a "causeless, wanton, wicked rebellion," and thousands of people in England could applaud Pitt's denunciation of the war against America as "barbarous, unjust and diabolical," it is evident that, at the time at least, there were no opinions as to colonial rights and British oppression.—Page 90.'

"'When we review, after a century and a half, the chain of events which changed the loyal British-Americans of 1763 into rebels in arms against their king in 1775, we see that the cause of the Revolution was a difference of opinion as to the nature of the British Empire.—Page 106.'

"'A debatable question, namely, whether the abuses of the king's ministers justified armed resistance.—Page 115.'

"Hirshfield also condemns Muzzey's characterization of those who engaged in demonstrations against the Stamp Act as 'the mob' (Page 97). He criticizes the inclusion of the word 'patriots,' in quotation marks, in Muzzey's reference to Hancock, Warren, Otis and the Adamses on Page 102, and the omission, in connection with the Revolution, of the names of many American heroes. He also resents the 'inadequate and inaccurate' description of the Battle of Lexington, the lack of 'detail or spirit' in telling about the taking of Ticonderoga, the disposition of Bunker Hill in seventeen words, the reduction of Brandywine, Germantown and Valley Forge to two sentences, and the limitation of John Paul Jones's career to one sentence.

"'In fact,' Mr. Hirshfield remarks, 'the entire account of the military and naval actions of the Revolution is comprest into less than ten pages, in a book of more than 500 pages.' On the other hand, he points out, Muzzey gives a full page and a half 'to a detailed military history of the "British victory" at Quebec in 1759.'

"Mr. Hirshfield quotes from Pages 118–9 of Muzzey to show that the nations which helped America in the Revolution are represented as being actuated by 'mean, selfish motives.'"

Mr. Hirshfield's report is voluminous and detailed, but the reactions to it from other sources are not impressive in their respect for his critical powers. The Superintendent of Schools, Mr. William L. Ettinger, is reported by the New York *Times* as saying that "the very idea of the Commissioner of Accounts investigating such a subject as the teaching of history in the public schools is highly amusing." The Committee appointed by the Board of Education to examine histories thinks that the Commissioner got hold of old editions, which are already revised for present use, while the head of the department of history at Columbia, Prof. Carlton J. H. Hayes, is quoted in the *Herald* as saying:

"The whole matter would be screamingly funny if it did not have its serious side. I suppose the idiotic campaign, of which this is a sample, that has been sweeping the country to have history text-books rewritten will soon have for its object an amendment to the Constitution providing that no history shall have more than one-half of one per cent. of truth in it."

The implication of the Hylan faction is that these histories contribute to a plot to remerge us with the British Empire, upon which point the New York *World* comments:

"Nobody would object to an investigation, providing it were an investigation of the historical facts in question. Once this is settled it will be time to take up the international plot. The only difficulty is the lack of time. Ever since the first graduate schools were established in the United States there have been historians at work on the records of this country from its earliest settlement down to the régime of Mr. Hylan. New evidence is unearthed continually. Some of it, unfortunately, tends to refute Mr. Hirshfield. Not much of it corroborates him. To find out with exactness whether Great Britain is unduly favored as a nation in the histories accused would require decades, if not centuries. The critical authorities, so far, are against the Hirshfield contention.

"And who, it might be asked again, is Mr. Hirshfield to dispute the decision of historical experts, even those who wrote these texts? Has he himself any standing as an expert, or does he present any evidence? In a sane world this latest aberration of Mayor Hylan's would set the city by the ears. But the Municipal Administration is all funny. No one jest stands out above the rest. Even Mr. Hirshfield draws less laughter of late than he deserves."

Since the cry is up for revision and elimination of pro-British books every day seems to bring forth news sources of bewilderment. If we are to take Anti-Americanism as the same thing, then Theodore Roosevelt's "Naval War of 1812" sins all along the line. A correspondent signing himself "Equity," writing to the New York *Times*, points out passage after passage where the author deals harshly with his compatriots. Here is a part of the letter:

"On page 12 he says: 'The war opened in midsummer of 1812. . . . Hull's campaign was unfortunate from the beginning.' Page 13: 'Eleven hundred Americans got across (to Canada) and were almost all killed or captured by an equal number of British, Canadians and Indians; while on the opposite side a larger number of their countrymen looked on, and with abject cowardice refused to cross to their assistance. The command of the Army was then handed over to a ridiculous personage named Smythe, who issued proclamations so bombastic that they really must have come from an unsound mind.' On page 17 he relates: 'Later in the season the American General McClure wantonly burned the village of Newark (apparently in Ontario) and then retreated in panic flight across the Niagara.' 'In retaliation the British in turn crossed the river; 600 regulars surprized and captured in the night Fort Niagara, with its garrison of 400 men; 2,000 troopers attacked Black Rock . . . captured and burned both it and Buffalo.' 'Before these last events took place, another invasion of Canada had been attempted, this time under General Wilkinson, "an unprincipled imbecile," as Scott properly styled him.'

"On page 18 he says: 'And again a similar criticism should

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be passed on General Wilkinson's attack on La Colle Mill. . . . Neither one of these affairs was a stand-up fight; in each a greatly superior force, led by an utterly incapable General, retreated after a slight skirmish with an enemy whose rout would have been a matter of certainty had the engagement been permitted to grow serious.'

"On page 23 he says: 'The small British army marched at will through Virginia and Maryland, burned Washington, and finally retreated from before Baltimore and reembarked to take part in the expedition against New Orleans.' On page 36 he says, in referring to the cause of the war: 'None of her (British) acts were more offensive than Napoleon's Milan decree. . . . What we undoubtedly should have done was to have adopted the measure actually proposed in Congress, and declared war on both France and England. . . . We had warred for the right, not because it *was* the right, but because it agreed with our self-interest to do so.' Page 37: 'Nominally, neither of these questions was settled by, or even alluded to, in the treaty of peace.' Page 38: 'When the United States declared war, Great Britain was straining every nerve and muscle in a death struggle with the most formidable military despotism of modern times, and was obliged to entrust the defense of her Canadian colonies to a mere handful of regulars, aided by local fencibles.' Page 39: 'The number of combatants was so small that in Europe they would have been regarded as mere outpost skirmishers, and they wholly failed to attract any attention abroad in that period of colossal armies.' "

Do the statements of Roosevelt in his history of the War of 1812 condemn him as unpatriotic? we are asked. If our histories must be revised in the interests not of truth but of international prejudice or comity, Mr. Arthur Maurice suggests in the New York *Herald* that we shall also have to set to work on the fiction. The gibes of the British novelists at America and Americans and of American novelists at Britain and the British present a matter only half-humorous:

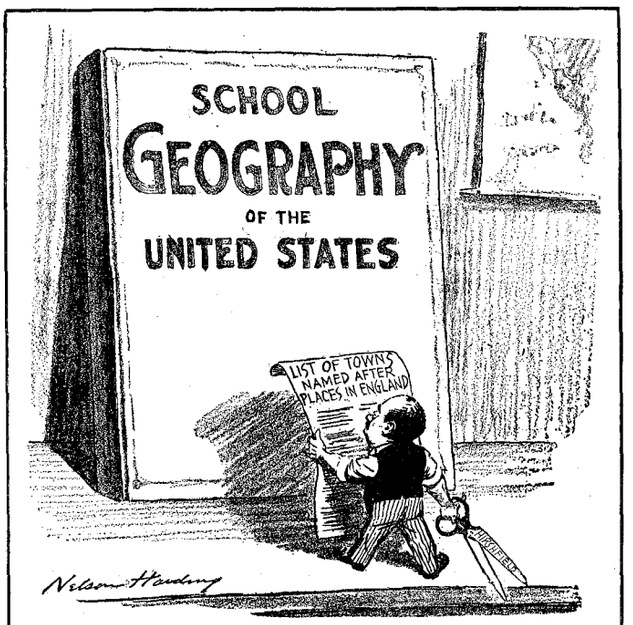
"Of course, nowadays, no one except the overexcitable defective ever takes that seriously. On our side perhaps we feel too secure in our material affluence, in that sense of possession

AS MR. HEARST SEES IT

"Another poison Penman."

—Harry Murphy in the New York *American*.

which Kipling probably meant if he made that remark about our having 'all the gold in the world,' and which Bunin pictured in the remarkable story, 'The Gentleman from San Francisco.' But when the Republic was younger it seems to have been made up largely of 'patriots' who were oversensitive and overquick to take offense. The English, too, were touchy, and Commissioner Hirshfield, tho perhaps he does not know it, has British precedent to back him up. There is a significant substitution in one line in all British editions of Bryant's 'Song of Marion's Men,' that poem which has been declaimed by so many American schoolboys. When the poem reached England it was seen that the line: 'The British soldier trembles when Marion's name is told,' would never do. So the words, 'British soldier' were changed to 'foreign hireling.' The idea of a British soldier trembling at anything was obviously absurd to Englishmen.



"NEXT?"

—Nelson Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

"To confine attention to the novelist, here, at random, are a few works of British fiction offered as fit subjects for slight expurgation or revision: Dickens's 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' Thackeray's 'The Newcomes,' Du Maurier's 'Trilby,' and Kipling's short story, 'An Error in the Fourth Dimension,' and Doyle's short story, 'His Last Bow.' The first two were once taken very seriously. When Dickens first came to the United States American feelings had been severely rasped by Mrs. Trollope's 'The Domestic Manners of the Americans,' and also by an indiscreet speech delivered by Capt. Marryat, the genial chronicler of the exploits of *Mr. Midshipman Easy*. Dickens, wildly acclaimed, pelted with hospitality, and yet continually irritated by intrusions which were no less boorish because they were well meant, went home and wrote 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' with its scathing pictures of New York and of the town he called Eden. Hot resentment against not only Dickens but against everything English flamed up and Poe is believed to have written a counter-blast which was either lost or suppressed after reflection.

"Nearly as unfortunate and as disturbing to international harmony was a certain reference in the second chapter of Thackeray's 'The Newcomes.' Thackeray was picturing lightly a certain time in the eighteenth century. 'When Washington was leading the American rebels with a courage worthy of a better cause.' That was the offensive line, the line that caused many Americans in 1855 to flare up. Speciously and lamely Thackeray, with an American tour in prospect, attempted to explain the sting away, arguing that the line was not meant to express his sentiments, but such sentiments as properly belonged to a wig-wearing Briton of the year 1777, or thereabout. It was a weak evasion at best. Of course he meant it, and as a British Tory he should have meant it. . . .

"But for wildly eccentric alleged 'Americanese' the palm must be conceded to Kipling's 'An Error in the Fourth Dimension.' Here is *Wilton Sargent*, the product of everything that America has to give in the matter of education and culture. Yet under the stress of excitement, 'speech, gesture and step, so carefully drilled into him, had gone away with the borrowed mask of indifference. It was a lawful son of the youngest people, whose predecessors were the red Indian. His voice had arisen to the high, throaty crow of his breed when they labor under excitement. . . . He spun around and faced me excitedly. "It's as plain as mud. Those ducks are laying their pipes to skin me."

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RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

CHIVALRY THE RELIGION OF TO-MORROW

THE YOUTH OF THE SIX CONTINENTS are betting their lives on a simplified faith, in which human brotherhood will hold its appointed high place. Their motive will be not to destroy what has been sanctified by the past, but to perpetuate the force which "has been sanctified for nineteen hundred years by One who came that men might have life and have it more abundantly." They want to get off the desert islands of denominationalism, to walk in the larger spaces of brotherhood, in which it will not matter whether a man's color is brown, black or white. They want to be caught up in "thrilling projects" which will make of religion as vital an influence in smoothing the lives of men as lubricating oil is in the never-ceasing machinery of a mill. "Apart from the reasonableness of it, pulling together with other people is hugely satisfying, and it is more than merely gregarious." It is a student of the Union Theological Seminary in New York, a student who has spent his life in living, as well as in moiling in a library, who writes. He has spent four years in the Far, Middle, and Near East, part of which time was in the Red Cross service in Palestine. In the undenominational seminary where he has been studying two and a half years one discusses, he writes in *The Century Magazine*, "St. Paul's ideas of marriage with Gbe Wolo, Harvard graduate and jet-black son of a Liberian chieftain; the sacraments with George Michaelides, a brilliant Greek (Holy Orthodox) from the International College at Smyrna; the difference between divinity and deity with the son of a rabbi; the thirty-nine articles with a Cambridge student who fought on Gallipoli; lynching with a hard-boiled Baptist from Texas; the obsolescence of denominationalism with Y. Y. Tsu of Peking." With this experience back of him and in the making about him, Allan A. Hunter believes that the spirit of youth to-day is urgent for cooperation, for the sort of cooperation which brings from every man a share of the best he has, in which every man plays his part in the great game for God.

It has been said that no common religious factor can be discovered which will unite the youth of to-day. But, asks Mr. Hunter in his article on "What I Should Like to Preach," "have we not got it here—a common factor in the strivings of all idealistic young people? I believe that not only can we join here, but that we can go together on an even wider basis, holding in common a reverence for the divine fire in human life. No doubt it interests only those who care for friends intensely, but most of us who care with all our heart and all our strength agree that personality must somehow continue." One of the obstacles to this consummation is war—"war that is bred of overweening nationalism, of the stupid swank of battle-gray dreadnoughts or goose-stepping regiments, that overrides the rights of conquered and conquerors alike, that respects nobody." But how can war be stopt? "By building up a new patriotism, for one thing. Those of us who have the dawn of a brighter day in our eyes are beginning to realize that we must develop within us a deeper love for our country—the love of motherland that considers it treason to disrespect other countries. And that means we must toil terrifically in behalf of an organized world court and an international police force to back the decisions of that court." Another obstacle is class domination. "What right under the blue sky has any employer or any corporation to accept in exchange for a pittance twelve hours of machine-like drudgery from human beings seven days in the week. . . . God help us if we can not see that labor is not a commodity!" Again,

"Divisiveness in industry is of the devil. Equally of the devil is race arrogance. Wells is right: race prejudice 'justifies and holds together more baseness, cruelty, and abomination than any other sort of error in the world.' If the Turks had not nursed it, there would have been no atrocities. If the British had wiped it out of their minds six years ago, there would not be the 'Indian situation' to-day. If we Americans took our democracy seriously, the people of India would not be reading with such horror what a friend in Bengal described as a best-seller, 'The Martyred Race,' an account of the lynchings and other mistreatment of negroes in the United States. The race snobbishness that shouts, 'We nordics are the people!' is riding for a fall, and the sooner we get off that high horse, the better for us."

The last obstacle, and the one which will have to be striven against most desperately, is sex irresponsibility, for the mind of this "questioning" generation, thinks Mr. Hunter, "is being colored far more than older people realize by an influential group of writers who are challenging the ideal of chastity as it has never before been challenged." Vast numbers of young people in America are frankly adopting the too tolerant attitude of the clever young newspaper woman who says: "The longer I live, the less I blame anybody for anything." As regards sex laxity, "it is not merely that they do not hate the sinner (and for this freedom from priggishness let us be thankful), but it is that they tolerate or even condone the sin. Many of them have no convictions at all." All this is confusing to the student leaders of the Orient, who are tempted "to throw over the morality of their own civilizations and seize with both hands the license of the new." And if the young people of the West fail to make their stand at the Verdun of the home and the rigorous necessity for monogamy, "we shall risk being overrun by barbarism." We must work out a new chivalry, suggests the writer, a chivalry based on self-restraining respect of men for women and women for men. Even more important, perhaps, is "a new chivalry toward the race, a eugenics conscience." But this does not look to birth control, for what we need, says Mr. Hunter, "is not so much birth reduction as birth release; birth release among families of character, a new consecration of motherhood to the future, a new dedication of fatherhood to the race." Otherwise,

"If we devote ourselves to cutting down the population without remembering the obligation of increasing life in homes rich with wholesomeness, we are cavalierly playing with forces that may destroy the best human heritage of the Chinese, Japanese, Indian, as well as our own Anglo-Saxon world. For is it not in the home, in the tenderness and care of parents, that youth first finds God Himself?

"Not every young idealist in the world will join with us in meeting the issues thus, of course. But I believe that numbers of us, perhaps in every country, who do not care to remain behind in the stuffy dugouts, can agree to go forward and fight shoulder to shoulder on this firing-line against the foes of free development and for the forces of frankness and trust that make men one."

In the great push developing the Church will not be hopeless or helpless, thinks the writer. He is "sure that notwithstanding its undeniable squeamishness, its cramping denominationalism, the Church can not help but be inspired to a new endeavor by its avowed Redeemer."

"One who walked in the open sunshine of the Galilean hills in the candor of God. One who met men eating and drinking, quick with redemption, exuberant with laughing humor, gesturing with immense great jollity as he made fun of the pious sticklers who strain at a gnat only to swallow a camel.

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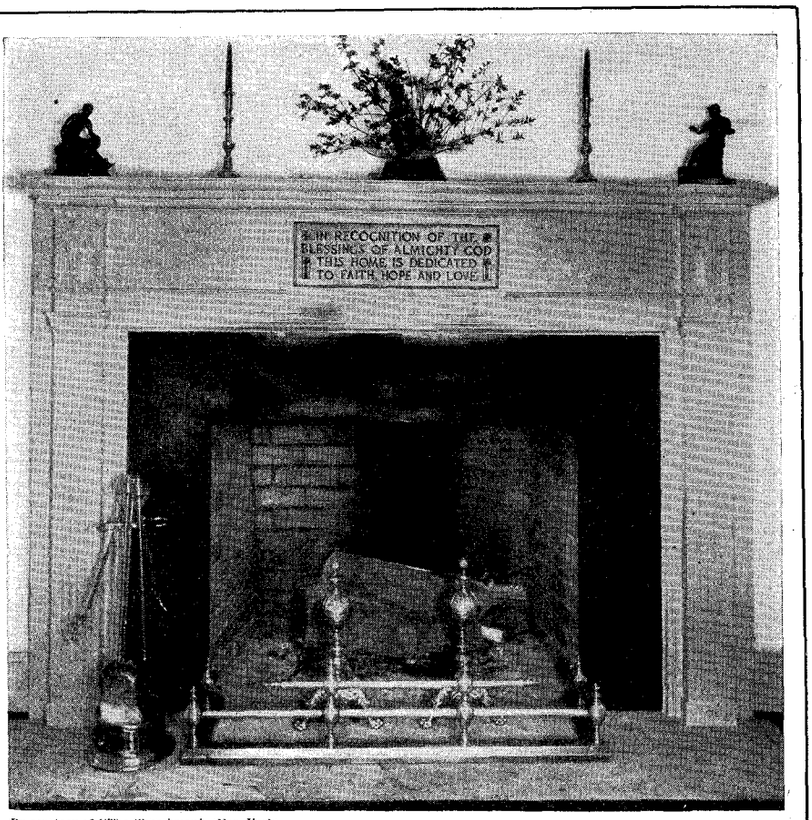
"It is in Jesus that the spirit of youth unites and always will unite, for his was a radiant respect for the personality of every man. And we who want a more generous world must share his chivalry. We must be fair to the other fellow's point of view, recognizing that he will have a vision through spectacles different from our own, not forgetting that before our own special creed is the universal creed of the sportsman who looks the other man in the eye and fearlessly declares, 'May the highest ideal triumph, whether yours or mine, my friend!'"

THE HEARTH AN ALTAR TO GOD

TRANSLATING AN ANCIENT ROMAN CUSTOM into Christian terms, an Espiscopalian layman and his wife, of Westchester County, New York, have dedicated their new home to God and brought under its roof to live with them their daughter and son-in-law and two little grandsons. The Roman custom was to erect altars to the Lares and Penates and to light the fire with sacred embers from the perpetual fire in the Temple of the Vestal Virgins. The modern imitation was to inscribe dedicatory lines above the hearth in the living-room. To the four clergymen and a hundred other guests gathered for the housewarming in early spring, writes the Rev. Paul Gordon Favour in *The Churchman* (Episcopal), "it was an unusual and profoundly impressive symbol of the religious foundation of the Christian home." When all were assembled, after looking over the house, they were welcomed in the living-room by the son-in-law. Then, after all had sung "Auld Lang Syne," the master of the house standing before the fireplace, where logs had already been placed, said that it seemed fitting to "dedicate this new home upon the broadest religious ideals and in the most universal faith." Here he drew aside a drapery which concealed a timber built into the fireplace and immediately above the hearth on which, carved in letters of gold, were these words: "In Recognition of the Blessings of Almighty God This Home Is Dedicated to Faith, Hope and Love." As he recalls them, writes Mr. Favour, the concluding words were these:



By courtesy of "The Churchman" (New York)

WHERE THE FIRES OF FAITH WILL ALSO FLAME

As long as the house stands this hearth will bring to all the members of the family remembrance of the Giver of all things, and inspire a rededication to His service.

"'If there is to be good citizenship, we must live in faith, hope and love. We stand here to witness to this truth to these grandsons (referring to the two little boys who stood near) so that when they come to manhood their citizenship will be grounded upon these fundamental virtues.' As the speaker finished he touched a match to the wood and the company then sang 'Fling out the banner, let it float, seaward and skyward.' The little grandsons passed around with baskets of twigs and, in ready compliance with a suggestion made in the address, each guest took one and threw it on the blaze, indicating his or her contribution of good-will and hearty wishes for the future happiness of the members of the home.

"Then the paternal grandfather of the little boys, a distinguished educator in the State of New York, concluded the dedication with a very few words which revealed his deep emotion which the thought of the sacredness of the American home stirred in the guests as well. He said in substance this:

"'I am gratified with the inscription. The words "faith, hope and love" mean about all there is of good in the world. The object of the home is to educate in good citizenship. We need this now more than ever in the America of to-day. There can be no good citizenship without good homes and there can be no good homes without faith, hope and love. I am glad to join in faith, glad to join in hope, and glad to join in love in wishing that those who shall enjoy life within these walls will find in it a Home, Sweet Home, and that will be because this home is dedicated to these three ideals, and in recognition of the protection and of the blessings of Almighty God.'"

MUST ALL DOCTRINE GO?

IF MURDERERS may not enter the Kingdom of Heaven, it is difficult for some of our theological thinkers to see how some of the heresy-hunters of yesterday will realize that never-failing hope of humanity. The Church of yesterday, we are told, magnified the importance of doctrine out of all proportion to its value, and much blood was spilt when one dared to question the validity of ecclesiastical decrees. Those who failed to react positively to the doctrinaires' acid test of faith often did not live to regret their error. Now, however, the world has constituted itself a court of inquiry into the practical utility of doctrinal standards, and in the main, we are told, that inquiry has given every evidence of sincerity, and the benefits have been commensurate with that sincerity. Still, isn't it necessary to have something tangible on which one may pin his faith?

At a time when the question takes front rank among those being discust in college debating societies and in magazines of wide circulation the contribution of *Zion's Herald* (Boston, Methodist) to the discussion is interesting and important as presenting what is presumed to be the view of a large section, to say the least, of Protestantism's largest denomination. *Zion's Herald* asks pertinently: "Will the logic of this inquiry regarding doctrines carry us to the point where no doctrine remains, or is there a stopping-place somewhere along the way where a determined Christianity will be required to say to the spirit of criticism, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther'?" Searchers after that tolerance "so emblematic of the truth"

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must remind themselves of the grave danger of suffering shallowness of conviction while developing breadth of conviction. The Church, it is argued, is wide enough, broad enough, tolerant enough; but is it deep enough? *Zion's Herald* believes that it will not longer be possible to accuse the Church of theological and doctrinal bigotry. "Those days are happily gone, and will never return. But the Church to-day is laying itself liable to the even more fatal criticism of believing so much that it believes nothing at all." This "is not a plea for traditionalism as against liberalism. As a matter of fact, it is the other way around," and we are told:

"The only way the liberalism of the present hour can be sustained and given balance is to rescue the spirit of inquiry from the domination of those whose emotions are not amenable to reason and whose gushing utterances on theology and doctrine are mere opinions. The liberalizing influence now at work within the Church will continue, but it must continue in the hands of those whose devotion to Christ has not been infected with the mental jazz of quack theologians who know considerably more of political utopias than of gospel redemption.

"There are not a few reformers who are offering the Church the kingdoms of this world if only the Church will fall down and worship some kind of shadowy, ill-defined humanity. Those reformers sputter a great deal about fatherhood and brotherhood, but their vaguely conceived humanity is nothing more than the corpse of Auguste Comte's 'humanity' buried by an exasperated intelligence a hundred years ago.

"What we need is not less preaching about humanity but more preaching about God and Jesus Christ. If the Church is to have no firmer foundation than the ethical and moral idealism of modern humanitarian cults, then confusion and disaster await us in the future. Let the Church beware lest in its eagerness to save the world it be devoured by the world.

"The Church of to-day needs a Pentecostal revival of power, and that revival will never come unless the Church believes something and believes that something tremendously. We do not want any more static, ecclesiastically fixt doctrine from which there can be no deviation. We do not want any more doctrinal bigotry that is always threatening dissenters with trials for heresy. We do not want any more pharisaic search for exactness and strict conformity to doctrinal precepts. What we do want is a doctrine as functional as life itself, a doctrine that will progressively serve each new day in which we live, but none the less a doctrine to which we cling with the tenacity and faith of our fathers."

Ministers must not cause their congregations to believe that they have abandoned doctrine altogether, and communicants must not let the unchurched believe that they have surrendered all faith in every part of the historic doctrines of the Church and that the only thing that separates them is the perfunctory habit of church-going. For, declares *Zion's Herald:*

"There is a place for doctrine in the Christian Church. When there is no longer a place for doctrine, the Church will cease to exist. A doctrineless Church may continue as a sort of community club-house and neighborhood festal board, but it will never be the power of God unto salvation. The average community is well equipped with bowling-alleys and swimming-pools and club-house facilities. What every community needs, more than it needs anything else, is a prophet's pulpit where the eternal verities of God's imperishable truth are preached with inspiration and conviction. The truth that God is our Father; that Jesus Christ, in some mystical yet soul-satisfying way, is our Saviour; that sin is a blinding, cursing reality with more than subjective dimensions; that the power of God in a man's life is the only force sufficient to overcome sin and conquer through righteousness; that the Cross is not without meaning in the hurrying, practical life of the twentieth century; that the Spirit of God in the world constitutes the supreme agency in behalf of character, and as such has a claim to the devotions of men prior to the claims of applied psychology and ethical cultism; that God's kingdom will come on earth only when we do unto others as we would be done by; and that a crowning immortality will bring to a rich fruition the aspirations of God's children for the more abundant life—these, and similar truths, will ever remain the chief corner-stone of the living Church. To remove that corner-stone is to invite disaster for the Church and endless chaos for the world."

THE HORSE SENSE IN UNION

THEY UNITED TO BUILD A STABLE for their horses, and then the Presbyterians and Methodists of a Saskatchewan district separated to go to their respective churches. Residents of the district, we are told, naturally began to say that if the two sets of churchmen could have a common shed for their horses, they might display horse sense enough to have also a common building for their worship. The point finally struck home in Canada at large. By an overwhelming majority the Presbyterian General Assembly of Canada, in which the strongest opposition to the plan had developed, recently decided to merge with the Methodists and Congregationalists, and the new establishment, to be known as the United Church, awaits now only the necessary ratification by Parliament. The three denominations combined have nearly 800,000 members, the exact figures, as we find them quoted in the press, being: Methodist, 406,933; Presbyterian, 357,211, and Congregational, 32,149. Like the union church recently built in an Illinois village, this consolidation, says the Chicago *Journal*, "is a sign of the times. There was a time when people thought souls were lost or saved by refusing or accepting small points of doctrine." But "the modern Church is much less concerned about doctrines than about service, and the great service to be rendered by united effort is plain to all."

Naturally a merger of this kind can not be effected without opposition, and the Providence *Journal* informs us that many Presbyterians resent the action of the General Assembly, and that one of the speakers in the debate at Port Arthur went so far as to declare that it will disrupt not only the Church but 90 per cent. of the congregations. In fact, steps have already been taken to maintain the old Presbyterian Church organization. An address issued by the irreconcilables after the Assembly had voted for union says: "Eminent counsel are of the opinion that this action of the Assembly is beyond its power, unconstitutional and illegal. In any event, the Presbyterian Church is to continue in Canada. We count on all who value civil and religious freedom to stand fast in this hour of crisis." An opposing group centered in Winnipeg is reported to have announced that it will endeavor to get an injunction to prevent the merging of the property, and one prominent Presbyterian is quoted as saying that the proposed legislation "is of the most extraordinary character and is evidently the work of corporation lawyers adept in the gentle art of freezing out minority shareholders."

On the other hand, the Rev. Dr. G. C. Pidgeon, a Presbyterian, is quoted as saying in the final debate, "It is a crime against the interests of the Kingdom of God to waste men and money by perpetuating denominationalism. It is vital that the three negotiating churches should go solidly into union. This the enabling bill is intended to secure, and this is one of the chief criticisms against it." He added that fifty-two out of fifty-six Presbyteries had declared in favor of the proposal. However, it appears as if church union in Canada has not yet gotten through the shoals, observes the Buffalo *Express*. "The controversy may be considered unfortunate by members of the sects directly concerned, but it is at least proof that there still are people who take their religion seriously."

Of course, the difficulties are not yet ended, observes *The Christian Guardian*, a Toronto Methodist weekly. The working out of the scheme will call for the heroic exercise of all the Christian qualities of patience and self-forgetfulness. "We may find ourselves many times in the midst of serious embarrassments as the months and the years go on. But the day will bring its own strength and wisdom, as it will bring its own problem and difficulty, and a Christian way out may always be found. Divine grace and strength will match themselves with human faith and courage, and we will go forward to the greater tasks and the finer service."

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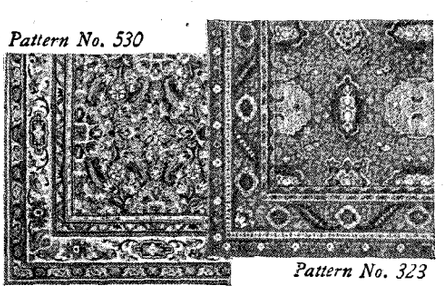

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CURRENT POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department cannot be returned.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS has found new tombstones in God's Acre out at Spoon River, and some of them register something of the new world since he first wrote. *Vanity Fair* for July begins the publication of these, and we pass on these epitaphs:

LIEUTENANT McGREW

Carve for me an eagle crumpled amid the heights,
Shot through the breast!
For there on that day in June, winnowing rushes
of mist
And gliding through little floes of writhing spume,
Far up in the quiet sphere of sun-faded sky,
With the fields and meadows around Spoon River
Become a quilt of yellow and green,
And the river become a strip of silver foil—
My heart stops! For my engine has stopped!
Silence! She sinks like a steed that squats to
leap,
And then the plunge!
The dizzy turning over and over!
Till she dives nose first, with the anarch weight
of steel
To the crash through the trees of Siever's woods!
And then this grave beside my father's,
Who fell through bellowing darkness,
Down, down in the water tower—
Carve an eagle for me!

CATHERINE OGG

"Tombstone" Johnson, head of the school board,
Ashamed that he sprang from an egg
And a wriggling sperm,
But proud that man was created from dust,
Though dust is dirtier than eggs,
Ousted me from my place in the school
For showing a picture to the pupils
Of a child emerging from an egg-shell,
And telling them all the beauty and wonder
Of evolution that makes a mind
Out of an egg and sperm.
So I retired and struggled along,
And starved a little, and brooded much
To the end of the farce!

MORGAN OAKLEY

There is a time for vine leaves in the hair,
And a time for thorns on the brow,
Even as life is both ecstasy and agony,
And as Nature grows both leaves and thorns.
In youth I knew love and victory;
In age loneliness and pain.
But life is to be lived neither as leaves
Nor as thorns, but through both.
I came to the wisdom of barren boughs,
And the desolation of unleaved thorns,
Which remembered the leaves!

SPOON RIVER has become peopled with men and women of foreign stock, "holding office, administering the laws, running the business," as Mr. Masters notes. They bring in a new set of feelings, and we choose a Greek as representative:

PROTOPAPAS DEMAS

To run a fruit store in Spoon River.
To look at prairies at the ends of streets,
Not up at Hymettus.
To go to a little stream,
Never to see Phaleron below Olympus.
To have Turks and Persians rule you:
So-called moralists, preachers and merchants.
Yet I kept still for the sake of trade,
Naturalized in Spoon River,
But I say to you, you can thin as you will
The veins of the children of Homer,
They will run red stuff compared to the veins
Of the breed of A. D. Blood!

WE crowd the aisles of our trains, to be the first out, standing in discomfort through the long space of the tunnel. "But we save a couple of minutes!" was the argument of one. "And what can you do with them after you've saved them?" was a puzzled rejoinder. The *English Review* has it in verse:

WATCHING THE CROWD

BY MADELEINE LUCETTE RYLEY

Hither and thither, thronging the street,
Whence are you bound, all you hurrying feet?
Bearing your forms, both the frail and the strong,
Eager and hasty you scurry along . . .
Anxious expectancy marked on each face,
Lending an impetus quickening the pace.
The spirit of contest grows ever more warm,
For each would be first in the curious swarm.
So it's scramble and struggle, bustle and race,
Jostle your neighbour and step in his place,
With only a thought for the hue and the cry
And never a moment to glance at the Sky.
And what are your aims, all this zeal to excite?
Are they matters of moment, quite worthy the
fight?
And what is your goal, you strenuous file,
And when you arrive, will you think it worth
while?
If the whole of this Energy garnered might be
And applied to some one mighty purpose, then we
Might learn—to our weal—while dwelling below,
The secrets which only the Gods can bestow.

CLEMENCE DANE'S play of "William Shakespeare" gave us an unforgetable picture of Queen Elizabeth as she was portrayed by Haidee Wright. The Queen seems almost to have wandered out of the play into this ballad that appears in Harold Vinal's poetry magazine, *Voices* (Boston):

A BALLAD OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

Queen Elizabeth sat on her threshold
Before she had quite grown old,
The gown she wore was of scarlet satin
And her coif was of silk and gold:

The Lord of Leicester knelt at her shoulder
And a lute-child played by her knee—
It was one of those hours that are never forgotten,
And nothing to hear or see;

Lord Leicester talked of a day they remembered
When they were little together,
Of young Queen Jane and a robe she wore,
And the old King's chain and feather:

The child with the lute leaned close to the Queen
And laid his head on her knee
To hear their stories of once-on-a-time
When they were little as he,

And the Queen put a hand on Lord Leicester's
shoulder
And a hand on the lute-child's head . . .
Yet there was little she seemed to hear
Of the things they sang and said. . . .

And the trumpets blew from under the window,
Calling the Queen to rise;
And her face turned back to a Queen's again
And her eyes turned hard and wise,

And she said, "I think I hear England calling,
That I wedded while I was fair,
And England is calling, that is my child":
And she went and left them there.
But Leicester was only a man after all,
And the boy was a man-child too,
So the thing she was feigning before she left them
I think they never knew.

THE theme will never grow too old for genuine feeling, tho already we have had it so often wrought upon. In the *North American Review* we find this:

SPRING FLOWERS BY THE MADELEINE

BY S. L. M. BARLOW

I went to buy Spring flowers
By the Madeleine,
And in the market-place
I thought, "God hides his face;
But we have sun and rain
And wind and April showers
As before the war."

The woman on her stool behind the rows
Of pots stuffed full of lilac blooms
Had seen—and let the bargaining go by—
Too many flowers bought to strew the battle
tombs;
So she had changed, as I,
God knows,
Have changed. I thought, "There are
As many flowers as before the war."

And then the sanguine heart of some first rose,
Some drop of red,
Showed me a field of poppies lying dead
And corn-flowers and golden grain
And forest ferns. When Spring comes once
again
They will not wake and stir the loose earth-crust,—
Nor these dead forms that with them buried lie,—
But every Season find them so much dust
And leave them so.
O bitterness, to know
That you, who lie so scattered, crushed and torn
In your first dewy hours,
Could have been crushed in an embrace,
Could have been worn—
O men and flowers!

I left the market-place,
Not heeding where I stepped.
I thought, "There are
As many flowers as before the war,"
And wept.

THERE is no lack of courage before the undoubted facts of life; no foolish reticence in the verses of Miss Millay. And who will say that the keening here from the ages of *The Century* fail in poignancy?

KEEN

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

Weep him dead and mourn as you may,
Me, I sing as I must:
Blessed be death, that cuts in marble
What would have sunk to dust!

Blessed be death, that took my love
And buried him in the sea,
Where never a lie nor a bitter word
Will out of his mouth at me!

This I have to hold to my heart,
This to take by the hand:
Sweet we were for a summer month
As the sun on the dry, white sand;

Mild we were for a summer month
As the wind from over the weirs;
And blessed be death, that hushed with salt
The harsh and slovenly years!

Who builds her a house with love for timber,
Builds her a house of foam;
And I'd rather be bride to a lad gone down
Than widow to one safe home.

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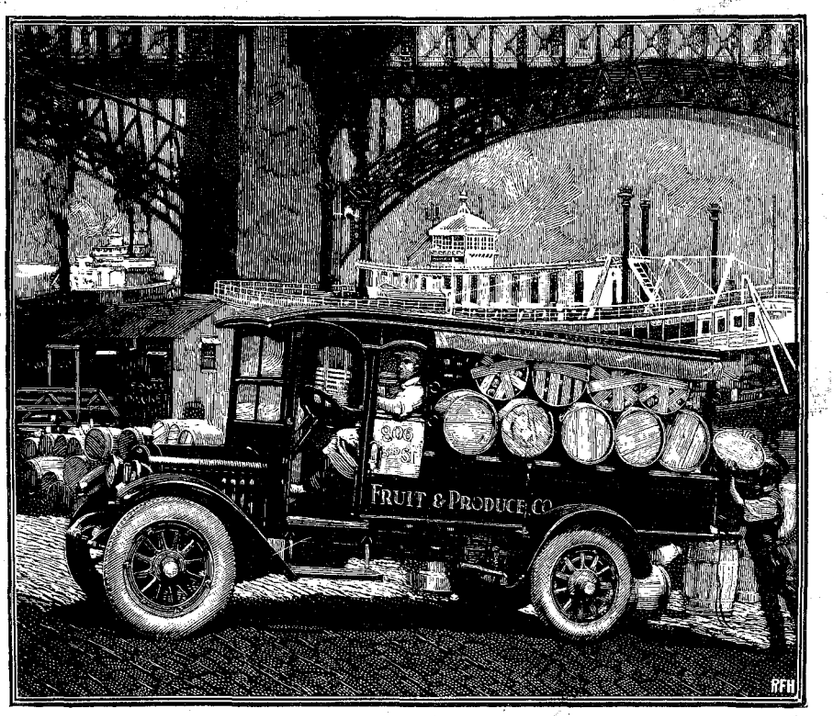

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PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

THE EX-KAISER'S YOUNGEST SON AS A SPY

WHILE MILLIONS OF GERMAN SOLDIERS were being used as cannon fodder to enemy guns in the World War, a pale, sickly young man already incapacitated for further service in the trenches by a shrapnel wound was playing the dangerous rôle of spy at the American Military Base in La Rochelle, France. This courageous fellow was none other than the late Prince Joachim of Prussia, sixth and youngest son of the former Kaiser, according to Major C. E. Russell, of the United States Army Criminal Intelligence Service. During the period of the great conflict one popular indoor sport in America and in other countries allied against Germany was that of poking fun at the then Crown Prince (or "Clown Quince" as some humorists derisively dubbed him) and his brothers, who, it was assumed, were all arrant as well as arrogant cowards. If, however, the facts are correct as presented in Major Russell's new book, "True Adventures of the Secret Service" (Doubleday, Page and Company), this harsh judgment upon the male members of the Kaiser's family must be revised, at least in the case of Prince Joachim, for the American Army officer, who obviously has no wish to glorify the former imperial household of Germany, tells a tale in which the youngest son of the Kaiser is portrayed as a warrior who did not flinch at the prospect of being shot at sunrise as a spy or hanged as a common felon.

A PRINCE IN VALOR ALSO

The late Prince Joachim, of Prussia, did not flinch at the prospect of being shot as a spy.

The revelations are made by Major Russell in connection with his account of the way in which the Secret Service thwarted mysterious attempts by firebugs to destroy the military docks and supplies at La Rochelle. Several attempts to burn these docks had been made prior to July, 1918, but they were clumsy and the guilty ones had been promptly captured and punished. But then, says Major Russell, "we received a report from one of our assistant provost marshals stationed at La Rochelle, one of our subbase ports, which awoke us to new dangers." This A. P. M. reported:

"For the past eight nights, on each night, we have discovered a fire on the gasoline box. By good fortune we have been able to quench them before they made a fair start. But sooner or later, unless steps are taken to capture those who are responsible, we are sure to have a fire that will seriously cripple the entire American Army by destroying at least 75 per cent. of our gasoline supply. Stringent orders against the carrying of matches are enforced; we search every German prisoner before allowing him to pass through the gate; any one found violating this order is severely punished; but still the fires continue."

The Commanding General considered the matter very serious, and ordered that every possible means should be employed to catch the firebug and punish him. At this place we had a prison compound with over three thousand German prisoners in it, and altho their labor was used by both the French and the Americans, since they came from our camp we were responsible for their actions, and it was our duty to solve the mystery and punish the guilty. We felt convinced that the German prisoners were in some way setting the fires. . . . We finally decided to send three of our men up to the front. They were to join the newly captured prisoners so that we could transfer them to our prison compound without their identity becoming known.

This plan was carried out and the Secret Service men detailed to this work were treated the same as the other prisoners. In order that they might be able to visit the various prison huts they were assigned to the Sanitary Squad—the meanest and dirtiest job in the prison camp. Major Russell says that "too much credit can not be given to these men for their willingness to perform even this task in order to accomplish their mission."

Prince Joachim entered upon the stage at this point under the pseudonym of Freytag, who was supposed to be a Swiss Red Cross worker, sent to this compound at the request of the German Government to look after the welfare of their prisoners. The Secret Service men working on the case had no suspicion at the time that Freytag was other than what he seemed to be. Even after it became plain that he was a German spy, the American officers had no inkling that he was a son of the then reigning Kaiser. Regarding the Prince's activities in the prison camp, Major Russell declares:

Having the proper credentials, he proceeded to make himself universally liked by all who had anything to do with him. He was a modest, well-mannered young chap, unmistakably a gentleman, speaking excellent tho bookish English, and with only a slight foreign accent. He appeared to be in the early stages of consumption, and his color looked hectic; but he was quietly efficient and made no complaints about his health till an attack of influenza put him in bed and served the Allied and American cause immeasurably.

But for weeks no one suspected that the Swiss Red Cross man, always working so earnestly for the prisoners, was any other than the philanthropist he appeared. He was allowed the freedom of the city, and could buy any supplies he needed. He did his duty in trying to keep his charges free from the vermin, and to that end supplied them with quantities of a certain chemical. When he wanted another acid to be used in the same fight, there was no bar to his getting it.

Detectives are trained to look out for the little things, mark the small oddities, the trifles unaccounted for or unaccountably repeated, and sooner or later the big revelation comes. Our three men among the prisoners were industriously cultivating fri nds and watching for clues, but they got hold of nothing tangible till after they observed that Freytag in talking to a certain trio of prisoners always got them out into the open and generally took them into the center of the prison compound. Other men he

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talked to with others crowding about; but these men, whether singly or in a group, he isolated.

Then one of our men reported that three of the prisoners were continually losing their blouses. They were the same three Freytag had so frequently singled out. Next, the same man noted that the blouses were lost only after a chemical treatment. And now when he marked and reported further that the fire started only after one or more of these blouses had been lost—why, we knew we were hot on the trail of our quarry, tho still we were unable to link these happenings with the chain of evidence we must have. And then still another fire was set. We must hurry if we were not to lose our docks and perhaps the war. A slant of the wind in the enemy's favor might eventually give the Germans the victory.

Just then it was that Freytag was taken down with influenza. We managed, of course, that both doctor and nurse should be persons in our own service. But they both tried in vain to get into the sick man's confidence; he kept his own counsel—not displaying his suspicions, but certainly cherishing them. Altho he was told that it would be a month or six weeks before he could get out, he would not talk. Mary, the nurse, offered to carry on his work for him.

"You know," said Mary, "that altho I am an American by birth, I am of German stock. My sympathies are all with Germany, and I am willing to do almost anything to further the German cause." But she made no headway whatever.

Trying a new plan, Mary was instructed to go to the prison camp and tell the prisoners she was sent there as Freytag's representative—that he was ill and had asked her to look after their welfare while he was away. She gave special attention to the three men whom Freytag had been so intimate with. Finally, one day, one of them said to her that he would have to have some more of both the acids that were used for the destruction of vermin. He said for her to tell Herr Freytag that the last acid was not strong enough; it would not work quickly enough, and for him to experiment and see if with the new supply the ration should not be changed.

Even with this information in our possession, we did not realize that we already had the solution of the plot; and but for a careless remark made by the Swiss, we might have gone on and on, still working in the dark.

Mary told Freytag of her conversation with the prisoner, Hans, and, of course, she strest the fact that he had complained the acid was too weak. Thereupon,

"I will try it out by myself when I recover," replied Freytag. "The next time you go over to the camp, tell Hans not to use any more until I first try it out here at home. Tell him it is too dangerous and that I wish him to wait until I have recovered and can tell him personally just what proportions to use."

When this was reported to me, I determined that I myself would experiment with those dangerous acids and asked my friend the doctor to help me. But he did not need to experiment to know something about what would happen if I brought those two substances together.

"You will blow yourself up if you don't look out!" he exclaimed. "Those two acids in contact cause spontaneous combustion and you will set something on fire!"—and we had fathomed one of the deadliest plots of the war!

It was very simple: Freytag, teaching them how to fight vermin, had instructed all the prisoners to wash their clothing in the first acid, allowing it to remain on the cloth. The three men who were in his confidence were the only ones who knew his real objective; he would give them a small bottle of the other acid, which was stoppered with a small roll of paper; and when they were at work they would take off their blouses and would throw them, with the bottle in a pocket, behind some combustible material on the dock. The acid in the bottle would eat through the paper stopper, and reaching the chemically prepared cloth it would burst into flame—and the chance of destroying a vast system of docks and endless supplies of gasoline and oil would be excellent, especially if the acid were timed to reach the cloth at night so that the fire might get a good start before being discovered. It took little experimenting to prove to us that the acids might and did work just that way. I purposely suppress the names of chemicals capable of such misuse.

The time came when Freytag was allowed by the doctor to go for a short walk, and, as we expected, he took the first chance to get fresh supplies for arson. Meanwhile, we secreted several men in his cellar, where we were sure he would undertake an investigation of the strength of his purchases. Sure enough, when he came in he went to the cellar, and, taking some old cloth and paper, proceeded to try out various combinations of the acids. After several hours' experimenting, he finally secured the proper proportions and then put the two acids together on a cloth. In a few seconds the cloth was burning.

Then the Secret Service men stept out and arrested Freytag. The calm and defiant manner in which he reacted to this exposure of his carefully laid plot and to his capture leads Major Russell to exclaim:

He was a brave chap, that German spy. Just up from a sickbed, he had been working for hours beyond his strength, but he showed no white feather. At first he denied all charges, but when he heard what we knew, he took the other tack and wanted to know why any further preliminaries? Why should we investigate further or talk of a court-martial?

"Take me out and shoot me," he said.

He was brought before me. It was my duty to find out, if I could, who he was. The manner of his confederates toward him and his own personal quality convinced us that he belonged in the higher ranks of life. But I could get nothing out of him. We sat opposite each other, talking quietly enough, and nothing I could say appeared to shake him in any way. I told him that as a common felon he would be hung. He said he had a right to be shot. But when I replied that maybe if we knew who he was we could grant that right, he still quietly refused us any information. I told him I recognized that he must without doubt belong in the officer class, but if we knew nothing about him he would have to bear the hard conditions imposed on his common soldier confederates.

"Put me in with them," was his answer.

All the while he kept his voice level and firm. Men experienced in such suffering could tell that his mouth was dry; he was "chewing cotton" and the white saliva showed at the corners of his mouth, but there was no weakening of his soul.

He was too mysterious and personally impressive to be speedily executed. For the time being he was imprisoned under the conditions of an officer. Soon extraordinary German efforts to effect his exchange proved we were right as to his being an important person. The Germans offered to exchange many prisoners for this one.

Limitations of space prevent narrating here the thrilling steps which led to unmasking Freytag's identity, and finally to the seizure of the secret plans of the German High Command which were so valuable to the Allies. This feat, described in detail in Major Russell's book, is said to have shortened the war materially. In brief, the situation was as follows: The Allied commanders, according to Major Russell, were at their wits' end to obtain urgently needed information about the movement of the German troops. The American Secret Service volunteered to try to penetrate the enemy lines in some way to secure this information, the French having already failed in their effort to do so. Freytag, in reality Prince Joachim, was used as a pawn. One of the American Secret Service men, posing as a deserter, got into the good graces of the "Council of Five" in Spain, a committee of Germans. He maneuvered in such a way as to obtain the release of Freytag from imprisonment by a spectacular and hazardous escape made while the American guards were firing upon the fugitive and the disguised Secret Service man. With this accomplishment to his credit, the Secret Service man wormed his way deeper into the German propaganda and spying system in Spain. He and a companion managed to get passage behind the German lines where, at infinite risk, they finally succeeded in stealing the desired information and escaping back to the American lines with two German army officers whom they had induced to betray the Fatherland.

Prince Joachim had no direct connection with these later adventures of the Secret Service men, but it was through his intercession on their behalf after they had spirited him away from the prison that these American spies obtained access to quarters from which they ultimately carried away the urgently sought documents. Judging from Major Russell's story, the youngest son of the ex-Kaiser was far from being a coward, despite the fact that he subsequently shot himself fatally "in a fit of nervous excitement." Of this tragic fate the author-soldier says: "The world knows the story of Prince Joachim's suicide. The American officers who participated in this great feat will always believe that the Prince killed himself because he realized that he was the means by which the Americans were successful in reaching officers of the German High Command and in inducing them to turn traitors, and in helping so materially to conquer Germany."

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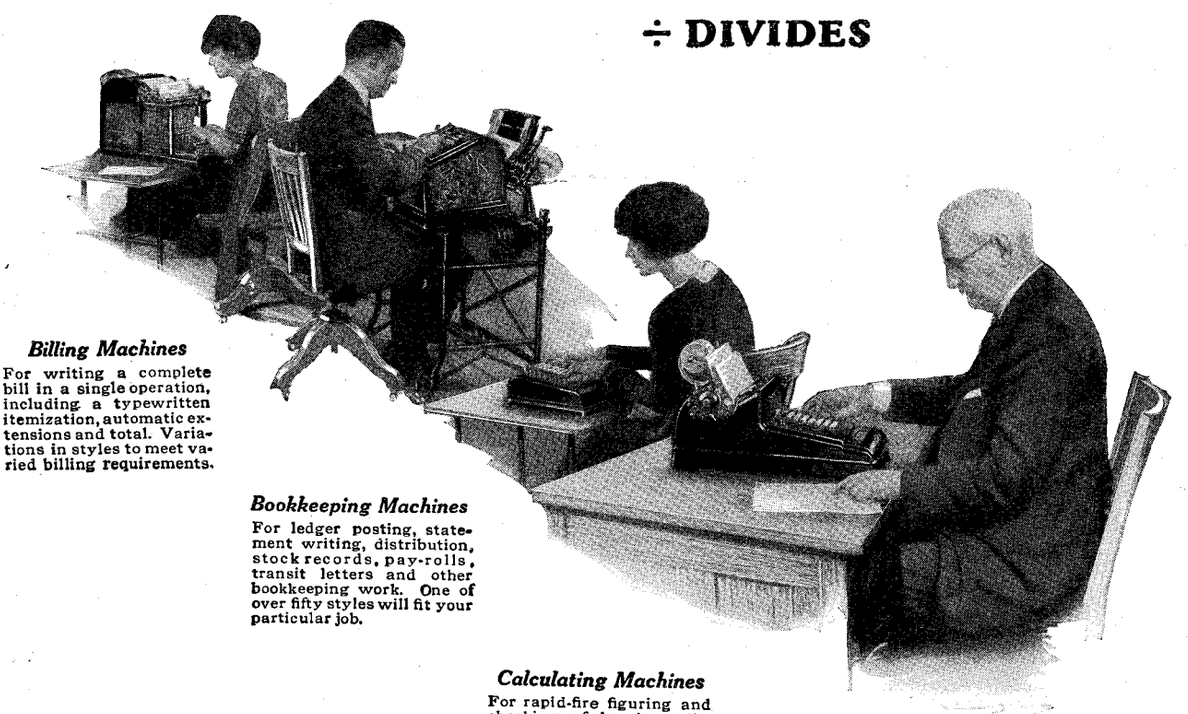

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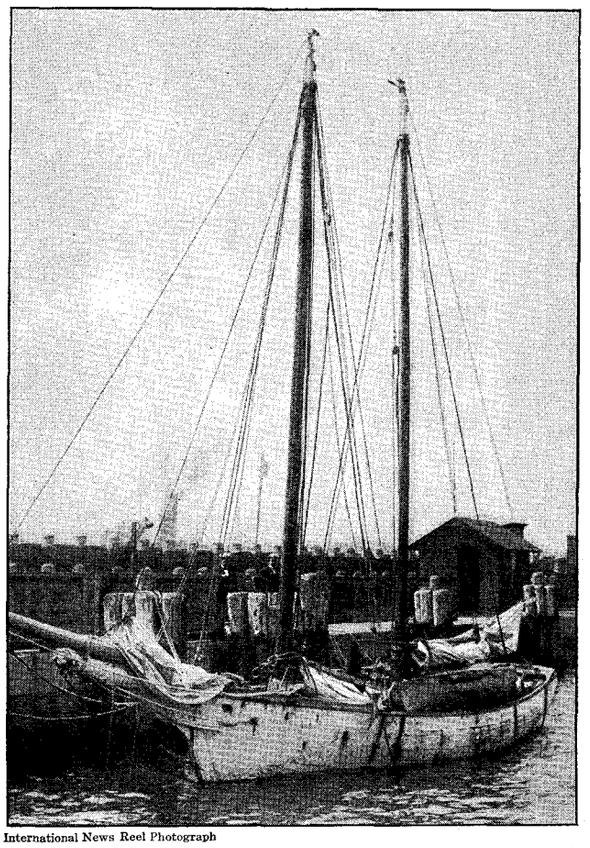
SMUGGLING AND DEATH OFF THE CALM JERSEY SHORE

A SMALL, TWO-MASTED SCHOONER was sighted recently flying distress signals off Quarantine in New York Harbor. When a steam pilot boat went to the rescue, it found what one man long familiar with Gotham's waterfront called "the strangest ship, freighted with the strangest yarn, that ever sailed into this port in my forty years' experience." The only persons aboard the mysterious craft, which bore the name *Mary Beatrice*, were fifteen young and well-drest Chinese—no captain and no crew.

Thereby hangs a tale so stirring and so weird that even the greatest writers of sea fiction might well despair of being able to rival it, for this story, apparently true, is woven about two topics of universal fascination: smuggling, and a hand-to-hand fight to the death within the narrow confines of a ship's deck. Moreover, the setting for this fantastically gruesome adventure is not in the South Sea Islands, where anything startling seems possible, or on pirate-infested Oriental rivers. Instead, it is within sight of the tranquil coast of New Jersey. Fittingly enough, tho, the *Mary Beatrice*, an outlaw vessel of one kind, was lying along the now notorious "Rum Row," with outlaw ships of a different nature, when there began the fierce fight which ended after nine men, including the entire crew of four, had been killed and thrown overboard.



International News Reel Photograph

HER CREW CONQUERED AND KILLED

The *Mary Beatrice*, with fifteen Chinese survivors of a fight aboard, was seized by the authorities in New York Harbor.

It is not known yet, and perhaps never will be known, just what happened on this schooner, for the only witnesses are the fifteen Chinese survivors, whose one-sided version of the affair must be accepted in the absence of any other information. The captain had gone ashore, it seems. In the New York *Times* we read that—

> Dusk of the second day after the Captain had gone ashore settled over the schooner *Mary Beatrice*, nodding in the swells of Rum Row, off Sandy Hook. After fortifying himself with liquor he had climbed over the side and gone off in a rum-running motor-boat, with half of the $10,000 bribe promised by the twenty Chinese aboard his ship, if he succeeded in smuggling them into this country.
>
> The Chinese grew restless. Off on the horizon they could dimly make out the land, and they had been a month aboard the fifty-foot, weather-battered Nassau sponger. In the strictly Occidental clothing they wore was the other half of the $10,000. Scattered about the cramped deck the Chinese discust their situation. Heedless of the gutturals of the "cargo," the crew, a West Indian medley of two white seamen, a negro seaman and a negro cook, also discust a situation.
>
> Their situation involved two rusty shotguns, two tarnished revolvers, the meat knife of the cook and the negro sailor's razor. Also the $5,000 ready money in the possession of the chattering freight. There was a peremptory demand for the money, then a fight and the Chinese won. The dusk had changed to night when the Chinese shoved over the side the bodies of the crew and the five of their dead countrymen.

Such, at any rate, is the story of the *Mary Beatrice* as wrung from the reluctant lips of the fifteen Chinese who came glumly into port. Two of the Chinese told their version from cots in Ellis Island Hospital, slant-eyed bundles of bandages, one of them nursing a right hand nearly severed. The thirteen others gave their stories piecemeal to Chinese interpreters of the United States Immigration Service who grilled them throughout the night.

But, in checking up the tale of these Chinese the Federal officials found many discrepancies and incongruities, some of which tended to indicate that none of the Orientals had been killed in the fight and that they, instead of the crew, might have been the aggressors. For instance,

> The authorities declared that two days before the fight took place, they heard that the unknown skipper of the ship was in this city, negotiating to slip fifteen Chinamen into town. They strest the number when they declared they would investigate a report that no Chinese had died in the struggle aboard the vessel.
>
> The officials said that it was quite possible the Chinamen, roused to rage by their long, stuffy trip and their long wait offshore, had murdered the crew in the Captain's absence and then proceeded to risk their luck drifting to land. A strong tide and ignorance of navigation joined to bring the vessel slowly past Quarantine, where the drifter was discovered.
>
> Plainly indicating their belief that many gaps existed in the *Mary Beatrice's* recent history, the officials exprest wonder that the smugglers should risk the long voyage from Havana to New York rather than make for a South Atlantic harbor, which is the usual route.

From *The Times* we learn that—

> The cruise of the *Mary Beatrice*, as told by the Chinese, began on May 8 at Havana when the twenty decided the time was ripe for them to exchange their arduous labors in the Cuban canebrakes for the easy money they heard was here. It didn't take much dickering for them to find a skipper who was willing to run them into America at $500 a head, half to be paid when they boarded his ship and the remainder to be handed over when they touched American soil.
>
> Assembling from the plantations, the Chinese arrived at Requa, a town across the harbor from Havana and directly back of Morro Castle. Reports have described Requa as the haunt of the alien smugglers who ply between that port and a landing point near Pensacola, Florida. The Chinese were bundled aboard the *Mary Beatrice*, which had anchored in Havana, with a fresh coat of white paint glistening over the smudges of the sponge trade, after running over from her home port of Nassau.
>
> Very little information was got from the Orientals on the thousand-mile trip that landed them in the ranks of the whisky armada southeast of Ambrose Lightship. They smiled and shrugged when the immigration interpreters shot question after question about this. The Chinese seemed to think the matter nothing at all worth mentioning, altho one glance at the midget craft disclosed that they must have been doubled up in knots in order to stay aboard the tiny craft. The Chinese, inured to the cramped quarters of junks plying their sluggish native rivers, indicated that they thought the *Mary Beatrice's* accommodations fair enough.
>
> Crawling up the coast, with only two small sails as motive

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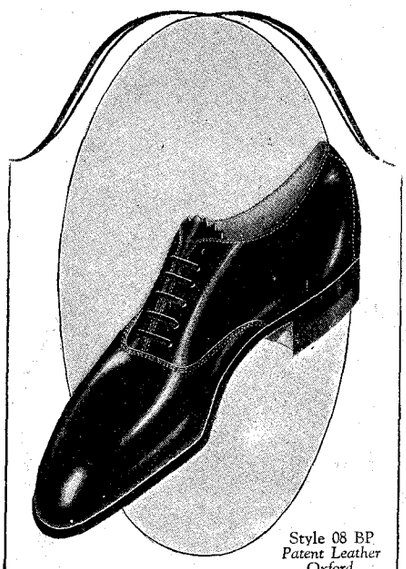

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The HANOVER SHOE, Hanover, Pa.
Exclusively for Men and Boys

Hanover Shoes for Boys and Little Men are especially made for growing feet. They're staunch, serviceable and good-looking. $2.50—$3.00 and $3.50.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

power, the schooner dropt anchor in Rum Row on June 6, according to her contraband human freight. For two days the *Mary Beatrice* swung at anchor, receiving no visitors and no one going off. The Chinese said they were compelled to keep out of sight as well as they could for fear of the Prohibition patrol that was constantly steaming in close. Now and then a fast motor-launch approached the vessel at night, but made off when Chinese instead of whisky were found to be aboard.

One morning, said the Chinese, the skipper, having drunk freely from a small stock of liquor, induced one of the rum motor-boats to take him ashore. Before leaving the ship he turned over the shotguns and revolvers to the crew. The Chinese said they believed that the skipper's mission was to make arrangements for their way into New York. Once the captain, described only as a tall, raw-boned individual of unknown nationality, was gone, the crew turned their attention now and then to his liquor supply.

Thus, at nightfall of the second day after the skipper's departure, with whisky and cupidity working together, the crew decided to get the remainder of the money. One of the Chinese suspected trouble, and on his suggestion, his fellow passengers armed themselves with what they could. Some had short knives concealed in their clothing. Two picked up rusty old axes that had been used to cut wood for the cookstove; others seized sticks from the sloop's woodpile, but the most of them had only their bare hands to use.

The tactics of the crew, according to the stories of the surviving Chinese, began with a demand, which was met by a rush from the twenty passengers. The rushing group of Chinese, yelling in the half-light, was met by a volley from the three shotguns and the revolvers. One of the Chinese toppled over on the deck and rolled to the low gunwhale. A revolver bullet had torn into his right hand.

Back and forth over the close quarters of the small deck, if the Chinese memory is correct, the battle was fought. One of the Chinese ran full onto the knife of the negro sailor; another went down before a full charge of buckshot. The negro cook, who wielded the razor, got a Chinese and then crashed down when he was struck a terrific blow over the head. Two more Chinese were knifed or shot to death, before the superior weight of their numbers began to tell.

Then the ammunition of the crew gave out. More was stored in the miniature cabin, but the Chinese blocked the way. How long the hand-to-hand struggle on the decks of the sloop in the gathering darkness lasted was not developed. The Chinese lost no more men, however, and it seemed to have resolved into a question of how long the three remaining members of the crew could hold out.

With the Chinese swarming in ever closer, the two white sailors and the negro with the meat-knife fought hard. Once a Chinese missed a blow aimed with a gnarled knot of firewood. He spun in within range of the negro's long, keen knife. The extended right arm of the Chinese caught the full lunge of the knife. Only a thin strand of flesh kept his hand in place.

The combat finally resolved itself into a wrestling tangle of humans, we are told, with the crew pulled down in a last rush of their adversaries. Then the sailors were slain summarily and—

Darkness was full upon the *Mary Beatrice* when the bodies, according to the Chinese story, were pushed into the ocean. Decks were cleaned and the signs of the fight effaced, so that when the schooner was boarded later on, the only signs of combat were the makeshift bandages on the two wounded Chinese and the bruises visible on the others.

Throughout that night the schooner rode at anchor with its cargo of frightened Chinese. With the lifting of dawn the next day a conference was held and it was decided to bring up the anchor and attempt to make land. The mast was broken out and an attempt made to run it up. This was only partly successful, the sail going up half-way. It was sufficient, however, to give the *Mary Beatrice* a bit of leeway, and, with the tide, she moved slowly in toward New York.

Throughout the day the craft moved at crawling speed toward the harbor. Noon had long passed when a pilot named Hall, down the other side of Quarantine, spied the limping ship and went alongside. He found only the Chinese moving about and could get nothing out of them, for their only language outside of their native tongue was a few words of Spanish. Hall took the *Mary Beatrice* in tow and at Quarantine notified the customs and immigration authorities. . . .

Chinese interpreters were called down to the Barge Office and an all-night grilling of the thirteen aliens was begun. They proved to be not at all anxious to tell their stories, and as each seemed to have hailed from a different part of China, and consequently had each his own dialect, the work of interpreting went forward slowly. Even getting the names of the strangely arriving newcomers was a task.

Finally the identities were obtained as follows: Wung Yung, 31 years old; Leung Sing, 19; Leung Jung, 23; Ng Hingguey, 22; Leung Ong, 18; Lee Wing, 19; Ming Wan, 48; Gin Jim, 23; Lung Oy, 43; Jen Poy, 30; Gin Wonglung, 18; Ng Fook, 21; and Lung Sethong, 20 years old. More hours went into the task before the Chinese gave their story of the fight and were ordered into detention at Ellis Island pending an official inquiry.

According to the interpreters who questioned the thirteen aliens, all of them are of the better class of Chinese. The interpreters said that the aliens were not of the ordinary coolie class, adding that their answers to questions indicated that some of them, at least, had had some degree of education in China.

Altho the interpreters seemed confident that the survivors were telling a true story, we are informed by *The Times* that reporters who scrutinized the deck of the vessel from a distance cast some doubt upon this version. We read further:

The Chinese, in telling their story of the cruise to the immigration inspectors, declared that the ship arrived off the Jersey Coast on June 6. Reporters, however, discovered that one of the many newspapers lying on the deck of the *Mary Beatrice* was a copy of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, dated Sunday, June 3. An advertisement with a distinctive head was noted in the partly exposed newspaper page on the

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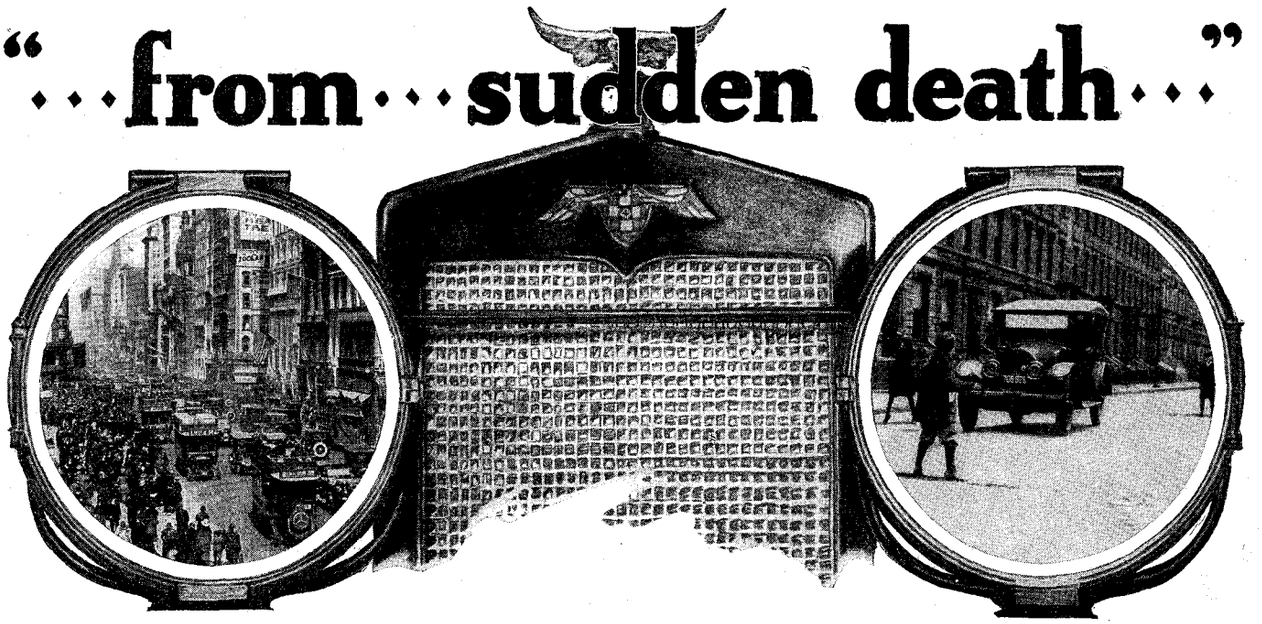
"...from...sudden death..."



Safe—in the crowd at 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue

In danger—in the quiet home neighborhood

The Titanic Sank—and a world was stunned with the horror of it.

The Lusitania was torpedoed— people who were apathetic before said: "We *won't* stand it!"

The Iroquois Theatre burned in Chicago—and laws were passed all over the country forcing theatres to install asbestos curtains.

The Knickerbocker Theatre collapsed in Washington—there was immediate Government investigation.

The Galveston flood—and millions were spent for a great sea wall.

Because these disasters were spectacular—because great numbers of people died by accident *at one time*—the shock stirred the soul of the nation.

And yet, *added together*, the total deaths from these never-to-be-forgotten tragedies—plus three more that the world will always remember, the terrible Johnstown Flood, the burning of the Slocum and the San Francisco fire, were less than the number of persons killed last year in the United States by automobiles.

14,000 Killed in 1922

The great majority of these fatalities occurred in large cities; 60% in home neighborhoods—on the "side streets"—and most tragic of all, one-third of them were little children.

"Danger Zones" Safest

On 5th Avenue, New York, between 14th and 59th Streets, where traffic is governed by the Tower System, not a single death was reported by the police in 1922. At 42d Street and 5th Avenue, one of the busiest corners in the world, you and your children are safer than on your own street.

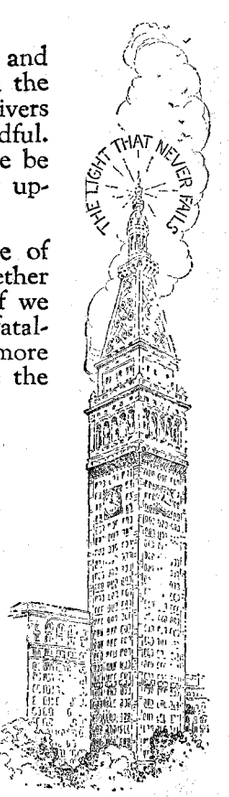
But at *this* corner policemen rigidly enforce wise traffic laws and *compel* people to take care of themselves.

Accidents happen in the flash of an eye. Caution is constantly necessary. Where you think you are safe—in some quiet street—danger is most likely to strike you.

Be Your Own Policeman

At unguarded corners pedestrians and automobilists have equal rights on the roadway. Both must use caution. Drivers must be watchful and walkers heedful. Not only must our safety conscience be awake downtown, but also on our uptown streets.

If we wish to stop this rising tide of accidental death, all must work together and obey the rules of the road. If we do not, the number of automobile fatalities may reach 15,000 this year and more thereafter as added machines take the road.



In 1922, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company disbursed over $867,000 in automobile death claims. In the same year it disbursed a total of $4,753,000 for all accidents.

These insurance policies represented a wise investment—necessary life insurance. But something beyond a payment for deaths is necessary. We need and must have better protection against preventable accidents.

We must insist that drunken or careless drivers be punished. We must use the most extreme caution ourselves. We must help the careless and protect the absent-minded. The small child does not *know* the danger of the street. Here the *automobilist* must take the responsibility. The younger the child, the greater the driver's need for care.

Safe play places must be provided for the children; isles of safety, for the pedestrian; traffic signs and beacons, which will make the careless heedful.

Last year about 19,000 fatalities were recorded in the United States which occurred in or about the home—burns, falls from step-ladders, chairs, stairs, etc. We must carry always in mind that where danger is most apparent, it can be most intelligently guarded against and that where we *seem* to be safest carelessness may carry a heavy penalty.

The Metropolitan will be glad to send its own information on automobile accidents, as well as "The Trend of Public Accidents", published by the National Safety Council, to any one who wants to help in the conservation of life.

HALEY FISKE, *President*

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Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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Of Every Five Persons, Only One Escapes

Kindly Nature gives a timely warning

All too few are immune to Pyorrhea.

The odds are overwhelmingly in its favor.

Dental records show that four persons out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, contract it.

Tender, bleeding gums are the danger signal.

When nature's kindly warning is unheeded, the gums recede, the loosened teeth drop out or must be extracted.

After you have gone to your dentist for tooth and mouth inspection, brush your teeth, twice daily, at least, with Forhan's For the Gums. It is an efficacious, healing dentifrice, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

Forhan's For the Gums, if used consistently and used in time, will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It will keep your teeth white and clean, your gums firm and healthy.

Buy a tube of Forhan's For the Gums today. Brush your teeth regularly with it. The foremost dentists use and recommend it. It is time-tested, beneficial, and pleasant to the taste. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York
Forhan's, Limited, Montreal

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

deck. The advertisement was traced to the *Eagle*.

The sloop as she rose and fell at the Barge Office failed to show a single sign of the battle the Chinese described. A careful scrutiny of her entire length did not disclose a blood smear, nor the breakage of deck rigging that might be expected to follow a fight of twenty-four men. The only sign that might be regarded as pointing to a mix-up was firewood, which was scattered from stem to stern.

The two-masted, white-waisted schooner appeared to be much the worse for sea wear. Streaks of red rust sprawled over her sides and her ropes had been spliced often and badly. A sturdy looking life-boat without davits was tilted against the side, and in the boat was a hodge-podge of things.

There was a barrel, which looked like a fellow of four empty water-butts near by. The barrel in the boat, however, bore the name of a Chicago firm on its head and below the firm name this: "50 Gallon Green River-D. 295." In the stern of the life-boat was a battered tin pan, half full of stale sea water. Several warped and mended oars were strewn over the seats of the craft.

Near by was an ax, with two old dents in the rust-coated blade and alongside it an ax handle with the head missing. Half concealing the old ax was a burlap bag marked "H-O, Oats, Buffalo, New York."

In the stern, where a brass-tipped door led down to the small cabin, was a brown cap, torn and twisted and a straw hat with the crown crusht in. A khaki reefer, lined with sheepskin, had been flung down near the tiller, which was wrenched from the rudder post. A fresh-looking pine box, with leather hinges for an improvised door, stood near the tiller, and in it were deep-sea fishing-lines.

On the canvas-covered hatch to the cabin was a coverless Bible, with the pages flapping away in the wind. Alongside the Bible was a cheap belt buckle of silver, with the initial "A." The red and green running lights had been taken from their places and were standing on the hatchway. A glimpse into the cabin, which has berths for four, showed the floor littered with newspapers, and atop the mingled sheets a new straw hat.

In an attempt to shed more light on the mystery shrouding the *Mary Beatrice* and her human cargo, the vessel was searched thoroughly. No papers or documents which would reveal her ownership or outline her career were found. The British Consul in New York cabled to the British authorities at Nassau for information, but apparently little was known there about the craft. Before the *Mary Beatrice* was towed to Port Newark another gang of men was put to work searching her from stem to stern. *The Times* says that—

They reported finding a woman's garment in the cabin of the vessel. There was nothing to indicate that it might not have been there for months. Also in the newspaper-strewn cabin the searchers found two books. One was "The Hero of Panama," by Captain F. S. Brereton. On the flyleaf of the book a feminine hand had

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written "Aline Albufy, A. 168." Near by, in the same hand, appeared "£245, 11 shillings, 10 pence."

The second book was "The Will of Allah," by Kathlyn Rhodes, published by Hutchinson & Co., Paternoster Row, London. A man's hand had written "E. Trumbell" across the title page.

These discoveries lend plausibility to the rumors that the captain of the *Mary Beatrice* went ashore, not to arrange for getting the Chinese smuggled into America, but to go a-courting. It is reported that some woman sent a message to the skipper the day before he left the ship and that the following evening the two were seen together in Manhattan. Thus, to smuggling and hand-to-hand battles is added a "strange woman" as another element of never-failing interest.

Meanwhile the fate in store for the Oriental survivors of the battle is in doubt. If evidence shows that the uprising on shipboard took place beyond the coastal waters over which the United States has jurisdiction, the fifteen Chinese probably will be turned over to the British Admiralty Court, inasmuch as the *Mary Beatrice* appears to be of British registry. If, however, it is decided that the crew and the passengers fought while the vessel was within the three-mile limit, the United States authorities may bring indictments for murder against the Chinese. The venture of the *Mary Beatrice* which ended so tragically may be no isolated case but part of a vast plot, engineered by a band with headquarters in New York, to bring Chinese into America surreptitiously. One theory is, according to *The Times*, that a Manhattan syndicate of liquor "importers" whose ships are anchored along Rum Row were smuggling Chinese as a side line. A raid on a Long Island City factory about a week before the *Mary Beatrice* ingloriously ended her career resulted in the capture of 105 Chinese, who, the Federal authorities said, had been smuggled into the country. Whatever ramifications the *Mary Beatrice* case may have, it seems certain, as *The Times* editorially observes, that—

> One would have to go far back in the chronicles of the sea, or to the Far Eastern waters, to find the like of this gory narrative. Michael Scott and Captain Marryat described fights on ships' decks and in ships' cabins that were sufficiently savage; Stevenson and Clark Russell drew from imagination like desperate encounters between desperate men, and even Conrad occasionally has intruded physical tragedies among those of the mind so much better liked by him. But not one of the sea historians or romancers has been able to surpass the horror of what happened as dusk came on and bloody war broke out on the little Nassau sponger.

That the Chinese gave an unexpectedly good account of themselves in the affray is obvious, and their assailants—if they were assailed—must have been vastly and terribly surprized to discover that, unlike the wolf, it would have been judicious for them to count the supposed sheep before attacking.

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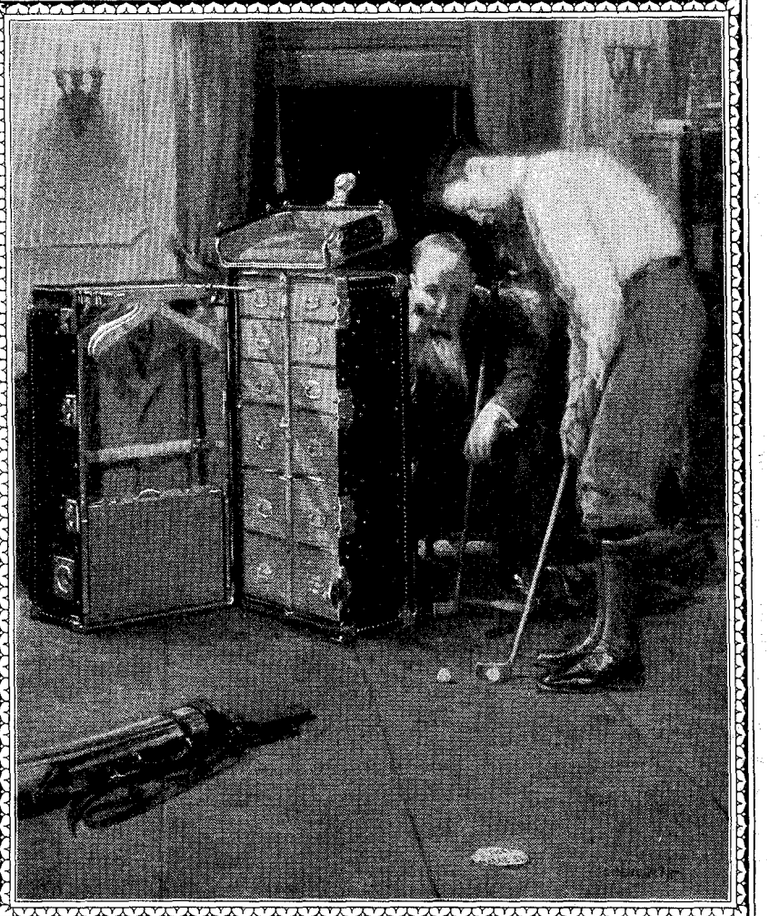

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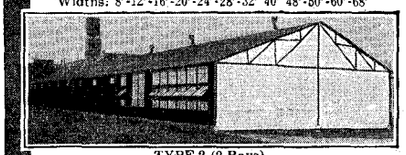

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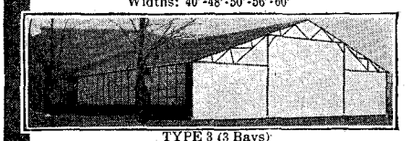
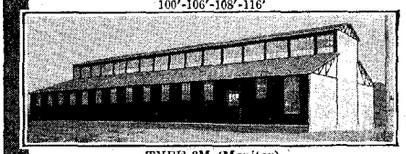


TYPE 3 (3 Bays)
Widths: 56'-60'-64'-68'-72'-76'-80'-84'-88'-90'-96'-98' 100'-106'-108'-116'



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SUMMER READING—AND SOME ARE THINKING

VACATION days are come—the laziest of the year. According to all tradition, people are going to take with them for perusal in hammocks, porch-chairs, or shady nooks, only the lightest of reading. Publishers have a way of featuring in their late spring and early summer advertising fiction and verse and essays of the distinctively entertaining variety. Yet it has been strenuously denied that everybody wants to shut off cerebration from the Fourth of July till Labor Day. To many the summer gives an opportunity for the reading of solid books for which there is no time during a busy winter, and for thinking out in comparative quiet and solitude problems which have little chance during the busier part of the year, when the cares that infest the day throng about to the tune of trolley gongs and typewriter clatter, and the peace of the night is disturbed by the honk of the motor or the rumble of the elevated train. The editor of *The Literary Digest International Book Review* is fully aware that both needs must be met by the writers and makers of books for the summer season. Judging from the contents of the July issue, he is saying to himself, with a smile at his own pun: "Our summer readers—well, some are readers and some are thinkers. At least they are going to be after they have finished reading my editorial and one or two of the leading articles in the July *Review*."

It must have been a very exceptional booklover—and the readers of *The Book Review* are probably all willing to be called booklovers—who didn't start to make his own list after reading the symposium of literary authorities in the May *Review* on "The Ten Best Books of the Century." Most of us thought of one or two titles very quickly, then laid the list aside to finish up—"when I have time." Now there is going to be time this summer for many of us. Everybody has an agreement or disagreement to express with certain of the lists appearing in the May *Review*. Some of us have in mind more or less obscure works whose merits we would like to publish forth to the reading world. We would relish a chance to make our own lists and to read each other's, and the editor of *The Book Review* has given us that chance, and at the same time given us something to think about this summer. Do we hear some one say that making lists is all foolishness? Of course, agrees the editor of *The Book Review*, nobody now living can predict the final and permanent verdict of posterity on the books people are writing and reading in this first quarter of the twentieth century. But, he continues, the making of lists has a distinct value. For one thing, "some great and enduring work hitherto unrecognized, perhaps, or in danger of being forgotten altogether, may fall into the net of the list-makers and thus become a subject for appreciative study, a factor in the development of our literary future." And the making of such lists has even greater value in that it "serves to bring into review, and in a manner that is at once suggestive and stimulating, the whole literary achievement of a period." And then, "choosing favorites is a pleasant, if bewildering, task, and if undertaken conscientiously should train one to sift the genuine from the spurious qualities that give to a book its intrinsic and hence, its lasting, value."

The readers of *The Book Review*, so we are told, are really responsible for the chance that is now offered them to enter a free-for-all list-making contest. The following paragraphs from the editorial in the July number tell how the idea of this "symposium for all booklovers" suggested itself and how the contest is to be carried on:

As was to be expected, indignant partizans of books that were not chosen by the ten writers who conducted the inquiry in the [May] *Book Review* were heard from, while in other periodicals the matter was taken up and supplementary lists published, all of which has greatly increased the interest and the scope of a discussion that at first had seemed little more than a pastime, with only a moderately educational value. Finally, letters have been received from readers of this magazine complaining that as the "Ten Best Books" were selected by professional writers the lists published in *The International Book Review* represent the critical opinion of only one—and that a limited—class of students, while lists gaging the popular as well as the professional literary taste should not be confined to any class. Hence, it has been urged that *The International Book Review* open its columns to its readers for a further symposium on this theme.

Appreciating the unique value of such a discussion, to be carried on as suggested, the readers of this magazine are now asked to send in to the editor their lists of the "Ten Best Books of the Century"—the ten best books, in the opinion of the list-makers, that have been published in this, or any, country since 1900. From these lists, thus submitted, a final list will then be compiled containing the ten books receiving the greatest number of votes. This final, composite list will thus come to represent the ten favorite books, chosen from among the publications of the last twenty-three years by the 110,000 readers of *The International Book Review*—an effort to determine contemporary literary favorites that has probably not been attempted before on so large a scale.

In discussions of this kind, as they have been conducted hitherto, anything like what might be called a composite opinion—an opinion that might be set down as representative of the taste and judgment of the average reader—has been practically impossible to obtain, owing to the difficulty of reaching the various classes of people, professional and otherwise, who are at the same time students and lovers of all kinds of books. And it is the average reader who is, after all, the final arbiter as to the right and the wrong, the good and the bad in contemporary literature. What ten books of this century—that is, of the last twenty-three years—are destined to live through future generations, as the great books of the past live with us? That is the

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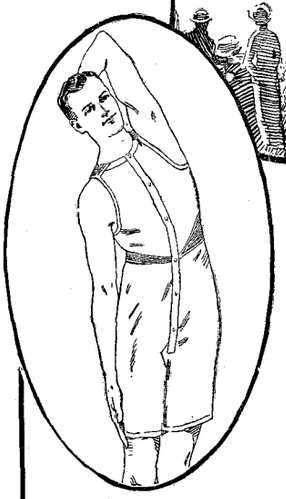

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"B. V. D." elastic reinforcement in the back of the waist band immeasurably strengthens the wear of the garment at the point of greatest strain.

The perfect "B. V. D." closed crotch completely covers the crotch and gives sufficient seat opening without *surplus trunk length* and uncomfortable needless material at crotch.

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Undershirts and Drawers
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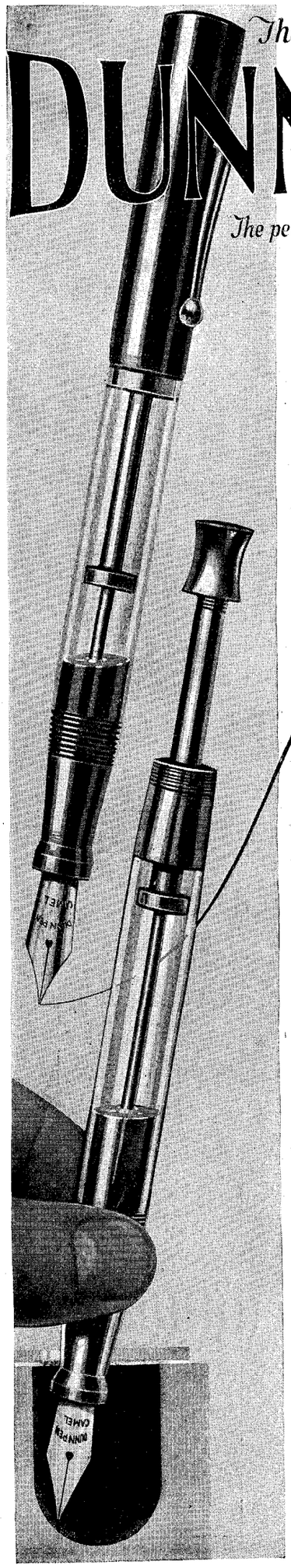

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The pen with the red-headed filling pump

holds nearly as much ink as any three self-filling pens of the same size, of any make—

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Six Exclusive Features **that make the Dunn-Pen the modern writing implement:**

1. ***One month's ink.*** The Dunn-Pen pumps itself *full* of ink—enough for a month. The ink space in old-fashioned self-filling pens is largely taken up by a rubber sac.
2. ***Visible ink.*** The transparent barrel of the Dunn-Pen shows the ink supply. No running out of ink unexpectedly. No other self-filling pen has a transparent barrel, or can show the ink.
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6. ***Unlimited guarantee.*** Do you think we could issue such a guarantee if the Dunn-Pen were just another "fountain pen"? If the Dunn-Pen had not already proved itself?

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Chicago New York San Francisco

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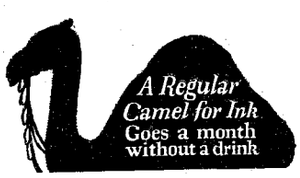

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

question in the settlement of which *The International Book Review* now invites its readers to participate. In order to give ample time for a careful consideration of this question, answers will be received until and including October 15, the final result to be announced in the December number of *The Book Review*. Besides sending in their votes as to the best ten books of the century, it may be that some of our readers may wish to give a brief statement of the reasons governing them in making their choice. Such detailed expression of opinion will be of undoubted value in reaching a conclusion and will be used, as far as the limits of space will permit, in reporting the results of the symposium. In this discussion, it will be seen, the participants become their own judge and jury—and there is every reason to believe that the verdict coming from so large and impartial a court will have a unique value in determining the comparative excellence of contemporary literary achievement.

The fact that this contest does not close till October 15 will be appreciated both by those who consider hot weather no time for cogitation upon anything more weighty than the cut of a bathing-suit or the proper adjustment of a hammock between two pine trees, and also by the little group of serious thinkers who like to emulate the bee in improving each shining hour. For summer loafers can wait, if they choose, and make out their lists between September 1 and October 15—tho such procrastination is not to be recommended; and those who find outward heat favorable to inward mental activity will rejoice at having time to think of other things, and other things to think about.

Before the latter start to make out their lists they are likely to think over one or two problems presented in this same July number of *The Book Review*. Right at the start the Spanish novelist, Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, presents a most interesting discussion of "Plagiarism as a Profession." How many readers will agree with the conclusion he reaches? Those who will, and those who will not, are pretty sure to unite, however, in enjoying the preliminary discussion which leads the great Spanish fictionist up to these final paragraphs:

One is thus compelled not only to say, but also to believe, that all the great writers, absolutely all, are plagiarists, and that the best of each does not belong to him, because he has taken it from others. A writer, during his life, gives out hundreds of images and reproduces in new form hundreds of thoughts. A part of this product recalls more or less vaguely the product of his predecessors, or may at times become identical with it; but this does not prevent the said author from adding to the intellectual treasure of mankind another and original portion that is his own. Eighty per cent. of his work may thus be old silver, skilfully handled; but what does it matter, if the author adds a handful of completely new coins minted by himself?

Beyond doubt, the new is not plentiful,

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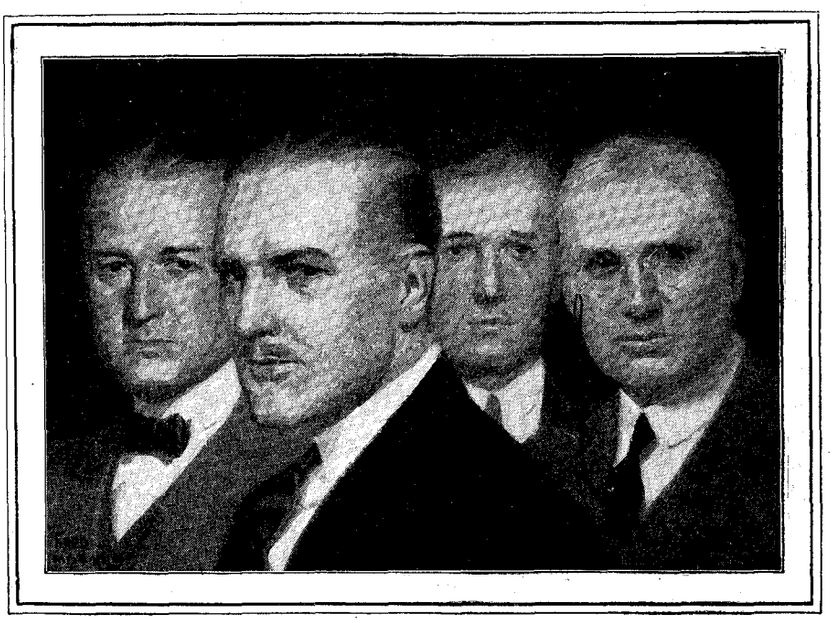
and each author carries with him only bits of novelty in order to add them to other novelties encountered ages before. Most plagiarisms are committed unconsciously. They are old things that were read and forgotten, and that come to life like witches and pass themselves off, with their false youth, for daughters of the moment. But at the beginning of this chain of writers, all heirs of each other, the reader will ask, were there not original geniuses, true creators who nourished themselves on their own substance? No. At the dawn of a literature there is no individual ownership; the communism of primitive societies prevails, everything belongs to everybody, and all assist in production. Thus the masses of the people write the epics—a multitude of vigorous and nameless authors sincere and enthusiastic, who put forth their works unsigned, with the disinterestedness of the architects and imaginative creators of cathedrals. It is an author with a thousand heads and a thousand mouths that produces the ballad-romances of chivalry and the heroic poems of the North. And much more distant, in the dawn of recorded history, are the wandering bards of Greece, the nameless rhapsodists who united, as cells join themselves together in a body, to form one author, unreal yet venerable, called Homer, the "Father of Poetry."

It would seem altogether safe to predict that scores of the 110,000 readers of *The Book Review* will put a set of the Blasco Ibáñez novels into the trunk that goes to seashore or mountainside, and will reread them carefully with a view to discovering some passage or bit of construction reminiscent of some earlier writer. At least the novelist has invited such conduct.

The second article in the July *Review* also provides food for thought, being a review of Professor Klaatsch's "The Evolution and Progress of Mankind," which takes up the latest theories on the physical origin of man, and is especially timely in view of the present pow-wow about evolution in educational and religious circles.

Further food for summer thought and summer thinkers is contained in interesting discussions of Dr. Joseph Collins's psychoanalysis of contemporary fictionists, reviewed by Maurice Francis Egan; in what Brander Matthews says about what Gamaliel Bradford has to say about those seven "Damaged Souls"—Benedict Arnold, Thomas Paine, Aaron Burr, John Randolph, John Brown, P. T. Barnum and Ben Butler; in a "psychiatric" treatment by Walter Littlefield of the case of Clare Sheridan, artist extraordinary and interviewer plenipotentiary; in the revelation of what R. L. Stevenson thought of J. A. Symonds, and what J. A. Symonds thought about R. L. Stevenson, in a review of Symonds's collected letters; in the story of that famous publishing firm, the house of Harper, which has just moved from Franklin Square to East 33rd Street; in Willa Cather's dictum on the new American novel, delivered from the safe distance of the Ville Davray.

But some one is beginning to yawn. There are readers a-plenty who would like



Men We Had to Please

To Make This Shaving Cream Successful

By V. K. CASSADY, *Chief Chemist*

Gentlemen:

One of the amazing successes of the past two years has been Palmolive Shaving Cream.
It entered a field where every possible customer was using another soap. In very short order it won millions to its side. And it suddenly climbed to dominant place—the newest shaving cream on the market.
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We interviewed 1,000 average men, and asked them what they wanted above all. Then we consulted a scientist who had made deep study of soap's action on the hair.
With all our soap-making skill, all our experience, we started out to meet all those requirements. It took us 18 months. We made up and tested 130 formulas before this Shaving Cream completely satisfied them all.
But we had then the finest Shaving Cream in existence—a surprise to every user. And men by the millions flocked to this soap when they tried it.

What those men wanted

They wanted abundant lather, so we made a cream which multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
They wanted quick action. So we made a cream which softens the beard in one minute, without hot towels, without finger rubbing.
They wanted durability. So we made a cream which maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
They wanted fine after effects. So we made the cream a lotion by blending in it palm and olive oils—the supreme cosmetics.
But the scientist specified the most important requirement. He said that most soaps were too flimsy. The bubbles were weak.
It is bubbles that support the hairs for cutting. Strong bubbles would hold them erect. Weak bubbles let them fall down.
So we evolved strong bubbles. That's the chief reason for these easy, quick, clean shaves. That, above all, is why this cream delights you.

If you do not know Palmolive Shaving Cream, do us the kindness to try it. And a kindness to yourself. We have made what you want, and we want you to know it. Cut out the coupon.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

nothing more than to be told the names of a few books which will make "good summer reading." And such a list, or lists, appears in the July *Review*. These lists are interestingly worked into fictitious dialog between a group of writers in a New Hampshire summer colony. The lists, of course, are neither complete nor offered as the very best, but simply as a more or less random selection from the large crop. Excerpted and classified they are as follows:

FICTION

"The Affairs at Flower-Acres," by Carolyn Wells; "Annette and Bennett," by Gilbert Cannan; "Anthony John," by Jerome K. Jerome; "The Barge of Haunted Lives," by J. Aubrey Tyson; "The Best Short Stories of 1922," edited by Edward J. O'Brien; "Black Oxen," by Gertrude Atherton; "Capital Hill," by Harvey Fergusson; "The Captain's Doll," by D. H. Lawrence; "Challenge," by V. Sackville-West; "The Chaste Diana," by E. Barington; "Children of Men," by Eden Phillpotts; "Demian," by Herman Hesse; "Desolate Splendour," by Michael Sadleir; "The Enchanted April," by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden"; "Faint Perfume," by Zona Gale; "The Fascinating Stranger," by Booth Tarkington; "The Four Stragglers," by Frank L. Packard; "Futility," by William Gerhardt; "Gates of Life," by Edwin Björkman; "Georgian Stories, 1922"; "Going Together," by Louise Dutton; "His Children's Children," by Arthur Train; "Huntingtower," by John Buchan; "Impromptu," by Elliott Paul; "In Dark Places," by John Russell; "Kai-Lung's Golden Hours," by Ernest Bramah; "Lady into Fox," by David Garnett; "The Last of the Vikings," by Johan Bojer; "Many Marriages," by Sherwood Anderson; "Men Like Gods," by H. G. Wells; "The Murder on the Links," by Agatha Chrystie; "Pender Among the Residents," by Forrest Reid; "Ponjola," by Cynthia Stockley; "Ralph Herne," by W. H. Hudson; "The Road to Calvary," by Alexey Tolstoy; "Sinbad," by C. K. Scott; "Stella Dallas," by Olive Higgins Prouty; "Stonecrop," by Cecile Tormay; "Times Have Changed," by Elmer Davis; "The Tree of the Garden," by E. C. Booth; "The Victim," by Phyllis Bottome; "The Village," by Ivan Bunin; and "Wisdom's Daughter," by H. Rider Haggard.

POETRY

"April Twilights," by Willa Cather; "Collected Poems," by Vachel Lindsay; "Selected Poems," by John Masefield; "Selected Poems," by Robert Frost; "Selected Poems," by George Sterling; "Dublin Days," by L. A. G. Strong; "Fox Foot-prints," by Elizabeth J. Coatsworth; "The Great Dream," by Marguerite Wilkinson; "Maine Coast," by Wilbert Snow; "One Hundred Poems," by Sir William Watson; "Poems," by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt; "Poems," by George Santayana; "Roman Bartholow," by Edwin Arlington Robinson; and "Roast Leviathan," by Louis Untermeyer.

LITERATURE, HUMOR AND ESSAYS

"The Advance of the American Short Story," by Edward J. O'Brien; "As I Was Saying," by Burgess Johnson; "Books in

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Black and Red," by Edmund L. Pearson; "Books Reviewed," by J. C. Squire; "A Hind in Richmond Park," by W. H. Hudson; "Hunting a Hair Shirt," by Aline Kilmer; "In the Neighborhood of Murray Hill," by Robert Cortes Holliday; "The Joys of the Road," compiled by W. R. B.; "A Line o' Gowf or Two," by Bert Leston Taylor; "The Literary Discipline," by John Erskine; "Nature in American Literature," by Norman Foster; "The Powder of Sympathy," by Christopher Morley; "A Scrap Book," by George Saintsbury; "So There!" by Franklin P. Adams; "The Story of the World's Literature," by John Macy; "These United States," a composite survey; "Things That Have Interested Me: Second Series," by Arnold Bennett; and "Studies in Literature: Second Series," by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.

History, Biography and Travel

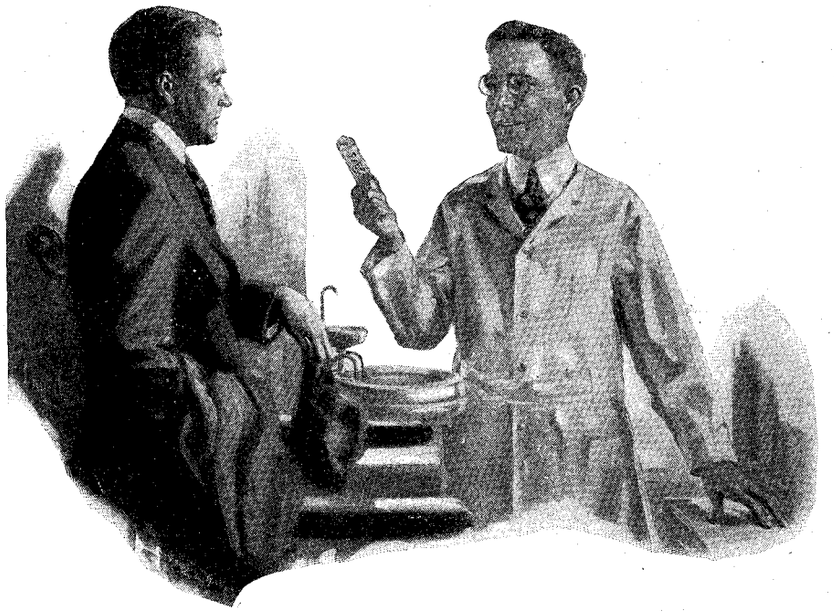
"Alaska, Our Northern Wonderland," by Frank G. Carpenter; "Ambling Through Acadia," by Charles Hanson Towne; "Among Unknown Eskimos," by Julian W. Bilbey; "A Beachcomber in the Orient," by Harry L. Foster; "By Camel and Car to the Peacock Throne," by E. A. Powell; "Casual Wanderings in Equador," by Blair Niles; "Down the Mackenzie," by Fullerton Waldo; "Ebony and Ivory," by Llewlyn Powys; "From Tangier to Tripoli," by Frank G. Carpenter; "The Indian's Book," by Natalie Curtis; "Memories of Travel," by James Bryce; "Men of the Inner Jungle," by W. F. Adler; "Peaks of Shala," by Rose W. Lane; "Roughing It Smoothly," by Elon H. Jessup; "Spain in Silhouette," by Trowbridge Hall; "Within the Gateways of the Far East," by Charles R. Erdman; and "A Woman Tenderfoot in Egypt," by Grace T. Seton. The more personal books about individualities include "Barnum," by M. R. Werner; "The Book of My Youth," by Hermann Sudermann; "Damaged Souls," by Gamaliel Bradford; "The Journal of Marie Leneru," translated by W. A. Bradley; "Life of Christ," by Giovanni Papini; "The Life of Louise Imogene Guiney," by E. M. Tenison; "A Life of William Shakespeare," by Joseph Quincy Adams; "Lord Northcliffe," by Max Pemberton; "My Thirty Years in Baseball," by John J. McGraw; "Things Near and Far," by Arthur Machen; and "Things Remembered," by Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

Gardening and Nature Books

"The Amateur's Book of the Flower Garden," by Ida D. Bennett; "First Steps in Farming," by Alva Agee; "Mother Nature," by William J. Long; "The Spirit of the Garden," by Martha B. Hutcheson; "Variety in the Little Garden," by Mrs. Francis King; "The Way of the Wild," by Clarence Hawkes; "Wild Animal Homesteads," by Enos A. Mills; and "Wild Flowers," by Herbert Durand.

Sports

"The Angler's Companion," by Thomas T. Stoddart; "Autocamping," by E. E. Brimmer; "Books of the Black Bass," by James A. Henshall; "First Steps to Golf," by G. S. Brown; "First Steps to Lawn Tennis," by A. E. Beamish; "Lawn Tennis Do's and Don'ts," by A. E. Crawley; "Motor Campcraft," by E. E. Brimmer; "The Psychology of Golf," by Leslie Schon; "So This Is Golf!" by Harry Leon Wilson; "Riding Astride for



That's the Way

To teeth you envy
Just combat the dingy film

When you see glistening teeth—as you do everywhere now—remember how folks get them.

Leading dentists the world over are urging a fight on film. Millions now employ the method. And wherever you go you now see the results.

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Why teeth discolor

You feel on your teeth a viscous film. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. If you leave that film, it becomes discolored by food or tobacco stains. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. That's why teeth grow cloudy.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in film. They cause many serious troubles, local and internal. Thus film is the teeth's chief enemy.

Now easy to combat

Dental science, in late years, has learned how to fight that film. It has found two film combatants. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was perfected to apply those methods daily.

That tooth paste is called Pepsodent. Careful people of some fifty nations are employing it today.

It also does this

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It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

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Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

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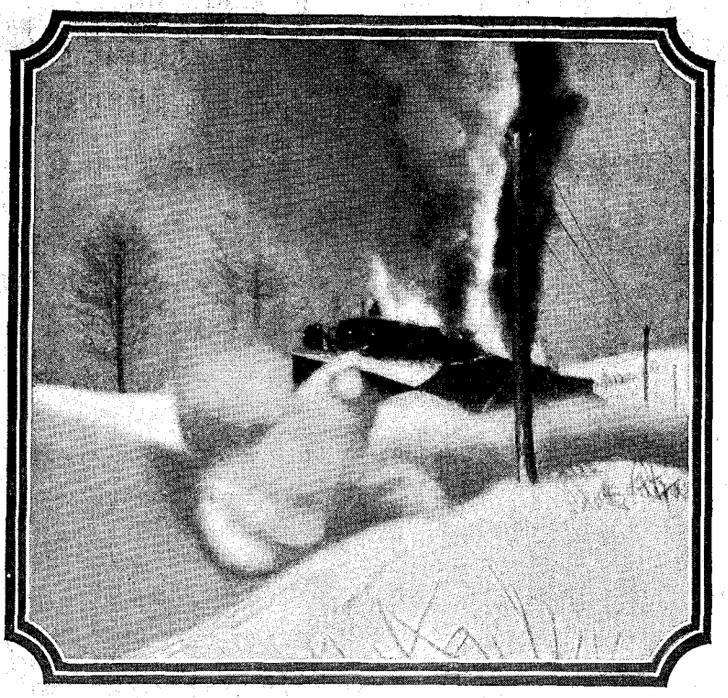

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IF winter comes and finds you without Consolidation Coal, the balance sheet will show it.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Girls," by Ivy Maddison; and "Tragic Fishing Moments," by Will H. Dilg.

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Plagiarism as a Profession.
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.....*Maurice Francis Egan*
A Strange Assortment of Damaged Souls.
.....*Brander Matthews*
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.....*Percy A. Hutchison*
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A Close-up of Books and Authors.
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USING THE "RAH-RAH" BOYS' METHODS FOR SELLING MILK

COLLEGE athletes have for years been practising the kind of teamwork which means cooperative effort, but milk-drivers have for the most part been content to concern themselves with that teamwork of a far different nature which only involves managing horses. Now, however, many milk-wagon drivers in Minneapolis are experimenting with that variety of teamwork long familiar to "rah-rah" boys. They are doing this through a milk-distributing service which is owned jointly by customers, the drivers, and other workers in the creamery plants. This new-fangled team, a cooperative business enterprise, already has made several goals on the gridiron of commercial life, but its opponents, the "regular" dealers, are desperate and seem to have a few trick plays still up their sleeve, to judge from a story of the "contest" by Charles W. Holman in *The Woman Citizen* (New York), who assures us that the milk-distributing association "promises to become one of the most remarkable experiments in cooperation." First of all, Mr. Holman notes that any rise in the price of milk usually brings howls of protests from the consumers, regardless of the justification for such an increase, because—

In some inexplicable way the average housewife confuses the dealer with the farmer and holds the resentful thought

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that the price she pays for milk is the price the farmer receives. This fallacy for a time was encouraged by some dealers in various parts of the country through subtle use of the news in relation to changing milk prices, which was their method of "passing the buck." A cent a quart rise always causes a city-wide flurry and an immediate drop in the aggregate quantity of milk purchased. We have always a tender condition of the public mind in regard to milk.

That is why the story of the Franklin Cooperative Creamery Association of Minneapolis has a direct appeal to you and to me. And that is why also its success may point out one way to solve the problem of maintaining an adequate, high-quality milk supply at the lowest possible cost. I shall tell you the story of "The Franklin" as it was told to me when I visited Minneapolis and talked with its leaders.

As in many other cases, the cooperative idea was conceived and put into effect only after a dispute between employers and employees had set the latter to thinking of ways to end these constantly recurring clashes. In this particular instance, three years ago, the controversy was not so much over wages as over the proposed reorganization of the milk drivers' union and the right to form a union of technical workers inside the plants. The result was what the dealers called a strike and the drivers termed a lockout. Mr. Holman, who is executive secretary of the National Milk Producers' Federation, in Washington, continues:

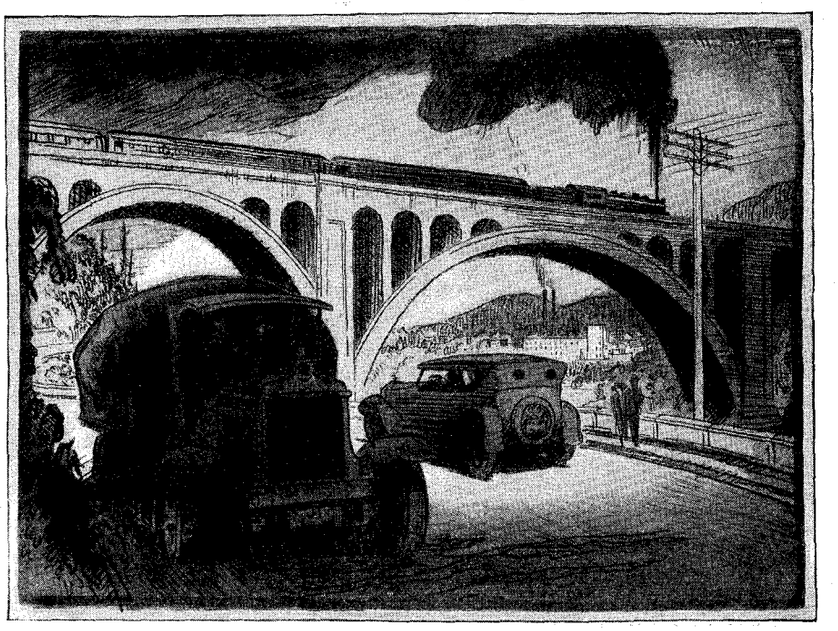
The trouble gave birth to the idea that some day the union drivers and unionized plant workers might have a creamery of their own.

This idea was enthusiastically held and promoted by Edward Solem, the business agent of the local drivers' union. Solem had studied and digested the Rochdale theory of cooperation for workers. He decided that the same principles could be applied to milk distribution. He dreamed the idea and talked it. It resulted in a committee being formed. This committee tried to purchase a milk plant in northeast Minneapolis, but according to the co-operators, "the milk dealers got wise to it, took up a collection amongst themselves and bought the plant." A little later the strike troubles were settled. But Solem and his fellow enthusiasts continued to agitate to have their own organization. To his fellow workers Solem said in substance:

"Look here. We furnish the technical skill which enables the dealers to run their plants. About all our bosses do is to buy the milk from the farmers' association as low as they can, supervise us and see to it that the books are kept straight. They are not supermen. They are just ordinary chaps with hard common sense. Among ourselves we have enough ability to do what they are doing; but we have not the capital. There is a way to get the capital. The consumers will furnish it."

To the consumers he was prepared to say: "Here is an opportunity to own your own milk supply. Why patronize a middleman when, by investing a few hundred dollars, you can get an interest on your money and have your own milk delivered to your own door for the exact cost of doing so?"

Solem's enthusiasn was infectious. A



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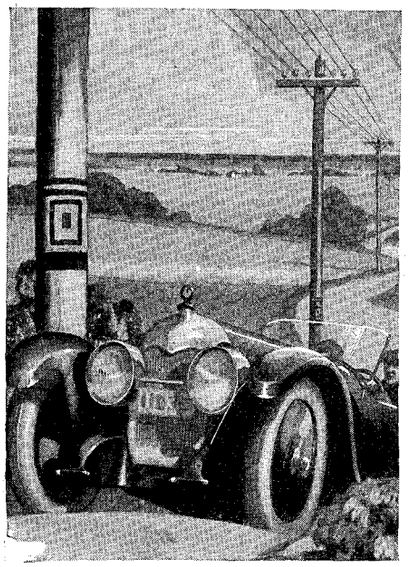

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

committee was formed and in October of 1919 the Franklin Co-Operative Creamery Association was organized and incorporated under the cooperative law of Minnesota. It was decided to build a new plant and to locate in the southwest section of Minneapolis—a typical laboring men's community. In this neighborhood most of the initial stock was sold, but it was not until March 24 of 1921 that the plant was ready for occupancy. It was a modern plant in every way, designed to supply milk to a maximum of sixty-five wagons. The plant could pasteurize and bottle milk, make butter, cottage cheese and buttermilk.

At the first meeting the stockholders elected a directorate composed of veteran union drivers. This board unionized the plant one hundred per cent. It reached over and took away from the private dealers the most intelligent and experienced drivers; for it is the driver who is the business getter in the city milk business. It offered these drivers a wage scale somewhat higher than the private dealers were paying them. Likewise it made favorable inducements to get the most highly skilled men in its plant.

By the first of April eighteen drivers were put to work. The ease with which the business was built may be illustrated by the case of an old driver, returning from Sweden to Minneapolis, who was taken on. He started out with an empty wagon to build his own route. In two weeks he was earning at the rate of two hundred and fifty dollars a month. The average driver in the cooperative earns a minimum of one hundred and fifty dollars a month and his earnings increase according to the quantity of products sold by him.

Week by week additional wagons were put on and before the end of the year the plant was running at maximum capacity and additional machinery had been ordered. By September of 1922 the plant was supplying eighty-four wagons, running over routes closely concentrated and convenient to the plant.

To meet a growing demand throughout the city, the Franklin Association opened last November in the northern section of Minneapolis a plant capable of supplying 170 wagons. We are told that—

Its opening was the occasion of a great cooperative demonstration—a housewarming, so to speak. Thousands of people attended, there being at that time nearly seven thousand stockholders participating in the project. Noted speakers discust the fundamentals of cooperation. The musical program was furnished from the ranks of the employees of the Franklin Plant No. 1. Early in the life of the association a glee club had been formed and an orchestra had been created. Both of these musical institutions had practised regularly under a trained leader.

The opening of the north side plant was the signal for a milk price-cutting war in Minneapolis. It is said that the dealers in other cities are preparing to back Minneapolis dealers financially in order to destroy the cooperative association; for they fear that the success of "The Franklin" will result in a rapid extension of cooperative milk distribution to their own communities. The Minneapolis dealers have some reason to feel concerned. The

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FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

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cooperative is now selling more than one-fourth of all the milk consumed in Minneapolis. It has become the largest milk distributor in that city. It has an authorized capital of one million dollars. In last October more than $600,000 of this had been paid in and stock sales were progressing at the rate of $25,000 a week.

The by-laws provide that no single person may own over $1,000 of the stock. It does not matter whether a stockholder owns one share or ten, the association operates on the one-stockholder, one-vote basis. The by-laws limit the dividend on capital to eight per cent., but do not require this full dividend to be paid. They do require a part of the earnings to be set aside for maintenance, depreciation and reserve. The balance of the profits is distributed on a patronage basis among employees and consumers. That is to say, if a five per cent. dividend were declared on patronage, and during the year you had purchased forty dollars' worth of milk and twenty-five dollars' worth of butter, you would get a patronage dividend check of $3.75.

A wage-worker drawing $1,500 a year would get a wage dividend of seventy-five dollars. The by-laws also require that a certain percentage of the net earnings be set aside for educational purposes. A further provision concerns patrons who are not shareholders. It permits the patronage dividend to apply on the payment of a share of stock, and in time if the patron does not pay in any cash he may own a share in the company.

The board of directors are all employees—all old-time drivers. They are also stockholders. The influence of unionism is shown by the creation of a special grievance committee, formed to consider misconduct of members or neglect of duty of officers and employees. Should any matter of that kind arise it would be a sort of trial board, but so far nothing has occurred to bring about a trial. The plant itself shows the result of a good morale. All plant workers are in white uniforms. The place is sweet-smelling and clean. One room is set aside for the drivers who congregate in the middle of the night to go out on their routes. This room is equipped with games and a library. Adjoining it is a lunch-room run for the workers on a co-operative basis; the exact cost of preparing food is charged the men. In another room is a small laboratory equipped with the latest apparatus for testing milk. Everywhere are indications of care being taken to put out and preserve a good, sweet milk supply.

The Association holds an annual meeting in January of each year. Ten per cent. of the shareholders may constitute a quorum. It is easy to get out a quorum because the stockholders live in the same city. The annual meeting, like the housewarming meeting for plant No. 2—is always something of a social occasion. It does a lot to keep up the spirit.

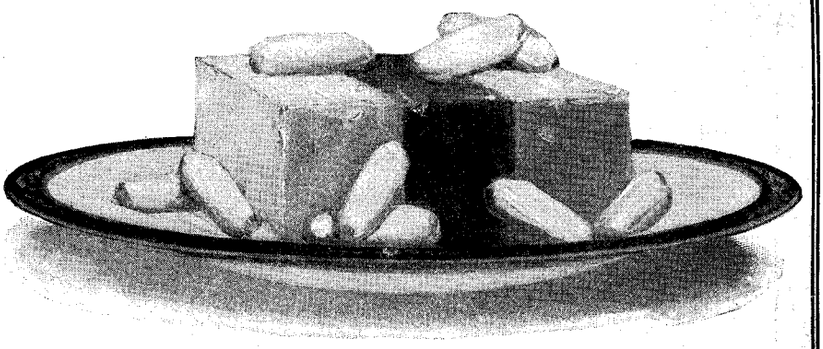
Big Business.—A man came in and asked if he could see the boss. They told him he would have to wait, that the boss was in conference.

"Very important," added the attendant.

"I know that," said the stranger. "I heard the cork pop."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Made a Hit.—Boxing Instructor—"Are you satisfied with your first boxing lesson?"

Battered Pupil—"Y-e-s; but don't you think I could take the others by correspondence?"—*Le Rire (Paris).*



Summer Joys

Which millions have discovered

Have you ever tried Puffed Rice on ice cream?

Some of the finest restaurants use it in that way.

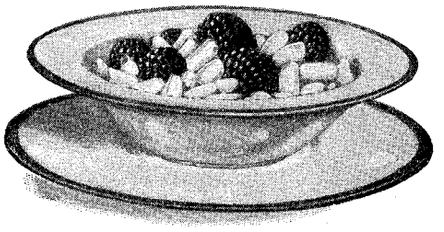
These airy rice grains, flaky and crisp, have a taste like toasted nuts—and, like the ice cream, fairly melt away.

Have you served Puffed Rice with melted butter?

That makes a food confection. Children eat it like peanuts or popcorn. And it is much better for them than sweetmeats or pastries.

Puffed Wheat in milk at night

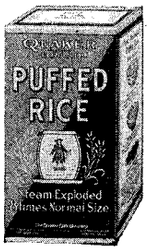
For luncheons, suppers or at bedtime, serve Puffed Wheat in milk. This dish supplies 12 needed minerals, 3 vitamines and bran. And it makes the food essentials so inviting that children eat enough.



What they add to berries

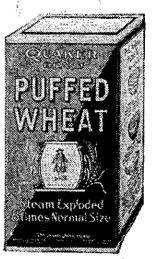
Puffed Rice adds to berries what flaky crust adds to short-cake or to pie. They belong together. Try this delightful blend.

Quaker Puffed Rice **Quaker Puffed Wheat**



Food cells are exploded

Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat are not mere cereal dainties. They are scientific foods, invented by Professor Anderson. The food cells are broken for easy digestion. And whole grains, fitted to digest, are foods which children should eat daily. Serve them often.



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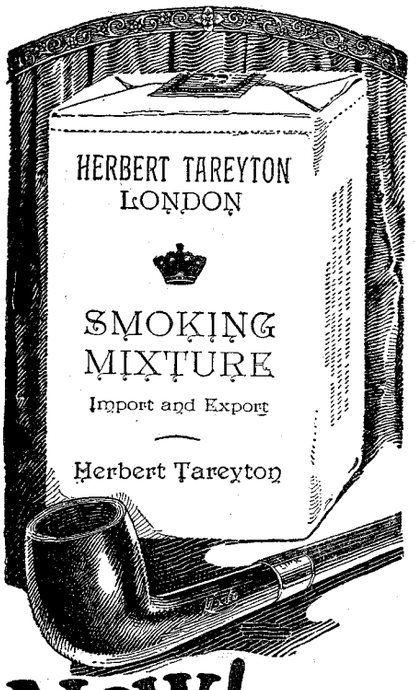

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SPORTS - AND - ATHLETICS

"THE BENEVOLENT BROTHERHOOD OF BASEBALL BUGS"

A "WHO'S Who in the Grandstand" seems to be the latest "crying need" in America—a volume which would tell at a glance at least the job, business, trade, or profession (if any) of each one of the fans, rooters, or bugs—call them what you will—who blithely kill thousands of grandmothers day after day in order to get a chance to see big, and even little, league baseball teams in action. Of course our "hoi-polloi" can be counted upon to be among those present at these games. In fact, some writers have even hinted broadly that the attendance at a ball park consists of nothing else but "hoi-polloi," and that the "laboring class" dominates not only the bleachers but also the choice seats right behind the home-plate. In other words, the rumor has gone abroad that baseball is a "poor man's" game, and one not good enough for anybody who is anybody. News dispatches frequently tell us that this or that college has dropt baseball as a major sport in favor of some more genteel form of athletics, such as tennis, rowing, or basketball, or football. All of which leads Edgar F. Wolfe, writing under the pseudonym "Jim Nasium" in *Sporting Life* (Philadelphia) to exclaim peevishly that "some benighted persons, whose intellect has shriveled till it rattles in their skulls like a pea in a gourd, have the nerve to say that baseball fans are the 'rabble of the community.'"

With typically American vigor and slang Mr. Wolfe retorts, "'Rabble' my eye! They're the soul of the solid citizenry of the nation, that's what they are!" He says further: "Only in that country in which baseball is known—America—does democracy achieve a close approach to a real fact. And probably the country at large does not fully appreciate the important part that baseball has played in this establishment. Nothing in all history has so gript an entire people as baseball has gript the American nation from the highest to the lowest; nothing has ever been known to form such a bond of common interest between men of all ranks. Its great value to the nation and individuals as a whole is that of a connecting link between the classes." By way of elaborating his views, he continues:

WITH THE "RABBLE" AT A BASEBALL GAME

President and Mrs. Harding are seen here in a grandstand at Augusta, Georgia, getting some "inside dope" from Ty Cobb, manager of the Detroit Tigers. Other members of the baseball "rabble," it seems, are leading financiers, captains of industry, statesmen and jurists.

Men may be far apart in their stations in life, but that one common interest draws them together in human sympathy. Capital and Labor may have their own private differences, but they unite in "rooting" for the same ball club, forget their selfish ends in discussing a subject that holds a common interest for both.

It makes human beings out of those who would otherwise be self-centered fops. As a bond of brotherhood it has every fraternal organization ever invented whipt to a whisper, because its scope is wider—the average fraternal organization being a class institution in itself, while every mother's son from banker to bum is eligible for membership in the Benevolent Brotherhood of Baseball Bugs.

The popular fallacy seems to be that baseball fans are confined almost exclusively to the laboring classes. It is a common mistake of writers who should know better to assert that the working class—the ordinary "hands" of the factories, mills and industrial plants, are the principal financial support of our great national pastime, and even baseball club-owners labor under this delusion and place undue importance on the arranging of

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See the announcements of these publishers in the July International Book Review

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On page 58 you will find advertised:

Bookshops
Rare Books
First Editions
Books for Writers
Literary Representatives
Foreign Books
Autographs
Manuscripts Typed

and other items of particular interest for the writer, the collector and all true book lovers.

A Contest For All Book Lovers

LAST MONTH ten distinguished literary critics and writers waged a ferocious battle in The International Book Review over the selection of the ten best books of the present century.

After they got through it was discovered that, among them, they had voted for 89 different books! When professionals can not agree there is but one thing to do—go to the amateur, the layman, the average man-in-the-armchair.

Every book lover has his favorite books. The International Book Review wants to know what these books are. Readers of The Literary Digest are invited to send in to the editor of The International Book Review a list of ten favorite books published since 1900. From all the lists submitted a composite list will be made containing the ten books receiving the greatest number of votes. Send in *your* selections of the ten great books of the present century and then see how many of these will be included in the final list, to appear in the December number. The contest closes October 15th. See the July International Book Review (page 22) for further particulars.

Also, in this number there are other features of unusual interest. Plagiarism in literature, for example. Did you know that all the great writers—Shakespeare, Byron, Molière, Pascal, Chateaubriand—freely used the ideas of others, and admitted it? If the thought shocks you, read what Blasco Ibáñez has to say about "Plagiarism as a Profession," in the July Book Review.

Then there is an entertaining discussion of the best summer reading which may be helpful for vacation. Or, perhaps, you are interested in the problems of man's ancestry. A book of great importance has just been published on the subject, and is reviewed in this issue. In addition, there are articles and reviews by Brander Matthews, Maurice Francis Egan, Charles De Kay, Walter Littlefield, and other prominent writers. You will want to read the Book Review every month. Use the coupon for a year's subscription.

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

their starting time to suit the working hours of the laboring class. Publications devoted to baseball are continually met by the mistaken assertion of advertising space buyers that "baseball fans do not constitute the buying public." There seems to exist a popular delusion to the effect that baseball interest is more rife among the so-called "lower classes" than it is among the higher type of business man—in other words, that baseball "fans" are the rabble of the community, in spite of every evidence that goes to prove that the biggest percentage of baseball "fans" is really found among the leaders in the marts of trade and the social world.

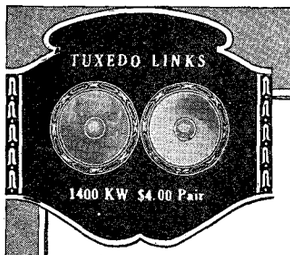
As a matter of real fact, the financial support of baseball is provided by the so-called "moneyed class" and NOT by the "working class" to whom that honor is too frequently accorded. We have no hesitation in declaring that if an accurate poll were taken of the attendance at any big-league ball game the ratio would be around 80 per cent. of business officials, office employees and men of leisure to 20 per cent. of the actual "laboring class." Take the Polo Grounds on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon and compare the bleacher attendance to that of the private boxes and higher priced grandstand seats and you will see that this is true.

Watch the average business man as he looks over his morning paper and you will see that while he glances over the headlines of the other pages holding the paper spread out in both hands, when he comes to the sporting page he turns it over and begins to read, and it's a mortal cinch that the banks, brokerage offices, and higher type of commercial institutions provide a larger percentage of the average baseball crowd than all the factories and mills in the land. If baseball clubs had to depend upon the "laboring class" for its financial support there wouldn't be any $100,000 ball players nor million-dollar ball parks—yet they tell you that the "laboring class constitutes the great army of baseball fans" and that "baseball fans are not the buying public."

This is a popular fallacy descended from the days when stars like Larry Lajoie, "Pop" Anson and Ed Delehanty had to burglarize the club safe to get more than $1,500 a year, and does not belong to the age in which Babe Ruth, Rogers Hornsby, Ty Cobb, and Tris Speaker can drag down from $20,000 to $50,000 in a summer season.

Since that day in the dim and distant past the Benevolent Order of Baseball Bugs has invaded the inner sanctums of society and the private offices of Big Business institutions and snared the Sheik of the Shebang for membership—and this fraternity has made of him a more democratic human being and therefore a better citizen.

These statements regarding the universality of the appeal of baseball are eloquent and all that, and the conclusions follow logically from the premises, but if Mr. Wolfe's article contained only such glittering generalities a reader might be excused for not agreeing with the opinions therein set forth. The writer, however, clinches his argument by several anecdotes which seem to prove beyond doubt that bankers as well as boilermakers, and states-



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men as well as stevedores are real "fans." We are told, for instance, that—

Some years ago, before the formation of the Steel Trust, and when Charles M. Schwab was still president of the Carnegie Steel Company, a Pittsburgh newspaper in looking for local features for its Sunday edition planned a story on "A Day with the President of the Greatest Steel Company in the World." Having no feature writer available to handle the "copy," it drew on the sports department and assigned the baseball writer to the job. The man whose daily literary duty had been confined to more or less accurate accounts of the doings of Hans Wagner, Fred Clarke, and Tommy Leach made an appointment with Mr. Schwab and called at the Schwab home at the appointed hour to get the "dope" from Mr. Schwab from which to construct his story.

Mr. Schwab's opening remark effectually gummed up the carefully prepared catechism of questions with which the embryo feature writer hoped to lure from the steel magnate the information he needed for the construction of his feature and then be on his way.

"I suppose your idea is to put me in a box score," said Mr. Schwab. "Oh, I read your baseball stories every day. I'm a fan you know."

Then followed a long discussion on baseball, from which they drifted into music—it happened that both Mr. Schwab and the baseball writer were skilled musicians. Then they went in to the music room and played a few duets, Mr. Schwab at the piano and the writer on the violin, on which he was a proficient performer. The evening waned in social intercourse between the steel magnate and the baseball writer without the latter even touching on the topic for which the appointment had been made, which was Mr. Schwab himself and his duties as president of a great steel corporation.

For this neglect Mr. Schwab apologized when the hour grew late, and made a subsequent appointment at which he said he would give the writer all the information he desired. Followed another meeting between the two, at which there was further "fanning" on baseball and music, but at which the writer secured the information he sought and a lot more that neither he nor the editors of the paper had ever dreamed of and which Mr. Schwab thought would "help the story." When the completed story finally appeared, Mr. Schwab sent for the baseball writer.

"How would you like to enter the steel business?" he asked.

The baseball writer demurred, saying that he preferred to work out his own destiny in the newspaper game, and they parted with the steel magnate saying that if he ever changed his mind and decided to accept his proposition he, Schwab, would give him a position that might lead to a seat high up in the steel business.

Aided by the exclusive information given by Mr. Schwab, the baseball fan, to the baseball writer, through a common interest that had drawn them together, the story made a pronounced "hit," and the baseball writer was assigned to cover another Sunday feature story. This time it was "Stringing a Schedule," dealing with how this difficult problem is solved by the railroads, and the writer went to L. A. Robinson, then General Passenger Agent of the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie Railroad, to get his information.

In Mr. Robinson he encountered another baseball fan, and the talk dwelt more on

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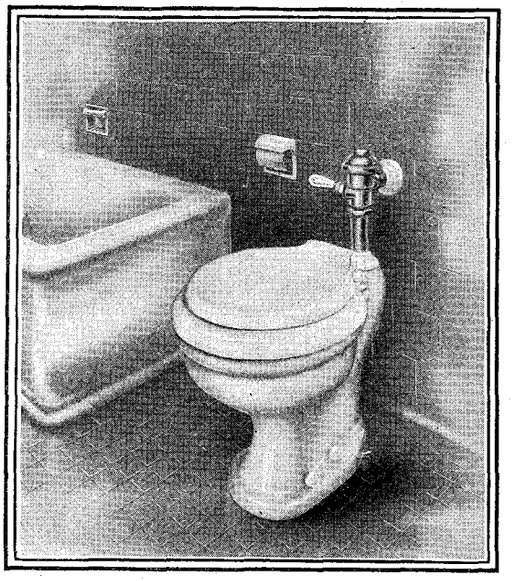

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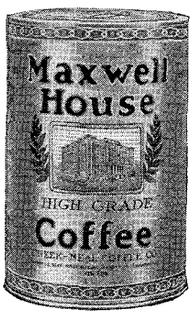

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

the possibilities of the Pirates winning the pennant than it did on the art of "Stringing a Schedule," but the information was finally secured and the story written, following which Mr. Robinson offered inducements for the baseball writer to go into the railroad "game," which the writer at the time declined.

Later the baseball writer got into some dispute with the managing editor, who was A. P. Moore, recently appointed United States Consul to Spain, and he again called on his friend L. A. Robinson, the baseball "fan," and accepted the position he offered him on the railroad. That writer, Win B. Morris, is now one of the head officials of the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie Railroad—and he reached that position through the fellow feeling that exists between baseball fans.

Still more picturesque and conclusive as testimony to the popularity of baseball is this following story:

In the spring of 1915 a ten-year-old nephew of George Elkins, the Philadelphia multimillionaire, suffered a long siege of sickness. For a long time his life was despaired of, and his uncle told him that if he would be a good boy and take his medicine regularly, when he got well he could have anything he asked for. When the boy finally recovered, after a lingering illness, Mr. Elkins reminded him of his promise and exprest a willingness to fulfil it, requesting the little convalescent to display no hesitation in asking for anything in the world he desired.

The boy thought it over for a long time. His uncle was financially able to procure for him anything his boyish desires might crave. Automobiles, ponies, hundreds o things which might be expected to temp a boy thus fortunately situated probably flitted through the little fellow's mind. After days of careful consideration of the question, the boy finally decided:

"Uncle George," he said, "I want to shake hands with Alexander, the Phillies' pitcher."

His uncle argued with him in vain. The boy discarded everything that money might buy just to "shake hands with Alexander, the Phillies' pitcher."

Mr. Wolfe gravely informs us that "that little boy, the scion of wealth, voiced the spirit of the baseball fan as he is to-day—the spirit of democracy." He goes on:

Only when larger boys, through a common interest, forget their first impulses to profit by the possibilities of their own selfish position will that result be finally achieved. And baseball has provided that common interest to a greater extent than anything yet invented.

Democracy consists of an equal distribution of effort and reward, based on a proper proportion of each. Instead of this we have been living too much in first impulses of increased profits by the man in the private box and decreased efficiency on the part of the man in the bleachers. Common interest in baseball is proving the humanizing factor that is drawing the two ends of our social and business life together into a citizenry that is—just human beings.

Go to an American League ball game in Washington and you will see there the nation's chief executive, President Warren

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r. Harding, keeping his score on a score ard the same as an ordinary "fan" in the achers. Scattered through the grand- nd and in the private boxes you will United States Senators, judges of the preme Court, foreign diplomats, high cials of the nation and Government nployees of all classes. President Harding imself once owned a ball club in Marion, Ohio, and many of the Senators have layed the game in their younger days and ave been rabid "fans" ever since.

Attend a ball game at the Polo Grounds New York, and if you have any kind of n intimate acquaintance with New York's usiness life you will recognize there many the leading kings of finance and captains industry in the commercial life of Amer- 's metropolis. Engage them in conver- tion and you will find many of them as uch interested in the daily doings of abe Ruth as they are in the trend of their vn business affairs—they hire men to ttend to the latter, while their own private nterest is absorbed in the former.

This spring the Governor of the State of regon declared a legal holiday all over e State on the day the Pacific Coast gue season opened in Portland, declar- , in his official proclamation that "base- all has become a national institution and hould be officially recognized as such."

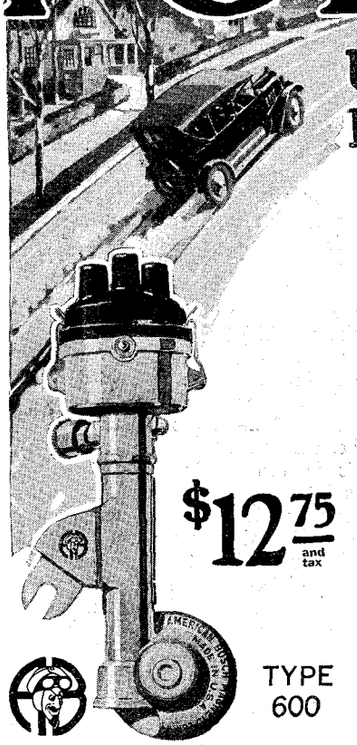
Interest in baseball and other sports has troduced a better code of sportsmanship to the business world, made men more preciative of the efforts of a "good loser." n the World's Series of 1912 the New ork Giants and Boston American League lubs battled for eight games before a de- sion was reached. The first seven games, ich was then the length of the World's ies, resulted in a deadlock with three ories and one tie game, so that an extra e had to be played to decide the cham- ship. That was the most closely tested World's Series that has ever been ed, and when the seventh game carried series into a tie and an extra game had played excitement ran at fever heat. n that series Christy Mathewson, whose ent return to the game as owner of the oston National League Club has been eived with nation-wide acclaim, pitched ee of the best games displayed by any tcher who performed during the series— d lost them all through the errors of his sociates.

It was the eighth and deciding game of e heart-breaking series, staged, as de- ded by lot, at Fenway Park, Boston. Mathewson's cool efficiency the New rk team had intrusted its final desperate rt. Through it all "Matty" bravely ed a wildly exultant and hostile crowd fans and tried to stem the tide of efeat that again had been turned against m by the mistakes of his team-mates— t that game was finally lost through odgrass's now famous $100,000 muff of fly ball that gave the world's champion- ip and the victor's share of the spoils to e Boston team.

As the last man was retired Mathewson ok his worn glove in his hand and started walk off the field with bowed head. ntil that last man had been retired he ad kept his head up and his shoulders uared, fighting against the inevitable and efusing to acknowledge the impending efeat that was plainly apparent to every ectator within that densely packed in- osure. But as he started to walk off the eld alone and defeated his shoulders gged and his chin was on his chest.

Through the long stretch of that heart- nding series that crowd of Boston fans ad been reviling the New York players,

FORDS



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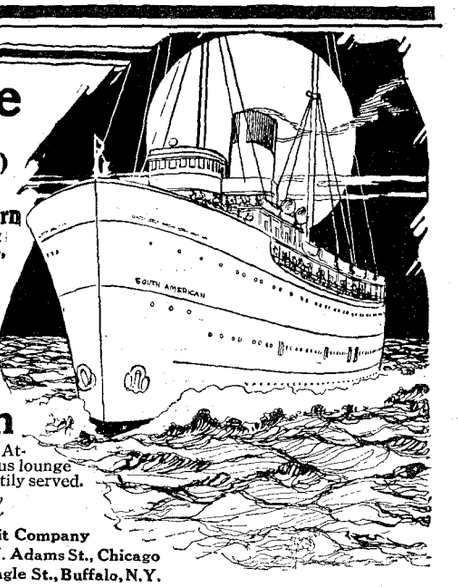

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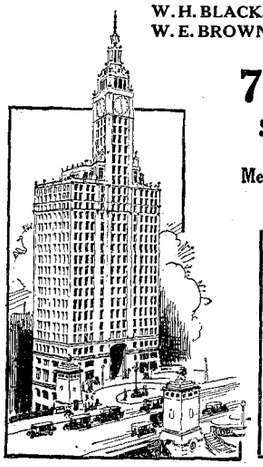

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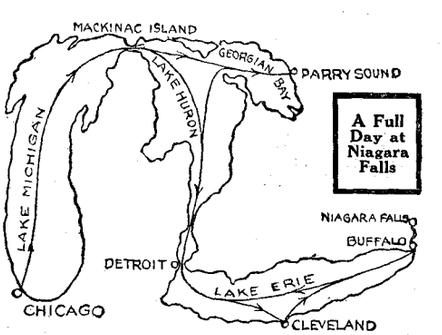

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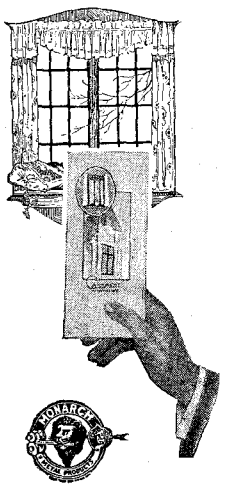

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

obsessed only with the desire for ultimate victory, their selfish purpose accentuated by the bitter rivalry created through the closely contested games. But now, when it was all over, when their ends had been finally attained, with one accord that crowd of 30,000 fans forgot to glorify their victory with exultant cheers, forgot to enthuse over the final achievement of what they had been "rooting" for through eight nerve-racking afternoons, while they rose to their feet and paid due homage with their applause to the lion heart of the defeated pitcher.

Relieved of the emotional impulse that had obsessed him through the actual period of struggle, in the end the baseball fan proved himself big enough to forget his own selfish purpose and pay his respect to the merits of the cause against which he had been arrayed.

This is the sentiment that baseball brings into business life and that makes relationships there more human. While to the superficial observer the baseball fan may appear selfish at times, just so long as the baseball fan can see something bigger and better than the final score just so long may we harbor an abiding faith that once his emotional period has passed the average American, whether he be employer or employee, will be having his final say for that which is fair and right.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION IN THE TENNIS WORLD

WHILE clergymen and social workers are wringing their hands over the doings of the Younger Generation in the line of social diversion, William T. Tilden II calls attention to the doings of the Younger Generation on the tennis courts. No one is better qualified than Tilden to size up the caliber of these embryo stars, for not only has he been tennis champion of the United States for three years; he also has been a leader in the development of latent talent among the younger players. It is commonly admitted that Vincent Richards, who has emerged from the juvenile class to become one of the foremost players in America, owes his rise to fame largely to the careful coaching given by Tilden.

The champion now is devoting his spare moments to developing the technique of a new protégé, of whom he says, in an article in a recent issue of *The Outlook* (New York):

My own little doubles partner, Alexander L. (Sandy) Wiener, is a unique personality in the tennis world of youth. Still in the boys' class, this small lad is the purest stylist in the game. Sandy is not a winner yet. He has not yet realized the power of his own game. He often falters with victory in his grasp, because he does not realize that it is there. Modest, retiring, shy, his very temperament robs him of victories that are his due. Yet when one realizes that in one year, with no previous tournament experience, this youngster earned sixth position in America among the boys, and forced recognition of his style from the highest critics, surely his worth

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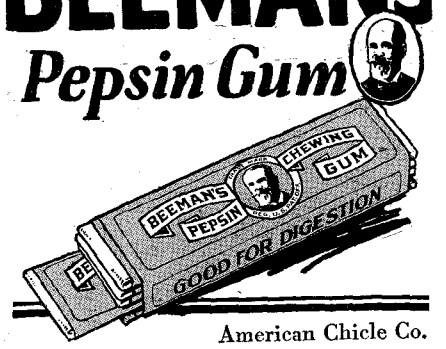

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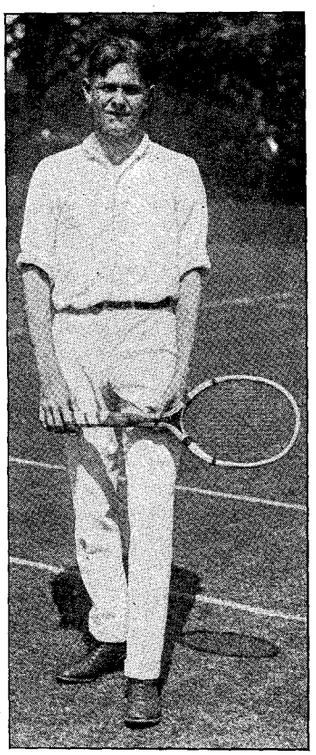
for the future is established. I look to see Sandy, after several seasons of what may well prove bitter disappointment and discouraging experience, find himself and become one of the greatest tennis-players in America, if not the greatest.

But the full flowering of Sandy's ability still is a long way off. Meanwhile it may be well to note the performances of Arnold W. Jones, who has already "arrived" as the National Junior Champion. Tilden tells us that Arnold's success is due to serious study and hard, conscientious practise,



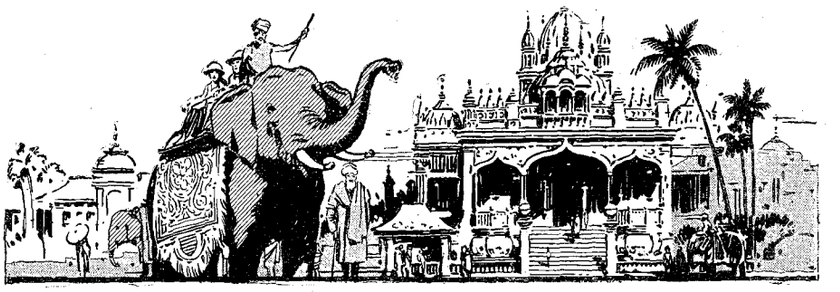
PERSEVERANCE WINS

Constant practise made Arnold W. Jones the Junior Champion.

and that this youth should be an inspiration to every boy or girl who desires to succeed in the game. We read that—

Arnold is the son of J. D. E. Jones, who has been a national tennis figure for twenty-five years. Arnold is a sophomore at Yale, and one of the greatest players in collegiate ranks. Last year, as a member of the Yale-Harvard team which toured England, he made the memorable record of six victories and no defeats. It is a marvelous game with which Jones has earned his position. In 1919 he won the boys' national title, with little more than a splendid forehand drive and remarkable fighting qualities. Arnold realized that he would never attain the very top flight with a lopsided game, so during the winter of 1919–1920 and that of 1920–1921 he worked systematically on his father's indoor court in Providence to develop his backhand, and volley games. The remarkable result of such serious work was shown when he crusht Lewis White, of Texas, the second ranking Junior of America, 6–0, 6–1, 6–0, in the final of the Junior National Championship, by the most perfect tennis that I have ever seen played by a boy.

The feminine counterpart of Arnold is



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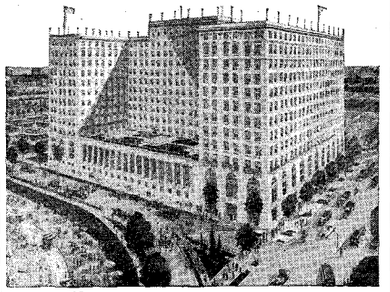

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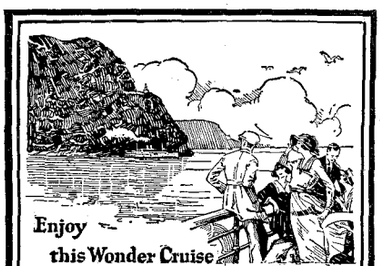

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

the diminutive Helen Wills, the Junior girl champion and runner-up to Mrs. Molla Bjursted Mallory in the women's event. Tilden notes that—

This marvelous little lady is a California product, another of those wonderful champions, a list which includes May Sutton Bundy, Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman, and

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So Tilden calls Helen Wills. She is also a great tennis-player.

Mary Browne, a trio of sportswomen who stand for all the best in tennis. Helen Wills is a worthy successor to these Golden Gate stars.

Helen is sixteen years old, short, stocky, almost awkward, quiet, calm, and delightful. She is an unspoiled child, yet at the same time a great tennis-player. Helen, like Arnold Jones, is reaping the reward of earnest effort and serious study. For some years she has practised with close attention to form and stroke at the Berkeley Tennis Club. To-day she holds the Pacific Coast Championship for Women and is recognized as the leading star of the coast; only Mary Browne herself is her peer.

This wonder-child of the Golden Gate is an example of tournament temperament and manners which it would be good for all rising players to follow. Star that she is, Helen is always on time for a match. She "reports in" to the Committee, and upon receiving her assignment to court is found quietly awaiting her opponent at the appointed time and place. The match itself is a business matter with Helen, who disposes of it as rapidly as possible, but with a great charm and generous appreciation of her opponent's play that wins the hearts of all who see her. Then she disappears with her mother, who always accompanies her to all matches, and is seen no more

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until her next match. There is much of that mystery about her off the court that held such a potent spell for the countless admirers of Maude Adams, that eternal spirit of youth, Peter Pan, whom all loved on the stage and wanted to know off it, but could never find her to do it.

Helen Wills is undoubtedly the greatest potential woman tennis-player in America. Many people believe she will win the National Crown itself this year. Frankly, wonderful as I think Helen is, I can not see her conquering "Marvelous Molla" for some seasons.

Tilden then proceeds to name the juvenile players who are coming to the fore in various parts of the nation. The Far West, the Middle West, the South, and the East each has its boy or girl "wonder." Regarding the masculine players the champion remarks: "Every district has some boy who may develop into a Davis Cup star." But the thousands of other youngsters who are unknown to fame are not forgotten in this article. Tilden has these "mute, inglorious Miltons" of the net game in mind when he says:

There is no royal road to tennis success. It is only by hard, long work that one scales the heights. These youngsters I have mentioned are not lucky accidents or born players; they are the result of instruction and practise.

Every boy or girl with a normal body and an average mind can become a good tennis-player if he or she is willing to work to do so.

Let me give ten suggestions for improvement:

1. Keep your eye on the ball as long as it is in play.

2. Make all your strokes with your body sideways to the net, so you swing at the side of your body in a straight line, not facing the net and swinging in a circle around your body.

3. Learn correct form, either by instruction or from a book, and then practise it carefully.

4. Play to put the ball back accurately. Do not try to hit too hard or win every point with a kill.

5. See all the good tennis you can. Study the leading players, and then try to imitate their stroke. It will improve your own.

6. Practise seriously. Above all, do not fool while practising, since fooling disturbs concentration, and concentration is the key-note to progress.

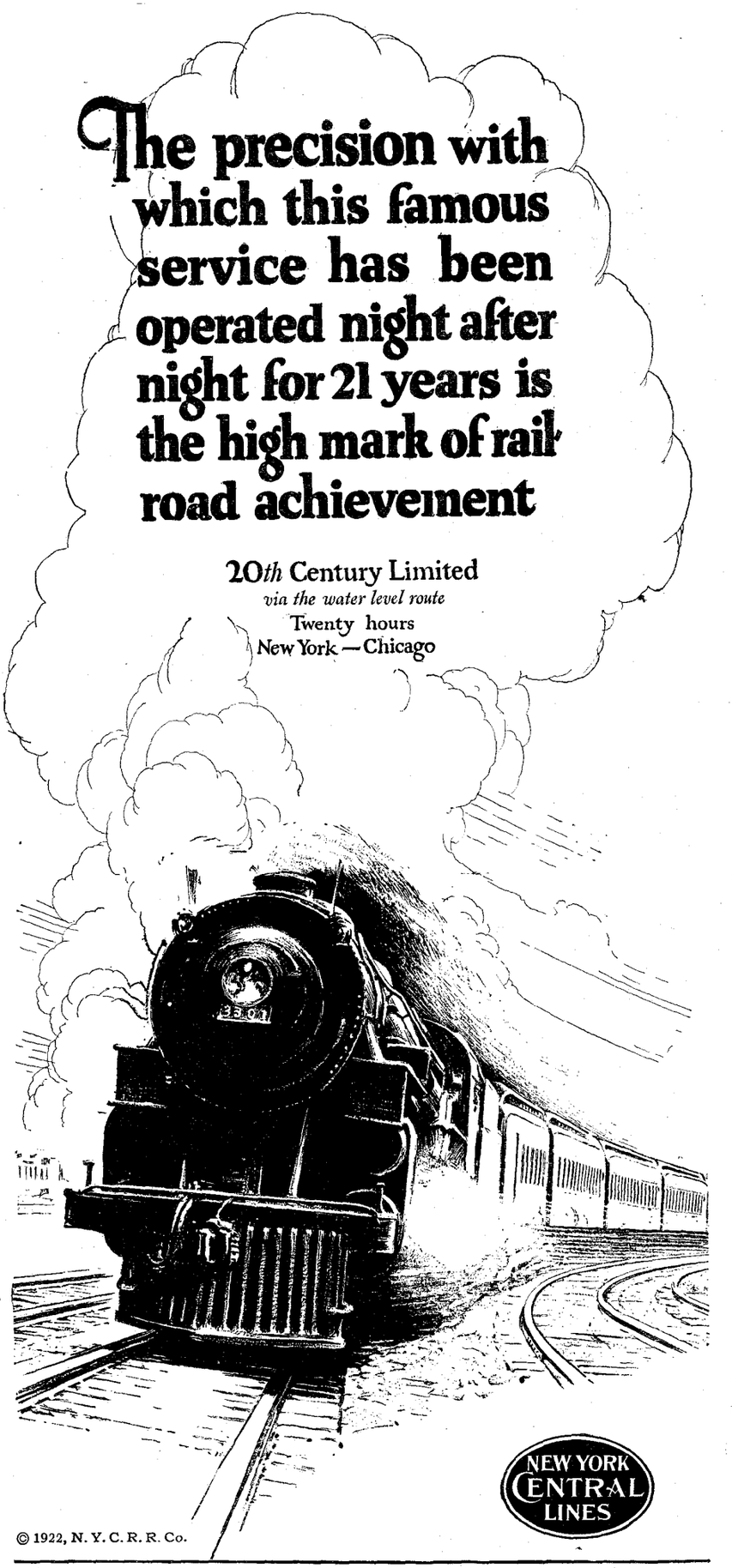
7. Play in all the tournaments you can find, even if you have no chance of winning, for by so doing you gain experience.

8. Never favor a weakness or overplay a strength. If your backhand is poor and your forehand good, use your backhand in practise all the time so as to build it up, for only by so doing will it stand up in match play. No lopsided game can succeed to-day.

9. Do not get discouraged if you see little advancement. Tennis improvement is not from day to day, or even from week to week. Ask yourself, "Am I better than a year ago?" and if the answer is yes, be satisfied.

10. Learn the strokes in the following order:

1, The drive; 2, service; 3, the volley; 4, the smash; 5, the chop; 6, the half-volley or pick-up.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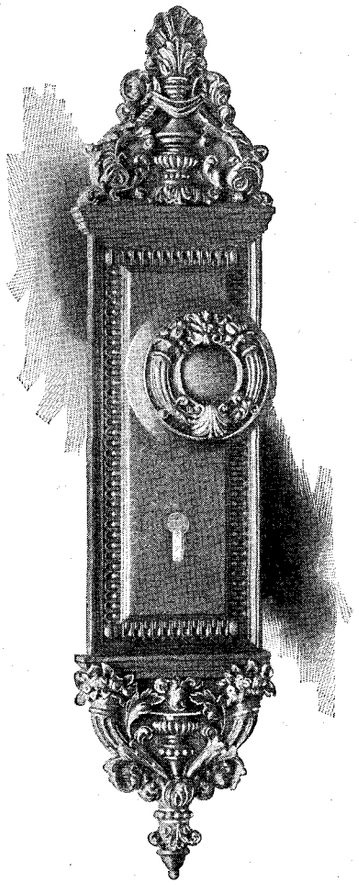

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

EFFECT OF THE VOLSTEAD ACT ON BUSINESS

A CAREFUL study of the effect of prohibition laws on business has been made by the Philadelphia correspondent of *The Daily News Record* of New York. He finds in this great city and important business center a sharp division of opinion between those who consider it a help and those who can find absolutely no effect at all. But he does find it true that none "among a group of executives in the department store and credit store field, traveling salesmen, wholesalers, those who are engaged in retail credit work and who investigate the reputation of thousands of individuals in all walks of life and their methods of meeting obligations, those who live by making small loans to families in need, taking a mortgage on their household effects as security, and rent collectors, say business has suffered in any way as a result of the effects of the dry law." Taking first the ideas of those who find an actual benefit from Prohibition, we read:

The first group contends that since the Volstead Act became a law people are spending money that formerly went for booze, in the clothing, furnishings and furniture stores, that they are dressing and living better because they have more money for wearing apparel and household articles, and that Prohibition has, therefore, tended to improve business in the clothing and textile lines. They say this is more especially true of the poorer classes, and also applies to a certain extent to the middle class. In the pre-prohibition period, it is contended, many of the poorer people spent their last cent for rum and went in rags. The middle class, it is said, could usually spend a part of its income for drinks and have enough left to supply its actual requirements, whereas, according to this view, they are now in a position to spend a larger part of their earnings on personal or house adornment, so that more money is being diverted into clothing and housefurnishings stores.

In particular, there is a man who collects every month the rent from a number of families in cheap houses, renting from eleven dollars up before the war, and for about twice that now. This man says that when the saloon was in its prime it was often necessary to collect the eleven dollars in four weekly instalments. Further—

In many instances the families that occupied them had little furniture, and what they did possess was of the poorest character. A mattress on the floor often served for both carpet and bed. Since the country went dry, he says, these families have improved their conditions materially. Carpets now cover the floors. They have better furniture, phonographs, and sometimes a piano. The higher rents are also paid promptly. He is inclined to attribute this improvement to the fact that the storekeeper is now getting what formerly went to the saloonkeeper, altho higher wages may also be partly responsible.

Those who find the influence of Prohibition negligible deny that people have any more money to spend than they did before the days of the Eighteenth Amendment. "They declare that 'bootleg' costs five or six times as much as good whisky did in the old days, and claim the country's annual bill for booze now far exceeds that formerly incurred for whisky, beer and wines when the corner saloon flourished." High rents are the big factor in keeping people from spending on other things, and "many people in moderate circumstances who were forced several years ago to buy homes at tremendously inflated prices in order to have a place to live are beginning to find their homes a millstone around their necks." And so, we are told, "the effort to meet payments on inflated real estate in order to save the initial investment, will tend to restrict buying and offset retail sales for a number of years to a greater extent than did the annual sums spent for alcoholic beverages, according to those who complain of this condition."

GERMAN MONEY BESIDE THE MARK

THE first important step made by the German Government in departing from "the fiction that one mark equals another" was made, we read in a Berlin dispatch to *The Wall Street Journal*, "when the Reichsrath approved a bill making it possible for mortgages to be based on gold, anthracite, wheat and rye."

Until now old loans made in gold marks have been paid back in paper worth only a fraction as much. Workers have been hostile because they claimed that grain loans which farmers make would give an added inducement to their keeping grain prices high. Berlin has launched a rye loan of 10,000,000,000 marks or 200,000 cwt. of rye.

State and municipal loans in grain, coal and occasionally wood and potash are becoming common. Saxony issued a loan covered by 200,000 tons of lignite, paying 5 per cent. plus 2 per cent. in coal. Oldenburg and Prussia issued several grain loans. So-called dollar loans failed but commodity loans have been a great success. Prussia has already issued rye loans totaling 200,000 cwt. These state grain loans are regarded as a good investment because the states have available grain. It is different with canal investments such as the Neckar gold mark loan, considered dubious because it is not clear where the waterworks and Baden can get the gold necessary to repay them.

German industry is beginning openly to sell goods at dollar and guilder quotations. Hatmakers have taken guilders as their standard, tho permitting payments in paper marks at the current rate. Textile industry is adopting gold with one gold mark equal to one Swiss franc.

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

June 20.—After sixty-three hours the eruption of Mt. Etna continues, but at a slower pace, and further immediate danger is averted.

June 21.—A Belgian corporal and private are killed by two Germans whom they attempt to search at Marl, near Recklinghausen. The Germans are arrested.

June 22.—A Belgian court-martial at Aix-la-Chapelle sentences five German burgomasters to terms of imprisonment ranging from one to two months, with fines of from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 marks, for refusing to execute orders given by the military authorities. A French court-martial at Verden sentences five former German security policemen to from six months to five years' imprisonment and to fines of 3,000,000 marks for shooting at French gendarmes in Essen.

June 23.—Manitoba votes in favor of the Government sale of liquor.

General Degoutte issues an order declaring that the Interallied Commission of Control in the Ruhr has the power to requisition all stocks of coal in mines, factories and other industries in the Ruhr, in order to insure deliveries for the reparations account due the Allies.

The streams of lava from Mt. Etna are rapidly subsiding and the situation in the afflicted district is gradually becoming normal.

June 25.—The Canadian Government has invited the United States to send officials to discuss cooperation in controlling the shipment of liquor from Canada into the United States, Premier King announces in the House of Commons.

DOMESTIC

June 20.—President Harding grants thirty conditional and fourteen unconditional commutations and one full pardon to war-time prisoners, restores civil rights to twenty-seven former prisoners and denies 84 applications for pardons or commutations.

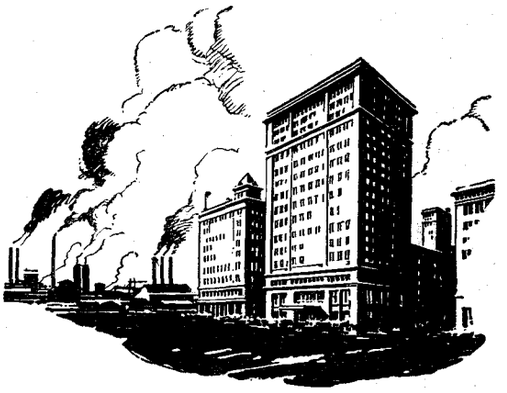
Five people in and around New York succumb to the heat.

The Wisconsin State Senate defeats by 19 to 12 the bill repealing the State prohibition law.

The Mason Builders' Association of New York agrees to the demands of the striking members of the Bricklayers' Union for a two-year agreement at a basic wage of $12 per day. The end of the strike means the resumption of work on more than $100,000,000 worth of construction enterprises.

June 21.—Nine more people living in and about New York succumb to the heat. Twenty-two deaths from heat since June 18 are reported in Ohio, and in New England many schools, practically all the big mill plants and some of the smaller industries are reported closed on account of the heat.

In the first formal speech of his transcontinental tour, at St. Louis, President Harding advocates the adherence of the United States to the World Court, provided that the election of judges is



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placed entirely outside of the jurisdiction of the League of Nations.

June 22.—The reconditioned American liner *Leviathan* averages 28.04 knots an hour for five hours on her trial trip, eclipsing all world's speed records for passenger liners.

In a speech at Kansas City President Harding urges compulsory consolidation of the nation's railroads into a few systems as the only method by which the transportation problem of the country can be met without burdening the taxpayers.

June 23.—Federal officials break British customs seals and remove from the White Star liner *Baltic* all its liquor supply, except a limited quantity for medicinal purposes.

The American S. S. *Leviathan* makes a new world's speed mark by steaming 687 nautical miles in 25 hours, an average of 27.48 knots an hour.

June 24.—Sumner Curtis, representative of the Republican National Committee with President Harding's touring party, and Thomas A. French, of Denver, are killed, and Thomas F. Dawson, a newspaper man of Colorado, and Donald Craig, a Washington correspondent, are injured when their automobile plunges over an embankment into Bear Creek Cañon, near Denver.

June 25.—In a speech at Denver, Colorado, President Harding urges obedience to the law and says, "they are a small, and a greatly mistaken, minority who believe the Eighteenth Amendment will ever be repealed," and that "whatever changes may be made will represent the sincere purpose of effective enforcement rather than moderation of the general policy."

At Cheyenne, Wyoming, President Harding expresses opposition to nationalizing the coal-mines, and says that remedial suggestions for the coal problem may be expected from the report to Congress next December of the United States Coal Commission.

Seven people are killed and fifty-six are injured when two wooden cars leave the "L" tracks in Brooklyn and plunge to the street below.

Unreasonable.—"I hear that Hot Wind Hank shot up the Palace Bar last night," remarked a tenderfoot in Holster, Arizona.

"Ugh-huh," replied Black Powder Andy. "Reckon he did."

"What were his reasons?"

"Reasons?" bellowed the awakened Andy. "Is this yeah town gettin' so blame civilized that a feller's gotta have reasons for every little thing he does?"—*American Legion Weekly.*

A Treat for Both.—A prominent playwright was in Atlantic City, supervising one of his plays. One night he saw an old scrub-woman bent over her work.

Thinking to give her a treat, the playwright stopt and asked her, "Would you like to go to a theater, to-morrow night?"

The woman looked up, studied his face earnestly, then said: "I can't go to-morrow night. Can't you get some other night off?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Modern Literature.—"I want a book for a high-school boy."

"How about Fielding?"

"I dunno. Got anything on baserunning?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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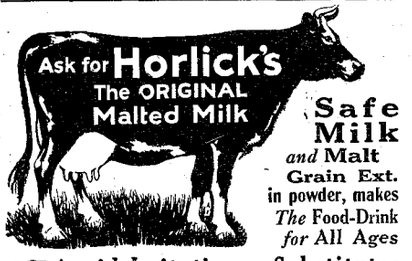

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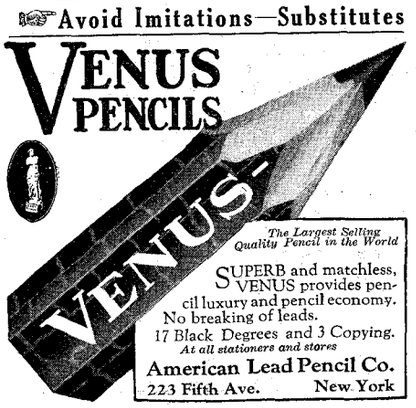

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Naturally.—"I have kleptomania."

"What are you taking for it?"

"Everything I can lay my hands on."—*Yale Record.*

Generous Jurist.—JUDGE—"Twenty years at hard labor."

PRISONER—"All I have to say is that you are mighty liberal with another man's time."—*Puppet.*

Time to Change.—"I hear that Kitty is getting a divorce."

"Yes, she married a Captain during the war and now, of course, he's frightfully out of style."—*Life.*

We All Know Him.—JACK—"What kind of a fellow is Blinks?"

BILL—"Well, he is one of those fellows who always grab the stool when there is a piano to be moved."—*Oregon Lemin Punch.*

Of Two Evils.—FOND PARENT—"Now, Doris, if you won't kiss your uncle, I shall have to send you to bed."

DORIS (after a few moments' silence)—"Very well—good-night, mama."—*The Humorist* (*London*).

Slight Chance Nowadays.—THE MAN (having surrendered his seat)—"I beg your pardon!"

THE GIRL—"I didn't speak!"

THE MAN—"Sorry, I'm sure. I thought you said 'thank you'!"—*The Bystander* (*London*).

Maybe.—Stout Women, Attention.—
Reduce a pound a day;
No diet and no drugs.
Literature.—*Advt.*

* * *

Sort of a literary digest, eh?—*Border Cities Star* (*Windsor, Canada*).

Well, What Is It?—In the motion picture "Robin Hood," Lady Marian desires to send a message to the Earl of Huntington and chooses Little John to act as her messenger. She presents John with a scroll which is protected by what seems to be a black case or tube.

As she handed it over, a small boy in the audience asked his mother what it was.

"That's a flashlight," she answered in a loud voice.

"Don't show your ignorance, Mary," snapt her husband. "They didn't have flashlights in those days. That's a thermos bottle."—*American Legion Weekly.*

Revenge.—A woman entered a theater recently, and happened to take a seat in front of a newly married couple. She was scarcely seated before they began making remarks about her. Her last year's hat and cloak were criticized with more or less giggling on the bride's part, and there is no telling what might have come next if the woman had not put a stop to the conversation by a bit of clever strategy.

She turned her head, noticed that the bride was considerably older than the bridegroom, and in smooth tones said: "Madam, will you please ask your son to remove his feet from the back of my chair?"—*The Daily Mail* (*Brisbane, Australia*).

Outclassed.—FOND UNCLE—"Do you like riding on my knee very much?"

NIECE—"Oh, no. I have ridden a real donkey!"—*Sans Gêne* (*Paris*).

Extra-ladylike.—THE ACTOR—"Have you special terms for actors, madam?"

THE LANDLADY—"Yes, I 'ave; but I 'ope I'm too much of a lady to use them."—*Sydney Bulletin* (*Australia*).

No Such Thing.—"Has that mule of yours got a pedigree, Sam?"

"No sah! No, indeedy! Dere ain't nuffin de matter wif dis mule. He am puffectly sound, sah."—*Boston Transcript.*

Many Stops.—"Grandpop, what kind of time did the stage coaches make in the old days?"

"It all depended, son."

"On how dry the roads were, I suppose?"

"And how dry the driver was."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

How He Did It.—"This fellow Skinner tried to tell me that he has had the same automobile for five years, and has never paid a cent for repairs on it," said the fat man. "Do you believe that?"

"I do," replied the thin man, sadly. "I'm the man who did his repair work for him."—*The Continent* (*Chicago*).

Another Romance Blasted.—Little Miss Gwendolyn was discoursing affably with the rich widower who was quite interested in her mother.

"If I send you a doll," said Mr. Richingdon, "should it have golden hair like yours?"

GWENDOLYN—"Oh, no; the next doll I get must have hair like mama's—to take off and put on."—*The Hudsonian.*

His Progress.—An old Southern planter met one of his former negroes whom he had not seen for a long time. "Well well!" said the planter. "What are you doing now, Uncle Amos?"

"I's preachin' of de gospel."

"What! You preaching?"

"Yassah, marster, I'se a-preachin'."

"Well, well! Do you use notes?"

"Nossuh. At de fust I use notes, but now I demands de cash."—*New Success.*

Why They Flunked.—Among recent schoolboy examination "howlers" we choose the following:

"Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to anything else."

"A grass widow is the wife of a dead vegetarian."

"Oceanica is that continent which contains no land."

"In India a man out of a cask may not marry a woman out of another cask."

"Parallel lines are the same distance all the way and do not meet unless you bend them."

"Gravitation is that which if there were none we should all fly away."

"Louis XVI was gelatined during the French Revolution."

"Horse power is the distance one horse can carry a pound of water in an hour."

"Palsy is a kind of new writer's dance."

"Letters in sloping print are hysterics."—*The Christian Evangelist* (*St. Louis*)

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